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OF THE

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Napoleon's first reverses—His resentment towards Portugal—The tri-colored flag insulted—Death of Count Villaverde—He is supposed to have been poisoned—Death of Lobato, *valet de chambre* to the Prince and afterwards prime minister—The Marquis de Bellas—Lord Strangford—Don Pedro—Don Fernando de Portugal—Don Rodrigo de Souza—The Marquis de Valença—Napoleon's anathema on the house of Braganza—Ridiculous behaviour of the Prince Regent—The mad Queen of Portugal—M. Baretto—Departure of the royal family for Brazil—Count Novion and the police legion—March of the French army—Heroic conduct of General Delaborde—Saccavem—Junot's arrival in Lisbon.

I HAVE now arrived at a period of history replete with marvellous events. The glory of France became every day more and more luminous. Victory, when about to abandon her hero, seemed like a fond

mistress to overwhelm him with her favors. Had Napoleon stopped, even at the foot of the Pyrenees —that natural frontier which he ought to have respected—he might once more have exclaimed: "The universe is mine!"....But alas! in the fertile plains of the Peninsula were forged the chains of St. Helena; and the first link of those chains may be traced to the Portuguese expedition.

The recollection of the conduct pursued by the cabinet of Lisbon at the time of the battle of Austerlitz, had long rankled in the Emperor's mind. I, myself had often contributed to heighten his resentment, by describing the insult offered to the tri-colored flag in the port of Lisbon, where an English fleet was allowed to take in supplies of provisions. Napoleon wrote a letter, expressing his dissatisfaction to M. d'Araujo, whose conduct in this last affair of Portugal, I am unable to comprehend. The Count de Villaverde, of whom I have already had occasion to say a great deal, wrought at that period serious injury to his country; at least, all Portuguese capable of forming an opinion on the subject, accuse him of being the author of their misfortunes. He, as well as the Marquis de Bellas was sold to England. It is impossible otherwise to explain how M. de Villaverde, with his talent, (and he was gifted with a considerable share,) could have suffered Portugal to degenerate to the condition in which we found her. Her finances were ruined and her army almost null, though she was in daily fear of invasion both from Spain and France. The conduct

of Count de Villaverde is unpardonable and his memory will be eternally stained with the reproaches of the nation he was appointed to govern.

The Count died suddenly. Letters which I received from Lisbon announcing the event, stated that his death had been caused by poison. This circumstance however, is by no means certain. There was, at that period, at the court of Lisbon, a conflict of power, to which it is possible the Count fell a victim.

The Prince of Brazil was never anything but a mere cypher; but his nullity never appeared so conspicuous as when he wished to shew determination: then this most imbecile of human creatures turned for counsel to the two men by whom he was ruled. The one was Count de Villaverde, prime minister of Portugal; the other was Lobato principal valet-de-chambre to the Prince. Doubtless the functions of these two individuals were not calculated to bring them into contact with each other; but what man in this world is content with his lot? Lobato aspired to take part in the government of his country—and he attained the object of his ambition.

Lobato grew into immense favor after the death of Count de Villaverde. The Count had no successor in the ministry, though the Marquis de Bellas and Count d'Araujo shewed themselves very eager to supply his place. The Prince decided that the functions of the Count should be divided among four individuals, all to be under the direction of Lobato. M. d'Araujo withdrew for

a time from public affairs; but soon returned to office.

Lobato wished the Prince to quit Europe, and all the arrangements which he made for the accomplishment of this object were like those of a dishonest servant, who when he intends to leave a place, impudently pilfers his master. No effort was spared to form a treasury, which the Prince was to take with him in his flight, and of which Lobato hoped to possess himself of a large share. No debts were paid.—The pensions of widows, orphans and retired officers, nothing was held sacred. The fear of revolt alone withheld him from despoiling the churches and convents. Combining with this rapacity every species of falsehood and cunning, he concealed the departure of the Prince, by proposing to have him crowned King of *Lusitania*, since his mother was perfectly insane. Preparations were made for the ceremony and immense works were commenced at Maffra. Some among the Portugues nobles ventured to condemn these measures, but their murmurs were silenced by banishment.

Just at this time Lobato, who was the object of execration, died at Maffra. His death, which made a profound impression on the Prince of Brazil, was attended by circumstances which render it impossible to discredit the report then current: namely, that he died of poison. The wretched man suffered such excruciating pain, that he sometimes attempted to throw himself out of a window to put a period to his torments. Public opinion

attributed his tragical death to those feelings of personal revenge which his base conduct had excited against him. The unfortunate Prince of Brazil was thus left without a guide, at a moment when the political horizon was darkened by clouds, and a furious storm was impending.

There were at that time in Lisbon, two men fully competent to direct the vigorous measures which the interest of the nation demanded. These were Don Fernando de Portugal and Don Rodrigo de Souza. There was likewise the Marquis de Valença, a man distinguished for learning and honor. Another individual too, might have acted an important part in this great drama, at least by prevailing in the Prince to adopt a resolution: I allude to Lord Strangford. He had translated Camoens; not that I think that circumstance calculated to recommend him as a politician, but I mention it to prove that his lordship was well acquainted with Portugal, where he had resided for many years. He wished to take the young Prince Don Pedro to Brazil; but words and promises were all that were exchanged.

When the Prince was informed that an army had assembled at Salamanca, he turned pale; when he learned that it was under the command of the same man who had been sent to him in the rank of ambassador, he leaped for joy....In his imbecility he did not perceive that the very selection of that man fixed his doom, even though Napoleon had not said: "The House of Braganza has ceased to reign."

Dismay now pervaded the council of the unfortunate sovereign. He *drove away the English*, to use the words which he employed in writing to the Emperor, his brother in law. He commanded confiscations, and ordered the heads of the English factory to be arrested. Buenos Ayres* presented a scene of trouble and dismay. The English flew away like birds. Lisbon seemed destined to be the prey of frightful anarchy. The Spanish ambassador and the French envoy (notwithstanding the apparent displeasure of the Prince towards England) removed the arms from their doors. The people murmured. Portugal was in one of those crises which decide the fate of nations. The Prince assembled his council; but one man only ventured to advise measures of defence. This was Don Rodrigo de Souza. For this advice Don Rodrigo was disgraced.

When the Prince was convinced, beyond doubt, that the army was marching upon Portugal, he made a final effort. He sent to Junot a counsellor of state, with *unlimited powers to promise any thing* in the name of his master; while M. de Lima was quietly residing at the hotel of the Portugueze embassy in Paris, and Count da Ega was in Madrid. Meanwhile the departure of the Prince of Brazil was determined on, and the preparations were carried on with a degree of activity hitherto unknown in Portugal.

At the period to which I here refer, the court

* That part of Lisbon occupied by the English factory.

of Lisbon presented an extraordinary spectacle. The eyes of all Europe were fixed on it; for it was easy to perceive that with the unfortunate Prince of Brazil was about to commence that war against worn out sovereignties and decayed thrones, which Napoleon intended to wage against every dynasty of Europe,—Russia excepted.

Poor Portugal! of all the old sovereignties reduced to mere traditionary power, she was the weakest and most degraded. John VI was utterly imbecile, and was despised by his subjects. The public functionaries, finding themselves abandoned, dropped off from the political fascis, to which it was so necessary they should adhere. Every thing was disorganized, and the public advantage was lost sight of for the furtherance of private interests. The conduct of the Prince appeared inexplicable. He left off hunting, though he used previously to devote his whole time to that diversion. I have heard that he had got into his head an unaccountable fear of being assassinated. If this be true, his fears plunged him into very fatal mistakes. He never went out, but he received company to pass away his time. And whom did he receive, of all persons in the world, but the English ambassador! Yes, the identical English ambassador, who had quitted Lisbon merely *pro forma*, and who had been on board an English fleet, lying below Belem. Every evening the English ambassador went ashore, and paid a visit to the Prince of Brazil. I do not imagine that these visits afforded his Excellency

any great pleasure, but it was deemed necessary to remove the family of Braganza to some distant spot, where Napoleon could reach them only by an anathema. England felt her vanity gratified in protecting her ally. The conduct of the British ambassador therefore was consistent; that of the Prince was absurd.

One day the English Ambassador took to the Prince a copy of the Moniteur, which contained an article in which the following words occurred:

The House of Braganza has ceased to reign in Europe.

"You see, said the ambassador, pointing to the line, *the Usurper* himself indicates the only means of safety within your reach.....fly to America."

The unfortunate Prince, who could not prevail on himself to abandon his native country, to which he was fondly attached, wept like a child. He flew almost in a state of phrensy to the apartment of his mother, knelt down before her and implored her blessing....The poor mad Queen repulsed him with fury, exclaiming in her shrill toned voice: "*Al fuego! al fuego d'Infierno .....todos al Infierno!*"*

* To the flames! to the flames of hell!.....all of you to hell!".....

It is said that Queen Maria lost her senses through the severe religious discipline to which she was subjected by the Grand Inquisitor who was her confessor. Thus, in her fits of insanity, she frequently vented the most frightful anathemas. When she saw her grand-children, she would take them in her arms, weep over them, and exclaim in frantic tones: "*Al fuego!... Al fuego todos!....todos!....infeliz!....*

The terrified Prince then fled to his wife. From her he had to encounter a storm of imprecations on his father and mother, and reproaches on his own weakness for allowing himself to be ruled by Lobato.

"Begone!" she exclaimed, tearing from his hands the train of her dress, to which he clung in his despair...."Begone, I say! miserable coward!" ....This harsh treatment drove the unfortunate Prince almost as mad as his mother.

At length he learned that the advanced guard of the French army had reached Abrantes, and in spite of the pacific assurances conveyed to him by M. Baretto on the part of Junot, he determined to depart. Accordingly on the 27th November 1808 the whole family of Braganza embarked in several vessels. The Regent, his son and nephew sailed in the English frigate, the *Prince Royal.**

At half past eight in the morning of the 27th November, the Prince of Brazil arrived at Belem in a close carriage accompanied only by his nephew Don Pedro the Infant of Spain.* His equipage was extremely simple, and he was attended by only one servant. It would appear that the reports of the police were alarming, and that it was apprehended the people would oppose his departure.

* It is a curious fact that this same ship conveyed the King of Naples and his family, when they sailed from Naples, to Sicily in 1799 accompanied by Lady Hamilton.

† The Infant Don Pedro is the son of the Princess of Portugal sister of John VI, and of the Infant Don Gabriel, third son of Charles III and brother of Charles IV.

They had ascertained that a vast quantity of specie and plate, all the crown diamonds and most of those which commercial monopoly had brought into Portugal, were packed up and embarked. All were to be carried off. Nothing was to be left to the people but war, poverty and degradation!

Count Novion, an old friend of my family was at that time in Lisbon. The Count devoted his talents, which were of no ordinary kind, to the service of the country which had adopted him. He raised a regiment, which went under the title of the Police Legion and wrought a wonderful reformation in Lisbon. Previously to the establishment of this police, it was impossible to walk abroad after dark, save at the peril of one's life; for the streets were not lighted, and at every turning there was a risk of being attacked by bands of robbers, who not unfrequently steeped their poignards in blood. Count Novion, after struggling with and overcoming innumerable difficulties succeeded in rendering the capital of Portugal one of the finest cities in the world. The Count was entrusted with extensive power, and his post, as commander of the Police Legion, was almost that of a minister of state. It would have been well for Portugal had the Prince really made him a minister.

It was he who informed the Prince of the danger he would incur, by proceeding to the port with any degree of pomp. The Prince, whose delusion continued till the last moment, wished, as he said, to shew himself to his good people, and to bid them farewell. The Count candidly told

him that he would not answer for the consequences if his Royal Highness resolved to make a *fête* of his departure. The fugitive Prince then consented to proceed privately to the port, and accompanied only by his nephew, he arrived at the *Calé*, where the boat was waiting to convey him on board the vessel. Every one who has been in Lisbon knows with what tremendous falls of rain, that city is frequently visited. For several days preceding the Prince's departure, it had poured in torrents, and the shore was so inundated with mud as to be almost impassable. The poor fugitive looked first at the mud, and then at his nicely polished shoes, and seemed half inclined to return again to Benpost.* At that moment two inferior officers of the Police Legion, one of whom was a French emigrant, cast their eyes on the Prince. They had received orders, from their commander, to avoid anything which might cause the Prince to be recognized. However, his eccentric figure and his ludicrous consternation, immediately betrayed him to the crowd collected on the quay. The name of the Prince flew from mouth to mouth, accompanied with maledictions. The two officers above alluded to, stepped forward, and having laid down a few planks, they assisted the trembling Prince to cross them. Old habits of respect withheld the people from manifesting their feelings, but it was evident that they were decidedly averse to the departure of the Royal family.

* A wretched palace in which the Prince of Brazil gave his audiences when he was at Quelus.

The Queen and the Princesses next arrived with the other members of the Royal family. The Queen, as she alighted from her carriage, was seized with such a violent paroxysm, that it was thought she would die under it. She uttered the most piercing shrieks, and obstinately refused to embark. It was necessary to employ violence, and she was carried by force to the boat that was waiting for her.

The ministers and members of the council of state followed the royal family. The government also deemed it politic to order the departure of several of the principal families of the Portuguese nobility, at the head of whom were the Duke and Duchess de Cadaval, with their three children. The Prince of Brazil entertained a sort of fear of the Duke of Cadaval and his sons, which their relationship to the royal family, in some degree, warranted. But the Duke de Cadaval was a second Duke of Braganza; in apathy of disposition they bore a striking resemblance to each other. The Duchess on the contrary was a woman of very superior merit.

The other noblemen who embarked with the royal family, were the Marquises de Pombal, de Bellas, d'Allegreto, and d'Anjeja; Count Redondo, Rodrigo de Souza, Juan d'Almeida and Cavailheros de Caparica, Belmonte, Lavradio, de Vayos, and as I have already mentioned, all the members of the council of state, and the ministers.

Disorder, which is the inseparable attendant of every thing that is done in Portugal, prevailed on this occasion in a most burlesque degree. A

simple fact will suffice to afford an idea of it. The thirteenth regiment of the line had received orders to accompany the royal family. However, when the troops arrived at the quay, confusion was at its height; it was found impossible to embark them, and the colonel departed alone.

The total number of Portuguese who departed with the royal family for Brazil, was calculated at thirteen thousand, eight hundred individuals. I received this estimate from a person who was accurately informed on the subject; and indeed the number of emigrants could not well be less than that above stated, considering the vast number of families attached to the court, who, by its removal, were deprived of resources. The Queen, the Prince of Brazil, the Prince of Spain, and the young hereditary Prince, (now known by the title of Don Pedro) embarked on board the *Prince-Royal*, a fine eighty gun ship. The Princess of Brazil, and the Princesses her daughters, with the youngest Prince, (who I believe is the present usurper of Portugal, Don Miguel) embarked in another vessel. The widow Princess, and the other members of the family sailed in a different ship; for the absurd etiquette of the court of Lisbon, which even on this unfortunate occasion was strictly observed, did not admit of the whole of the family sailing together.*

* The ships composing the little squadron of the Prince Regent were seven in number; viz:—*The Queen of Portugal, The Prince*

Lisbon is a great city in itself, but more especially in comparison with the rest of Portugal, for it contains about one-eighth of the population of the whole country. It is the receptacle for the dregs of society, from all parts of the kingdom of Portugal, and consequently it is more exposed to the chances of turbulence and insurrection than any other capital in Europe. This fact was obvious, the very moment the Prince Regent took his departure; and but for the energetic measures adopted by Count Novion, the entrance of the French into Lisbon would probably have been more disastrous than triumphant. The firmness of Count Novion disconcerted all the insurrectionary projects, which had been encouraged by the weakness of the preceding government. He himself rode through the streets on horseback, multiplied the guards, and with the aid of his fine Police Legion, consigned Lisbon to the hands of Junot, in a state of tranquillity truly remarkable.

General Thiebault, in his excellent work, has fully described the sufferings encountered by the French troops on their march from Bayonne to Lisbon. General Foy too, though he was not then with the army, has spoken in high terms of Junot's conduct, during that difficult march. I, therefore, do not consider it necessary to lay before

Regent, the Prince of Brazil, the Don Juan de Castro, the Albuquerque, the Medusa, and the Don Henry, together with several small brigs and frigates.

the reader any farther details on this subject, though letters which I have in my hands, both from Junot and several of his officers, would enable me to describe the facts with the utmost precision. I shall proceed to detail some circumstances which are less known, and respecting which I possess documents equally authentic.

I have already mentioned that the Prince of Brazil sent M. Baretto on an embassy to Junot. M. Baretto, though a very good sort of man, possessed no talent, and was considered in Paris as rather a ridiculous personage ; even in Lisbon he enjoyed no sort of consideration. Junot was irritated at the choice, though he did not think proper to manifest his displeasure. He immediately sent M. Baretto back with a message, positively enjoining that the Prince should not depart before his arrival in Lisbon. This injunction was, however, disregarded ; and, as I have stated, the Prince embarked on the 28th of November.

The secret orders with which Junot was entrusted, and which were in the Emperor's own hand writing, specially directed that no efforts were to be spared to secure the person of the Prince of Brazil, together with some other individuals pointed out ; and also to take possession of the forts and the city of Lisbon.

Junot endeavoured to fulfil these instructions at the peril of his life. The dangers to which he was personally exposed, were to him as nothing ; he regarded only the sufferings of the troops confided

to his command, and he saw that he was conducting them to inevitable death.

The terrible march being at length ended, Junot found himself on the banks of the Tagus. There he found it necessary to exert all his courage, in order to support that of his troops, of whom a great portion were ready to sink beneath their privations and sufferings. Many of them fainted on arriving in the square of Abrantes, others perished in the torrents which they had to pass, before they reached the town of Abrantes,* an important point, which it was necessary to carry to facilitate the advance to Lisbon.

When the French entered Portuguese Estramadura, they found the inhabitants all enemies. In Spain, they could at least hope for passive neutrality ; but in Portugal, every eye sought a victim, and every word was treacherous. The guards were continually detected in giving wrong directions, and every peasant became an assassin. Our troops were no longer greeted by the frank cordiality of the Biscayans, or the cold but sincere politeness of the Castillians. Perfidy and hatred combined to increase the horrors of one of the most perilous marches that ever were encountered. Canada and the Floridas were less

* The town of Abrantes was of high importance during the campaign of Portugal. From it Junot took his title, when he received a dukedom.

disastrous to the French, than their march across the mountains of Gata and Estrella.

General Delaborde, who commanded one of the divisions of the army of Portugal, behaved most heroically. He was suffering severely from illness, the fruit of the excessive fatigue he had undergone in several preceding campaigns. In the midst of a desolate region, one stormy night when the elements seemed to combine for the destruction of the force he commanded, he reached a torrent, the banks of which were composed of rugged rocks, over which it seemed almost impracticable to effect a passage. The troops murmured, and looked down at the gulf which they were commanded to enter; but they advanced not a step. General Delaborde saw with a glance the peril to which he himself, as well as his unfortunate troops, were exposed. There is doubtless some consolation in saying to the unfortunate: I suffer as well as you.... but this consolation soon vanishes. Metaphysics have little credit with the mass of mankind!.. .At this critical moment, the General saw that it was not enough to *say*, but that he must also *shew* that he suffered. He accordingly alighted from his horse, and plunged into the torrent, whose foaming waves dashed furiously against the rocks. There he remained immersed up to his middle in water, until his division, (at least the chief portion of it) had passed. Such heroic actions were then of frequent occurrence.

Junot, when he arrived at Abrantes, learned that the Prince of Brazil, on his departure from

Portugal, had directed the people to rise in rebellion, and to resist the advance of the French army. He bade adieu to his country like Medea, having first kindled incendiary torches, which might have destroyed Lisbon and its port.

The first deputation which waited upon Junot was composed of general officers of the Portuguese army. They informed him that the city of Lisbon was in a state of tranquil stupor, which seemed to indicate an impending storm. Junot directed this first deputation to return immediately, to take measures to allay the alarm excited by the departure of the royal family, and to assure the inhabitants of the good intentions of the Emperor towards the Portuguese nation, on condition of his army being well received. Junot announced that he should enter Lisbon on the morning of the following day.

The second deputation consisted of several foreign merchants, having at their head M. Mure, the French vice-consul. To them the same answer was returned. Junot immediately issued a proclamation, both in Portuguese and French, which was circulated that same evening in Lisbon, and produced the best effect.

I entertain a vivid recollection of Junot's account of the night he passed at Saccavem. He had announced that his entrance would take place the following day; and he was to enter accompanied by his army.

But where was that army?....He had with him only a few officers, and those not belonging to his staff. The rest were scattered about on different

missions. The roads were inundated with water. The third division might be looked upon as lost. The artillery and cavalry were wandering in disorder in the deserts, where faithless guides betrayed them to the poignards of the peasants, or they were stopped by inundations which impeded all junction. Such was the state of things resulting from the imperial order, to arrive *at any sacrifice!* ... Junot was almost reduced to despair. About one o'clock in the morning an express arrived from Lisbon, bringing the most alarming intelligence. The people had risen in insurrection, and the English fleet was at the bar, offering them assistance. There were in Lisbon thirteen or fourteen thousand troops of the line, and a population of four hundred thousand souls, all dissatisfied, and ready to rally round the first crucifix that might be planted before them.

Before day-break, Junot departed from Saccavem. He was followed by fourteen hundred men, the scanty remnant of four battalions, composing his advanced guard. These poor fellows had their feet so lacerated by the sharp stones and thorns, over which they had had to pass, that to use Junot's own words, they could scarcely march even to the sound of the drum. As he was quitting Saccavem, he accidentally encountered a troop of Portuguese cavalry, consisting of about thirty men. "Follow me!" he said in a tone of command. The men without seeking for any explanation, obeyed, and he actually entered Lisbon, attended by a guard of Portuguese troops.

CHAPTER II.

Junot in Lisbon—M. de Novion—Junot at Belem—Cannon pointed against the fugitive Prince of Brazil—My *accouchement*—Singular conversation with the Emperor—The choice of a godmother—The divorce—Imperial magnificence—The *salle du trône* and the *salle des maréchaux*—The Grand Duchess of Berg—Queen Hortense—First commotions in Spain—The Duke de Mahon—King Prusias—Opinion of Cardinal Maury—Balls given by Princess Caroline and her sister—Juvenile masked balls—Achille Murat—Madame Ney's juvenile ball—My daughters and the PrincePrimate—The Duke Dalberg—M. de Grandcourt—M. d'Espinchal—The country gentleman and his lost wife.

JUNOT had no sooner set foot in Lisbon than he found a detachment of the Legion of Police under the command of my old friend Count de Novion. This corps consisted but of twelve hundred men, but these sufficed to maintain order in Lisbon.

It continued raining as it generally does in Lisbon at that period of the year (November); Junot was suffering from a nervous complaint arising from his wounds, which was always encreased when inquietude of mind was superadded to fatigue of body. The pain of his wounds sometimes made him start from his seat.* He would not, however,

* One of these wounds, which crossed the top of his head, was of frightful length and depth, and, was I believe one of the principal causes of his death.

allow any personal considerations to impede the accomplishment of his design. He entered Lisbon by the Saccavem gate, viz, by the road opposite the tower of Belem. He addressed a few private instructions to two grenadier officers who stood near him, directing them to convey his orders to the troops.*

Junot's first object was to take possession of the tower of Belem. He entered the fort, and espying a vessel leaving the harbour under a press of sail, he conjectured she had on board the Prince of Brazil or some of his suite. Without losing a moment he loaded with his own hands one of the guns of the fort and directed M. Tascher his aide-de-camp to point it. This was done with such precision that the shot passed through the rigging, and compelled the vessel to strike. She however had on board no person connected with the royal family of Portugal. On his return from Belem Junot took a survey of the principal ports of Lisbon, and walked for nearly six hours.

When Junot left France for Portugal, I was staying at Raincy. My pregnancy, then far advanced, afforded me a sufficient excuse for not paying my respects to Madame, and I am bound to say that in this, as in all other circumstances, she behaved with great consideration and kindness towards me. I passed two months at Raincy, and only returned to Paris a few days previously to my accouchement.

I had already given birth to five daughters and

* He had with him 1,200 men.

Junot anxiously wished to have a son. The day therefore on which I wrote to him:

"You are the father of a boy!" was one of the happiest of my life. The intelligence reached him shortly after his arrival at Lisbon. He was in a transport of joy.

"I thank you," he wrote me in reply, "for having presented me with a son; I can now leave the Emperor another Junot, whose blood, like his father's, may flow for his sovereign and his country."

Junot wished the Emperor to be god-father to his son though he had already stood god-father to our eldest daughter, but he disliked being sponsor for two in the same family. However, as Junot urged me to prefer the request, I did so. The Emperor granted it with the best possible grace, observing: "I will do what Junot wishes; but who is to be god-mother?"

This question was rather embarrassing. The divorce was at this time publicly talked of, at least as publicly as people dared to talk, under Napoleon's government, of his domestic affairs. However, my embarrassment was not of long duration, and I replied:

"If agreeable to your Majesty, I should wish her Majesty the Empress to stand god-mother."

The Emperor fixed upon me for a few moments his keen and penetrating glance and rejoined:

"Would you not like Signora Letitia to be god-mother?"

"Your Majesty never did me the honor to speak of Madame Mère."

"Well, should you like her to stand?

"I am," answered I, "ready to obey your Majesty's wishes."

"But this is no reply to my question. Who, I ask again, do you wish to stand god-mother to your son?"

"Does your Majesty deign to allow me the choice?"

"I told you so," he replied, "an hour ago."

"Then," said I, "I request her Majesty the Empress to stand god-mother to my son."

"Ah!" he responded and gazed on me steadily for some time; at length he said:

"You wish the Empress to stand? Well, be it so."

The divorce took place in the following year. I have dwelt on the above circumstance because it has reference to a fact which gave a humorous turn to my child's christening.

The numerous Memoirs which detail the almost fabulous magnificence of Marly and Versailles convey no idea of the splendour which surrounded Napoleon's court during the winter of 1808. One of its greatest attractions, and that which no other court in Europe could equal, was the collection of beautiful women by whom it was graced. This may easily be accounted for when it is recollected that almost all the French generals and the superior officers of the Imperial guard had married for love, either in France or in other countries during their campaigns.

I have already spoken of the elegance which em-

bellished the consular court; but we have now arrived at the period of the empire, when that elegance was doubled, nay tripled, in refinement and magnificence. The Emperor's desire was that his court should be brilliant; and this wish, being agreeable to every one's taste, was implicitly fulfilled. The revolutionary law which prohibited embroidered coats was now forgotten, and the gentlemen rivalled the ladies in the richness of their embroidery, the fineness of their lace and the splendour of their jewels.

I well recollect the truly fantastic appearance presented by the *salle des Maréchaux* on the night of a grand concert, when it was lined on either side by three rows of ladies, radiant in youth and beauty and all covered with flowers, jewels and waving plumes. Behind the ladies were ranged the officers of the imperial household, and lastly the generals, the senators, the councellors of state, and the foreign ministers, all clothed in rich costumes and wearing on their breasts the decorations and orders which Europe offered us on bended knee.

At the top of the hall sat the Emperor with the Empress, his brothers, sisters and sisters-in-law. From that point, he, with his eagle glance, surveyed the plumed and glittering circle.

As soon as my health was thoroughly established I resumed my duty in the service of Madame, and I again appeared in public. Paris was unusually brilliant this winter; all the Princes of the confederation of the Rhine; all Germany, Russia, Austria, Poland, Italy, Denmark and Spain;

in a word all Europe, with the single exception of England, had sent to Paris the *élite* of their courts, to pay their respects to the Emperor, and to fill up the magnificent retinue which followed him on a grand presentation day from the Salle du Trône to the play in the Tuileries.

The Grand-Duchess of Berg was the youngest and prettiest of the Princesses of the imperial family. The Princess Borghèse, languishing and seemingly feeble, never produced so great an effect as her sister in a ball-room. Besides, the Grand-Duchess danced, while the Princess Borghèse remained fixed to her sofa like an idol, of which, to say the truth, she loved to act the part. The Princess Caroline was the planet around which all the youth of the court used to be grouped, without, however, encroaching upon the gentle and gracious empire of Queen Hortense, who, beloved by all, and adored by those more immediately connected with her, seemed to have formed the subject of M. de la Maisonfort's lively couplet :

A chacun elle voulait plaire,
Elle plaisait,
Chacun l'aimait, &c.

The affairs of Spain now began to assume a troubled aspect. The thunder which roared over the beauteous plains of Aranjuez resounded through the Tuileries. The Emperor dispatched the Grand-Duke of Berg to take the command of the troops assembled on the frontiers of Spain. I am not sufficiently skilled in politics either to

approve or condemn the circumstances which led to the unfortunate occurrences in Spain. In fact we hardly know how to condemn, or to excuse an absurdity so profound as that which was exhibited by Spain at the signing of the treaty of Fontainebleau. In consequence of some secret clauses in that treaty, which explain the invasion of Portugal, our troops had already traversed nearly the whole of the Peninsula. Other troops had advanced *en échelons* to Somo-Sierra, and Murat now dispatched a message to the Duke de Mahon, declaring that he would hold him responsible for all if he refused to surrender the citadel of Sebastian to the French.

" I will never do so," replied the brave Duke de Mahon, " for it would be acting the part of a coward."

" *For Heaven's sake, do not embroil me with the republic,*" immediately exclaimed the Prusias of Spain, and strict orders were instantly dispatched to the Duke de Mahon, directing him to deliver up the fortress of St. Sebastian to the French generals. The order was obeyed with feelings of indignation on the part of the Duke. I may here mention a singular fact, which is, that the fate of Spain began at this period to be no longer doubtful. It was the common topic of conversation throughout Europe, and Cardinal Maury wrote to one of his friends attached to the French embassy at Florence in the following strain:

" The King of Spain has no other course left but to retire to Mexico. As to the Queen of Etruria, she may consider herself very lucky in having

the opportunity of being under the Emperor's protection, *in quality of his eldest daughter*, which is her rank in his new creation of the thrones of Europe."

In spite of these salutary, though ominous warnings, the court of Spain, fascinated, or rather deceived by Izquierdo (who in his turn deceived the Prince of the Peace,) was overwhelmed by the storm. I will presently revert to these disasters, but I must now say a few words relative to the departure of the Grand Duke of Berg for Spain:

That departure was by no means agreeable to the Duke. He had contracted habits of gallantry which he was foolish enough to believe were those of a man of fashion, while his connexions were really of the lowest and most vulgar kind. He moreover made himself an object of ridicule by his affected manners and dress, his curls, his feathers, his furs and all the wardrobe of a strolling player.

The Grand Duke, and the Princess Caroline, then occupied the Palais de l'Elysée. At the time of the marriage of the King of Westphalia, the Princess Caroline had been in the habit of giving entertainments on a most magnificent scale. The winter which succeeded the marriage was distinguished by less brilliant though equally agreeable pleasures. The princesses received orders from the Emperor that each severally should give a ball once every week, not that Napoleon was himself fond of dancing, but he liked to see

others take part in the amusement. These assemblies were usually composed of from a hundred and fifty to two hundred visitors; and the ladies who generally numbered about fifty, were almost all young and handsome, and attired with elegance and magnificence. Never, at the balls of the Elysée or at those given by Queen Hortense was an ill humoured countenance to be seen, except perhaps when one of the ladies suffered under the affliction of a corn or a tight pair of shoes; for be it known that these are tortures to which every fine lady is more or less subjected.

The Princess Caroline gave her balls on Fridays, Queen Hortense on Mondays, and the Princess Pauline on Wednesdays. The eternal indisposition of Pauline, whether real or pretended, formed no excuse for evading the Emperor's command. These balls were truly delightful! what excitement they occasioned! what business for the toilette! We also admitted our children to a share of the pleasure we ourselves enjoyed: I set this example, being the mother of the eldest of the Emperor's god-daughters. My daughter's birth day was the 6th of January, twelfth day, and I invited in her name the children of Junot's brother officers, the families of the public authorities and of my own private friends. On this occasion from 120 to 140 children were brought together, and we engaged for their entertainment, General Jacquot, the learned ape, the learned canary birds who fired off a pistol, Fitz-James the ventriloquist, Olivier the juggler, &c. How shall I describe

the joy which pervaded this young assembly! what exclamations of delight! what extacy! Then we gave them a supper, or rather a collation of ices, pastry and the most exquisite *sucreries* which could be procured. It was a scene of fairy enchantment!

Sometimes, these little parties assembled in masks. One of the most conspicuous figures in the juvenile groupes was the young Prince Achille Murat. He was a very fine boy but a most mischievous little imp, whose boisterous romping manners formed a striking contrast to those of his cousins the Princes Louis and Napoleon, who were exceedingly sedate. The second who succeeded, the eldest in the line of succession, died even in a more distressing manner than his brother, at the age of seven and twenty. He was a remarkably fine boy. His younger brother, he who is now in Switzerland with his mother, was likewise a very lovely child. We used to call him the *Princess Louis*, on account of his profusion of fine light hair which gave him a strong resemblance to his beautiful and amiable mother.

On the occasion of one of our juvenile masquerades, my daughters encountered a comical adventure, which I will relate.

At the time here referred to Marshal Ney occupied a house in the rue de Lille, having on one side the hotel of the Legion of Honor and on the other the hotel of Prince Eugène. The Prince was then at Milan, and his house was

occupied by the Prince Primate, a worthy man, but the most inveterate observer of forms and ceremonies I ever met with. On one of the carnival days, Madame Ney invited our children to a masquerade to be given by her sons. Great was the joy of the little folks, and great the occupation of their mothers in preparing their various costumes, all endeavouring to excel one another in taste and fancy. I had just returned from Spain, and the picturesque costume of that country being still familiar to me, I prepared for my daughters complete Spanish dresses. Nothing could be prettier. Their curled hair was confined in nets of silver and pink chenille, they had petticoats of white satin, trimmed with pink and silver and bodices with long sleeves ornamented with points and braiding. Thus equipped they set off at seven in the evening, it being arranged that their parents should not join the party till nine, that we might not interfere with the amusement of the little guests.

Mademoiselle Poidevin, my daughters' governess was directed to escort them to Marshal Ney's. The coachman and footman who attended the children's carriage, had never been accustomed to drive them any where but to the Bois de Boulogne or to the *Assomption* when the weather was unfavorable. They enquired of the other servants the address of Madame Ney, and were informed that it was the rue de Lille. To the rue de Lille they accordingly drove. On arriving there, the coachman espying a large *porte cochère* with two

posts, and a pair of blazing lamps, never doubted that this was the scene of festivity. He drew up at the flight of steps, the door of the coach was opened and Mademoiselle Poidevin alighted with her two pupils and enquired whether that was the residence of the Marshal.

" I suppose you mean *His Highness*," replied the valet, eyeing with astonishment the singular group before him.

Mademoiselle Poidevin had never heard the appellation " highness" applied to Marshal Ney, yet believed it might possibly be the style of addressing him ; answered without hesitation :

" Oh ! yes, certainly, his Highness," and somewhat embarrassed she advanced towards the saloon conducting her pupils by the hands.

" It is singular," thought she to herself as she traversed several badly lighted and gloomy looking rooms, " it is singular, that no noise, no sounds of mirth are audible. This is very strange !"

" Is his Highness aware of your visit, madam?" said the valet suddenly turning round to Mademoiselle Poidevin and the young masqueraders.

" Certainly," replied she, " we have been invited here for this fortnight past."

The valet still hesitated for a moment, and then motioning with his head as much as to say :

" Ma foi ! let him settle the affair himself."

He opened the door of the saloon and announced in a loud voice, " Mademoiselle Poidevin," for in

her confusion she had forgotten to give the servant the names of the children.

The door was no sooner opened than Mademoiselle Poidevin started back with astonishment, and the children instinctively clung to her from alarm.

The room into which the servant was about to usher them, was very large and badly lighted. In the middle was an immense round table covered with papers, and round it were seated several solemn looking gentlemen in black. Among them was an old man, bent down with age. He wore a small black silk mantle in front of which was an immense silver medal. The other individuals present seemed neither gayer nor more youthful than the gentleman just described, except perhaps one little man, distinguished by rather an obliquity of vision, and a sort of sarcastic smile, and who, as if regretting that he had only turned his thirtieth year, wore his hair cut *en vergette* and powdered, quite in the fashion of the last century. All this made a strange impression on my little girls, who had entered the house of Prince Eugene which, as I before mentioned, was occupied by his Highness the Grand Duke of Frankfurt, the Prince Primate. The gentleman with his hair *en vergette* and powdered was no other than the Duke Dalberg who was that very evening affianced to the beautiful and accomplished Mademoiselle de Brignolé. No traces of the happy event were observable in the house, where on the contrary, every thing wore so gloomy an air that my little girls, who thought themselves disappointed of their fête, began to cry.

The Prince, who was a most ceremonious man, made at least half a dozen bows as he advanced towards Mademoiselle Poidevin, who on her part was utterly confounded. At length however, she summoned sufficient presence of mind to explain by what accident she and her pupils had so unexpectedly interrupted the drawing up of the Duke Dalberg's marriage contract. The Prince Primate was much amused by the mistake, and seemed almost inclined to ask my little Josephine and Constance to dance a fandango, Mademoiselle Poidevin however retired with her pupils, being politely bowed out by the Prince, and the Duke Dalberg.

Some days after this adventure, Count Louis de Narbonne said to me:

"Do you know Madame Junot that your daughters caused terrible consternation the other evening at the Prince Primate's. It was supposed that some forsaken mistress of the Duke Dalberg had come, with her young family, to oppose the marriage.

I laughed heartily at the strange mistake. "Well," said I, "his Highness must have been not a little puzzled by the fantastic costume of the two *little orphans*."

On my arrival at Madame Ney's I found the juvenile party in the height of gaiety; charades and dancing were kept up till one o'clock, and when the young portion of the company had retired M. Grancourt dropped in and amused us for another hour or two.

M. de Grancourt was then a conspicuous character in the *beau monde* of Paris. He was one of the most curious vestiges of the last century. He was a native of Switzerland, a man of fortune, and generally known in the best society of Europe. In spite of these advantages he was both in appearance and manner one of the most burlesque personages imaginable. His little legs supporting an immense body, and his head surmounted by a large wig profusely powdered and frizzed, like that worn by Fleury in the *Ecole des Bourgeois*, were not, after all, half so droll as his amusing self-conceit and his mania of fancying himself irresistibly fascinating.

M. de Grancourt had travelled much, and had mingled in the best society in Russia, Germany and England. He was an original type of the period anterior to the revolution. He was the intimate friend of M. d'Espinchal, with whom he had frequent disputes to settle the question of which of the two was best versed in the science of knowing every body who ought to be known in Paris. One evening M. de Grancourt was bustling about the lobbies of the Opera, in company with a friend just arrived from the country. M. d'Espinchal met them, and asked Grancourt why he was peeping so eagerly through the panes of the boxes.

"It is I, sir," said the country gentleman, "who am giving M. de Grancourt all this trouble. I appointed to join my wife at the Opera this evening; but I have lost the ticket of the box and

forgotten the number, so I am at a loss where to find her."

"Has madame been long in Paris?" enquired d'Espinchal.

"Only two days."

"On what tier is her box?"

"On the first."

"I will tell you in a few minutes, whether she is in the house or not."

M. d'Espinchal opened an empty box, and looked round the theatre with his lorgnette. He then went to the opposite side of the theatre, and did the same. In a few minutes he returned to the gentleman, requested he would follow him, and pointed to a box.

"Ah!" exclaimed the gentleman, "here is my wife."

"I was sure of it," said M. d'Espinchal.

"But how sir? you do not know her."

"That was the very reason I found her out."

The country gentleman stared with astonishment.

"To be sure," added M. d'Espinchal, "your wife is the only lady I do not know among the hundred who are seated in the first tier. Therefore I could not be wrong."

"Well," observed M. de Grancourt, shrugging his shoulders, "this is beyond me!"

CHAPTER III.

The poetical shoemaker—Talma—The Siege of Palmyra—Longinus and his Treatise on the Sublime—Ode on the year 93—Canova and the young soldier—The romantic school in literature—Goethe, Schiller and Victor Hugo—Rousseau, Voltaire and Bernardin de St. Pierre—The Institute of St. Cloud—Death of Mademoiselle Chameroy—Quarrel between the Curé of Saint Roch and the performers of the Opera—Monge's *bon-mot* on that subject—The Emperor's displeasure—Discussion between Cardinal Maury and the Emperor—Napoleon's opinion of the morals of the present age compared with those of former times—Feinagle—Doctor Gall—He predicts that my son will be a great mathematician.

About this time a very extraordinary man appeared in Paris. Talma called on me one day and said he wished to introduce to me a poet, who would read me a tragedy he had just written, and which he, Talma, thought admirable. This man was a shoemaker.

"Oh!" said I to Talma, "let him go on making shoes and boots, for I assure you I have no great faith in his poetic talent."

Talma appeared vexed at my scepticism. "Allow me to bring him," said he, "and then you will be enabled to judge."

I consented, and on the appointed day, Talma brought his poetical shoemaker.

He was a short, thick-set man, with a large head and a set of coarse, inexpressive features;—in fine, a true son of St. Crispin. On seeing him, I began to repent of my condescension. Talma requested that he would recite a few scenes from his tragedy. I advanced, and fixed my eyes on M. François, for such was the name of the shoemaker. He appeared nowise embarrassed, but drew an arm-chair into the middle of the room, and stationed himself behind it. He then turned to Talma and said:

"Monsieur Talma, the other day when I was at your house, you recited some of my poetry, and I am sure you did it much better than I can."

I confess I was quite of the shoemaker's opinion, on hearing the vulgar accent in which these words were pronounced. But Talma, without seeming to understand the look which I directed towards him, replied:

"No, no, Monsieur François. I do not wish to recite, and I will presently tell Madame Junot my reason."

François leaned for a few moments over the back of the chair, apparently absorbed in reflection. Then raising himself up, he exhibited an expression of countenance totally different from that which had at first produced so unfavourable an impression on me. He related how he had conceived the idea of taking for his subject, the siege of Palmyra. One day, as he was walking along

the quays, he opened a volume containing the Treatise on the Sublime and some other essays which referred to Longinus. He was struck with the grandeur and beauty of his character, which could not fail to make an impression on a refined and exalted mind—for such François really possessed.

His first design was to write a piece in which Longinus should be the only character; but he afterwards found that something else would be requisite to keep up the interest of five acts. He found too, in connexion with Longinus, characters and incidents sufficient for his purpose. He left the philosopher in his position of minister, and took the Queen for the heroine of the piece. However, it was obvious in every scene that Longinus was his favourite character, and that the principal interest is concentrated on him. The incidents are badly arranged and the author evidently had no idea of dramatic effect. But the tragedy abounds in flashes of real genius, and there is scarcely a scene which is not conspicuous for beauty. The talent displayed by the author, when his characters are discussing political affairs, is truly remarkable. Aurelian arrives himself to accelerate the taking of Palmyra, and Longinus defends his mistress against the seductions of the Emperor's minister, who is sent on a mission to the Queen. The character of Longinus is truly sublime in a scene between him and the Roman minister, in which he reproaches the Emperor for that unbridled ambition which was the inherent vice of the government of Rome, whether re-

publican or imperial. In the same scene, the Roman minister drops some disrespectful expressions, among others the term *barbare*.

Ah ! exclaims Longinus with a bitter smile :

" Tout ce qui n'est pas Rome est réputé barbare."

This line is perfectly in character, and produces an admirable effect.

Longinus finding that the negociations are not arriving at any result, prevails on the Queen to fly. Here a beautiful scene occcurs ; Zenobia cannot determine to quit Palmyra without her children, nor to send them out of the city without her. Every word she utters breathes the feelings of a mother. All is true to nature ; it is the language of the heart. Her female confidant endeavours to prevail on her to go. " No," exclaims Zenobia, " I cannot, must not leave my children :—

Pour sauver des dangers de l'enfance fragile,
Le doux sein d'une mère est le plus sûr asile."

But I must not attempt to enter into a detailed description of the piece, which, in the first place, is infinitely too long. Its plot too, is badly constructed ; and as Talma observed to me, it is not at all calculated for representation.

I have spoken of the poetic talent of the man, but I have said little of the man himself. When he recited, his countenance and voice were perfectly on a level with his subject. I no longer

beheld before me the dirty vulgar artizan, but one of those gifted beings, who appear to have received from the hand of their Creator, a spark of his sacred and creative fire.

" But," said I to François, " it was not from reading the Treatise on the Sublime that you learned to write poetry... your poetry is good... excellent.

" Oh madam," he replied, " I had been writing poetry long before that, and I assure you I have been tutored by very severe masters."

Here his countenance again lost its apathetic inflexibility, and was lighted up with an expression almost sublime.

I was unable to comprehend his meaning, and looked at him with astonishment. " The revolutionary monsters of 93, made him a poet," he added, after a short pause. " When I saw working men like myself dragged to the scaffold, because perhaps some apprentice boy had become the orator of his section, and got his master guillotined in order to possess his property... then, I asked myself, what means all this ? I looked for the good of the country, but I saw nothing but the unprincipled desire of every man to take the place of the one above him, at any sacrifice... What scenes of horror I have witnessed !.... I was then young....The lists of the proscribed were daily cried about, and they frequently included as many mechanics as *ci-devants*."

This was ground which Talma did not like to touch upon, though he had taken no part in the

horrors of 93. He requested François to recite an ode, about which he had spoken to me, and he immediately commenced one of the most beautiful poetic compositions which I ever heard in my life.

The subject was an appeal to the beasts of the forests to come and learn cruelty from man.... "You at least," said the poet, "respect the weakness of your females, and your aged companions....your little ones are carefully nursed and protected....But here....neither sex nor age are secure against the most horrible and sanguinary of deaths!...."

This extraordinary man made a profound impression on me. In spite of the prejudice I had at first entertained against the shoe-maker poet; I could not but acknowledge that his talent filled me with admiration.

Queen Hortense and the Grand Duchess of Berg invited François to recite to them, and were much delighted with him. They each settled upon him a pension of 100 louis; and Queen Hortense presented him with a splendid edition of Plutarch. We all expected that the perusal of that author would inspire François with something great. But no such thing, François had written admirably when left to himself; but he did nothing when once he stepped within the restricted circle of *rules*.

I may here mention a case which forms an exact pendant to that of François, and which, by a singular coincidence, occurred about the same time.

There was in Rome a young soldier of the Pope's guard, about twenty years of age, who entertained an ardent passion for painting and drawing. The walls of the Monte Cavallo and the Vatican, were covered with figures and groupes drawn in chalk. These sketches displayed extraordinary talent, and the costumes were singularly correct.

One day Canova happened to pass by while the young soldier was occupied in sketching on one of the walls. Struck with surprise and admiration, the Roman Phidias stopped and questioned him. Canova was fond of encouraging and patronizing talent wherever he discovered it. The soldier said he had so strong a taste for drawing and painting, that he could not refrain, at his leisure moments, from amusing himself by chalking on the walls, designs, which he modestly observed he knew to be very faulty.

"How I should like to be taught," he exclaimed with transport, "but I am too poor to pay any one for giving me lessons!"

"Well," said Canova, "come to me, and I will teach you for nothing.... I will even settle upon you a pension of fifteen piastres per month, to enable you to quit your regiment.... I am Canova the sculptor."

The young man thought he had awakened from a dream. He stood in the presence of the great man, whose generosity overwhelmed him even more than his brilliant reputation. All he could do was to fall on his knees, and return thanks, as

an Italian thanks God or his patron saint. Next day the young enthusiast was received among the pupils of Canova.

But Canova had looked only at the brilliant side of the adventure. A month had not elapsed before the young soldier became pale and thin. He sighed at the recollection of the time when he could wander alone by moon light, and trace on the base of the obelisk *di Trinita di Monti*, the profile of some pretty Roman girl. He was then unfettered by academic rules, and his pencil was never checked by the words: "rub that out.... it is bad." He wished to learn, but *ennui* became more powerful than all the arguments either of himself or his master. One morning he entered Canova's study, kissed his hand and thanked him fervently for all the kindness he had shewn him, but candidly avowed that he could not submit to the restraint to which the other pupils were subjected. He said he was like a plant whose stem was too old to bend, on which the art of the cultivator could produce no improvement, and must, therefore be left to its wild and natural growth. He returned to his regiment, and resumed his untaught sketches amidst the ruins of the eternal city.

On the evening on which François came to read to me his tragedy, I had invited a party of friends, among whom were many individuals distinguished for talent and taste. I had Cardinal Maury, (then a frequent visitor at my house), Millin, M. de Narbonne and several other competent judges of

literary merit. My brother too, who had just arrived from Marseilles was one of the party, and certainly he was not the person whose judgment I estimated least.

At that period the romantic school was in its infancy, and was not sanctioned by the auspices of the great names now attached to it. Nevertheless, all the young generation, of the reading portion of society, that is to say, those from the age of twenty to thirty, were passionate admirers of that fertile branch of literature, which opened so many roads to information, and diffused a light over objects hitherto concealed beneath the shade of prejudices called *rules*. Goethe, Schiller, Shakspeare, in short, all the eminent writers of Germany and England were translated into French, and they imparted a powerful weight to the opinions of Rousseau, Voltaire, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, and André Chenier. Then came a torrent of new literary works, many of them monstrosities, it is true, but which nevertheless served to open a path to those men of real genius, whose names will be handed down with honour to posterity. At their head may be placed Victor Hugo.

The succession of reminiscences which I have just now called up, brings, as it were, present to me a multitude of details in which Napoleon is concerned, and which bear reference to literary subjects. Among these recollections, there is one in particular which forcibly strikes me, on account of its connexion with many questions now agitated. It is an evening I spent at St. Cloud, on which

occasion Napoleon may be said to have played the part of president of the Institute; for he spoke for upwards of three hours on literature, and the various revolutions it had undergone. Napoleon was quite a lover of the romantic school, and Ossian was his favourite poet.

The evening I have alluded to was a Sunday and there was a party at Saint Cloud. All the Emperor's favourite *savans* were present, and many other individuals whose talent and information eminently qualified them to bear a brilliant part in conversation. Among the company were M. Rœderer, M. de la Place, Monge and Cardinal Maury. M. Chaptal had brought with him the first plates of his *Voyage d'Egypte*. M. de Lacépède was also one of the company, and I have some recollection that Cuvier was there too. The object of this extraordinary convocation of talent was the discussion of some questions relating to chemistry and natural philosophy respecting which some of our correspondents in Germany had sent reports. These reports referred particularly to the discoveries made in Bavaria by Baron d'Aretin. After the Emperor had heard the opinions of Berthollet and other members of the Institute, the conversation changed from the scientific subjects, to which attention had been first directed, and took a very curious turn.

When I entered the saloon, the Emperor was speaking with great warmth; he was addressing himself to Cardinal Maury, who was always very much disposed to controversy, and who was not

more courteous to the Emperor then he was to M. Brockhausen, the Prussian ambassador, to whom he once said: "Monsieur, the fact is, Racine cannot be understood in Prussia for a century to come." His abruptness of manner and loud thundering voice always made me dread a literary or political discussion in which he took part, notwithstanding his talent for conversation.

The discussion had fallen, I cannot tell how, on the moral corruption of the French language. Napoleon by instinct could speak correctly on such a subject, but he was not competent to maintain an argument with a man like the Cardinal. Every voice was hushed except those of the two interlocutors, and not a word that fell from either of them was lost. Napoleon maintained that the change which had taken place in our language was an inevitable consequence of the influence of morals. The Cardinal replied that the question was not to determine the effect produced, but to enquire into the causes which had led to that effect. "Probity, virtue, filial respect," said he, "in short all that forms the basis of every well constructed social edifice has been destroyed, never to be recovered; and I am of opinion that this destruction has exercised a powerful influence on the corruption of language, for I presume that your Majesty does not regard the change that has taken place, as a defeat tending merely to strip the language of its primitive and original character?"

This question seemed to be a sort of challenge

addressed to the *Roi législateur*. Napoleon, looked steadfastly at the Cardinal and with an expression which I cannot describe, exclaimed: "Surely, Cardinal, you do not imagine that I, the head of a great Empire....who am daily doomed to observe the most revolting examples of human turpitude, would think of defending the morals of the present age. There exist, now as there always have existed, corrupters and corruption, vice and atheism. We see religion forgotten by its ministers, and laws observed from fear, and not from respect. All this is the result of the subversion of order that has so long prevailed.... Cardinal," he added with a smile, "I would have you be less severe upon the present generation. For my part, I think that people in a certain class, are better now than they were a hundred, aye even fifty, or five and twenty years ago."

Here he walked about the room, taking several pinches of snuff.

"Will your Majesty permit me to observe, resumed the Cardinal, that two classes at least, the citizens and the peasantry, are very different, with respect to purity of morals, from what they were fifty years ago; and those classes make up the bulk of the population."

"You are wrong, Cardinal, you are wrong," observed the Emperor sharply. "But what do you mean when you talk of purity of morals in the class of citizens?....Do you allude to the period when Madame du Barry was *demoiselle de boutique!*"

"Or perhaps, said Monge, the Cardinal alludes

to the time when the citizens went to mass and the peasantry paid tithes."

I shall never forget the glance which Napoleon cast upon Monge at this moment....It was as eloquent as a whole speech....Monge who like Volney, Dolomieu and other *savans* of the day, was a decided atheist, had mistaken the Emperor's drift, and had made a remark that was any thing but appropriate. He ought not to have forgotten the sharp remonstrance he received from the Emperor for the indecorous *bon-mot* which fell from him in reference to the dispute between the Curé of Saint-Roch and the performers of the opera, on the occasion of the death of Mademoiselle Chameroy. *After all*, said Monge, *it is but a quarrel between actor and actor.*

Napoleon was offended at Monge's levity. His object was to restore moral and useful institutions, in short all the good which preceding events had subverted. For the furtherance of these views he naturally directed his attention to religion. He created *priests* but not a *clergy*, and he said: "I restore priests, in order that they may teach the word of God, and not cause it to be forgotten."

Monge's observation, on the subject of the tithes, greatly displeased Napoleon, and turning towards Cardinal Maury, he said:

"Well, Cardinal, if you please we will re-establish tithes for this night only, and they shall be paid by those who talk too hastily."

In justice to Napoleon, I must add that though

he occasionally expressed his disapproval of the opinions entertained by Monge on certain points, yet he sincerely loved and esteemed that celebrated man.

The reader has seen how the scientific and literary conversation of the *soirée* at St. Cloud insensibly became political. The little storm which had gathered after Monge's remark suddenly interrupted it, and for several minutes nothing was heard in the *salon bleu* but the voice of the Empress who was conversing, in a low tone, with some of the ladies, and the footsteps of the Emperor who paced up and down, taking his eternal pinches of snuff.... At length he suddenly turned to the Cardinal and said with an inexplicable mixture of severity and raillery:

"You maintain, Cardinal, that the morals of the people have become more corrupt during the last fifty years..... but, if I were to prove to you positively the reverse, what would you say?"

"Sire, I should say nothing," replied the Cardinal, resuming his confidence; "for to resist proof would be a mark of the most perverse spirit.... If I should be convinced by your Majesty I have nothing to say in reply.... but, let us see the proof."

"Well, I would first ask whether, when you speak of the whole French people you mean only the population of Paris?.... That population may, it is true, be counted as ten to one on the day of an insurrection; but, apart from that, you must grant that the civic and commercial population of the capital amounts only to two hundred thou-

sand individuals, men, women and children..... Among this number there may certainly be exceptions. The old customs, which were hidden beneath the triple spider webs which the revolution swept away....the old customs destroyed in certain families of the Rue Saint Denis or the Rue du Marais, are no doubt regretted by those same families. But enlarge the circle around you; go into the country and the neighbourhood of the convents, and ask the village elders how the Benedictines, the Genovefins and, above all, the Four Mendicant orders, used to teach morality to females."

"Man is not infallible," replied the Cardinal, pointedly. "But look at the benefits which those men diffused around them! What treasures those very Benedictines, whom your Majesty mentioned, have bequeathed to literature!..Their works will be....."

"You are wandering from the question, Cardinal, you are wandering widely. Because the Benedictines wrote *l'Art de vérifier les dates*, it does not follow that they have not done a great many things besides. But I will not exclusively attack the monks and priests, in speaking of the morality of the *tiers-état*, at the period we are referring to. I will ask you how that class raised its voice to defend itself, when attacked by the *noblesse*, and commanded, as it were, like slaves, to bow down before their superiors. Nothing was secure against the wild caprice of a libertine, and at that time, every young nobleman was a libertine of the most lawless kind. Take for example, the Duke

de Richelieu, burning a whole district for an hour's amusement! Who is it says :—

" Pour les plaisirs d'un jour, que tout Paris périsse."

" Is it not Jean-Baptiste Rousseau ?"

" No, Sire, it is Gilbert."

" When did he live ?"

" He was contemporary with La Harpe, d'Alembert and Diderot. In that same satire which your Majesty has just quoted, he alludes to La Harpe in the line which has been so often repeated :

" Tomba de *chute* en *chute* au trône académique."

" Pardieu," exclaimed the Emperor, " La Harpe may truly be said to have usurped his reputation. He was a greater atheist than any of the *coterie* of Baron d'Holbach, and the encyclopedists. He was the mean and servile flatterer of Voltaire ; and he afterwards made abjurations, the most absurd and contemptible, for they were not the result of conviction. Did you know him ?"

The Cardinal replied in the affirmative, and being an experienced courtier, he began to pronounce a sort of funeral oration on La Harpe, which was characterised by anything but christian charity. I could not help smiling, for in his *Cours de littérature*, La Harpe speaks in high terms of the panegyrics of Cardinal Maury, when being only an abbé, he delivered them on

Saint Louis and Saint Vincent de Paul before the King. The Cardinal would certainly have defended La Harpe against any other than the Emperor. But he had already *tenu tête à Napoléon*, to quote the phrase, which he himself always employed, when he disputed with the Emperor an inch of ground on any question whatever. He thought he had done enough for one evening.

The conversation was kept up with spirit. The Emperor was in one of his most talkative humours.... After this long digression, the scientific subjects, for the discussion of which the party had been assembled, were again touched upon. I, incompetent as I was to speak on such learned topics, was obliged to answer a question put to me by the Emperor, respecting M. de Fenaigle, the professor of mnemonics. I had repeated to the Empress a number of absurd things which I had heard from Fenaigle, whom Napoleon did not like. As to Dr. Gall, he despised him, and had no faith in his system. He was just then beginning in France to acquire the great reputation which he has left behind him.

I had received Dr. Gall on his arrival in France; for as the wife of the governor of Paris, I thought it my duty to shew attention to a man, who was reputed to have made great and useful discoveries in science. One day, when he was dining at my house, I requested him to examine the head of my little son, who was then six weeks old. The child was brought in, his cap was taken off, and the

doctor, after an attentive examination of his little head, said, in a solemn tone :—" This child will be a great mathematician." This prediction has certainly not been verified. My eldest son, on the contrary, possesses a brilliant and poetic imagination. It is possible that he might have been a mathematician, had he been forced to that study ; but certainly the natural bent of his mind would never have led him to calculations, and the solution of problems.

Monge and the Cardinal knowing my intimacy with Dr. Gall, asked me some questions respecting him. I was aware of the Emperor's opinion of the doctor and his system, and therefore I was not surprised when turning to me he said, in a tone of disapproval :—

" So, Madame Junot, you patronise Dr. Gall. Well....you are *gouvernante* of Paris,—and I suppose you must shew attention to *men of science*....even though they be fools....And what has the doctor told you ?"

I knew, by experience, that the way to deal with the Emperor was never to appear intimidated, but to answer his questions with confidence and presence of mind. I told him the result of Dr. Gall's examination of my son's organs.

" Ah ! he said that, did he....Then we will not make my god-son a bishop....nor even a cardinal. ..(here he cast a glance at Cardinal Maury)....but he shall be a good artillery or engineer officer. A man like Dr. Gall is good for

something at least. I think I shall establish for him a professor's chair, so that he may teach his system to all the *accoucheurs* and *sages femmes* of Paris. It may then be ascertained, as soon as a child comes into the world, what he is destined to be ; and if he should have the organs of murder or theft very strongly marked, he may be immediately drowned, as the Greeks used to drown the crooked-legged and the hunchbacked."

CHAPTER IV.

I am summoned to the Tuileries by the Emperor—Kindness of Madame Mère—My conversation with Napoleon—Raincy—M. Ouvrard—M. Destillières—Hunting—The Duke of Orleans and the Count d'Artois in miniature—Junot, King of Portugal—Napoleon recommends me to go to Lisbon—The interference of women in affairs of importance—The Emperor's opinion on that subject—The heart and the head—Madame des Ursins and Madame de Maintenon—My mother—The invitation to breakfast.

One day the Emperor sent me word, by Duroc, that he wished to speak to me, and that I must go to the Tuileries at half-past four. I looked at Duroc, and questioned him with my eyes. He smiled, and told me to fear nothing. "It is, I believe," said he, "about a business which does not concern Junot's interests in the least.

"The Emperor is highly pleased with Junot," he again repeated:—"and you may go in all confidence." Notwithstanding this assurance given me by the grand-marshal, I was not perfectly easy. It was now eleven o'clock. I was on duty, and I could excuse my absence only by a personal interview with Madame. This I sought,

and I asked permission to leave her at four o'clock to go to the Tuileries.

"I was thinking of taking a drive," replied the princess;—"but I will postpone it, and stay at home. The conversation which the Emperor wishes to have with you, renders me anxious on Junot's account. Be sure to return immediately, and tell me the result. If there should be any need of my influence, you know I am always ready to employ it in favour of you and your excellent husband."

Having given Madame my promise to return and render her an account of my conference, I left the palace at a quarter past four for the Tuileries.

The Emperor was engaged at a council of state which did not break up until six o'clock. This unexpected delay afforded me ample time to revolve in my mind every probable cause for which I had been summoned. At length M. de Merey came to tell me the Emperor would receive me.

His Majesty was evidently out of humour, but this circumstance had no reference either to me or to Junot. My acquaintance with his physiognomy enabled me to ascertain in a moment whether he were likely to be agreeable, or the contrary. He smiled, and was going to pull my ear, but missing it, he caught a lock of my hair, and pulled it till he almost made me cry out. In fine, he shewed me all his *grâces*, as M. de Narbonne used to express it, and entering immediately to the subject of his message, he said to me:—

"Does Junot write regularly to you?"

"Yes, Sire," answered I.

"What do you call regularly?"

"Once or twice a-week: at all events once a-week."

"What does he write about?"

I looked at the Emperor without answering. My silence probably displeased him, as much as the almost imperceptible smile which played upon my lips; for his Jupiterian eyebrow began to assume a frown, and he repeated:

"What does he write about?"

"Does your Majesty," enquired I, "wish to peruse his letters? If so, I will do myself the honor of bringing them to you whenever you please."

"Madame Junot," said he, "I sent for you this evening to speak with you on a subject which will cause Junot some pain; for I know that trifling circumstances of the nature I am about to allude to, affect him seriously, because he thinks they are inconsistent with my friendship for him. But, on the contrary, it is a proof of friendship that I act towards him as I do."

He walked a few paces rather slowly, and then said:

"I am going to take Raincy from you."

He stopped, and darted at me one of his penetrating glances. He seemed to wish that I should inform him not only of my own thoughts, but also of what Ouvrard, Junot, Destillères, in short,

every one concerned in the affair was likely to think. All who knew the Emperor, are aware of the excessive importance he attached to *the veriest trifles, in which either his own name or that of his relations had been mingled.*

" Has Duroc said nothing to you," he continued still eyeing me with his magnetic glance.

I shook my head, and replied in a very low tone :

" No, Sire."

" Oh, oh," said the Emperor with a peculiar expression of countenance " is it thus you shew your attachment for Raincy ? What, you pout like a child at the loss of a plaything ! Well, to say the truth I shall take it from you without regret, were it only for the sake of that fool Junot. Raincy has entailed a great expense upon him."

I made no reply, but thought of Junot. I knew how happy he was to be possessed of Raincy. He was a great sportsman, and the forest of Bondy was contiguous to the park of Raincy. The Emperor was not a huntsman, and the hares and deer which had superseded the robbers of the forest of Bondy had no attractions for him. However, the tongue of envy and detraction had been busy ; and I know it had been said of Junot that at Raincy he was playing the Duke of Orleans in miniature, after having aped the Count d'Artois at Longchamp.

" Well," continued the Emperor, " I will take Raincy off your hands. Write to your hus-

band, Madame Junot, and inform him of this.—What! are you fond of hunting too?—What is the matter?—You seem discomposed—"

The fact was, I knew how much Junot would be vexed by the loss, and I ventured to tell the Emperor so.

"Nonsense, nonsense, he can hunt as well in the forest of St. Germain as in the forest of Bondy. I really think I am rendering him a service in depriving him of Raincy, and since I have given Neuilly to the Princess Pauline, it is necessary that I should have an estate myself near Paris. Raincy is just the thing—I will take that, and there the matter ends. Come now, Madame Junot, you know I am not in the habit of wasting my time in explaining my motives to women?"

I knew that well enough. It was nothing, in fact, but the trouble the Emperor had given himself to speak to me on the subject that impressed me with the idea of its importance. The truth was, M. Ouvrard had been busying himself in the matter, and wished once more to become possessor of Raincy. It was well known that the Emperor entertained for Ouvrard a feeling bordering on hatred. His wish, therefore, to supply Junot's place at Raincy, was better explained upon motives of personal pique towards Ouvrard than upon the reasons which he had advanced, and which, with all respect for his excellent judgment, I could not consider valid.

"Do you know why I just now asked you

what Junot wrote to you about?" said he, stopping in his eternal promenade and sitting down whilst he pointed to a chair for me."

"If your Majesty will explain your meaning to me I shall be able to understand it, not otherwise."

"I wish then to know whether he is happy and content. Do you know all that I have done for him, Madame Junot? Do you know that he is now at Lisbon as powerful as a king? He writes to inform me that the interest of the country requires that the French authority should not be counterbalanced by any other; and the last estafette I sent him, conveys, along with the power he asked for, another mark of my regard for him, for certainly I should not have granted that favor to Portugal except at his urgent solicitation. It is as well that they should know this at Lisbon. Have you not friends there? Write them that they are greatly indebted to their *governor general*, for that is Junot's title there."

"Junot," he continued, is in the fair way of reaping a rich harvest. His government in Portugal is organized in a way which has never been known in that country since the days of Pombal. He is now installed as *head of the state*, he has *his ministers*—and, in fact, every thing is going on well for him. I am much pleased with the speech he has delivered—very much pleased. It is full of good sense and dignity."

During all this explanation the Emperor smiled with complacency. Junot, in fact, was the child

of his creation, and every meritorious action on Junot's part seemed to him but the consequence and effect of his own able instruction.

The Emperor was not the man to commence a conversation without a motive, or to prolong it, because he did not know how to conclude it. For the last few moments I had been endeavouring to penetrate the motive which had induced him to send for me. Was it the affair of Raincy? Impossible! Was it to speak about Junot as he had done for the last quarter of an hour? That could never be. There must, I was convinced, be some other reason which escaped my penetration. The fact was evident; but how was I to unravel the mystery? He looked at me for a moment, and guessed what was passing in my mind; for he said to me smiling:

"Do not trouble yourself to consider what you should do. Go....The thing is clear enough."

Extraordinary man! I reddened, and was all confusion at finding my own thoughts discovered when I was endeavouring to ascertain his.

"So then," continued he with a tone that betrayed some dissatisfaction, "Junot has not told you of the good fortune which has befallen him? I did not think him so insensible to honors. He is a droll fellow."

Then turning suddenly round, for he was sitting before a window and beating time upon the glass with his finger, to the air of la Montferrine which was then a favourite in the streets of Paris, he added:

"And you, Madame Junot, who have a taste for all the fine things of this world, have you no

wish to go and play the queen with Junot? I do assure you that he is now in Portugal what Albuquerque and Fernando Cortez were in Brazil and Mexico."

I answered by a courtesy. I was afraid of giving a direct answer lest I should say anything injurious to the interests of Junot.

"Well, adieu, Madame Junot," added Napoleon, "and I tell you again that if you have any wish to go to Portugal and play the queen I will answer for it, you will find your husband there enjoying all the power and splendour you could wish. When will you write to him?"

"I think, Sire, of writing to him to-morrow, unless your Majesty commands me to do so this evening."

At first he made no reply, and appeared rather annoyed at the pointed manner in which I pronounced the word *command*. He frowned and at length said:

"Write when you please, and what you please; and perhaps the sooner the better. It is best for domestic happiness that the correspondence between husbands and wives should never be long suspended, whether they be near or far from each other."

This moral remark came so unexpectedly that I could scarcely refrain from smiling.

As the Emperor seemed to have dismissed me I began to move towards the door, when he motioned me back with his hand, and said as if a new idea had just struck him:

"*A propos*, when you write to Junot remind him

of that aide-de-camp business about which Duroc has already spoken to him. It is an *enfantillage*, and for that reason I tell you to write about it. The affair is sufficiently unimportant for a woman to take part in it," added he, laughing.

" I thank your Majesty," replied I.

" Oh, you know I never like woman to interfere in serious matters, because they are sure to be always intriguing."

" Will your Majesty," said I, " permit me to deliver my opinions on that point?"

He made a sign in the affirmative

" Women then," said I, " seldom interfere of their own accord in serious business. Their natural indolence and love of pleasure incapacitate them from great exertions of mind; and whenever they are found mingled up in grave and important matters, it is only when they are the instruments of men who are worse intriguers than themselves .... You know it is alleged that the reigns of females are remarkable only because favorites have governed for them."

The Emperor laughed so heartily that I was astonished at having provoked so much merriment.

" Not that I think," continued I, " that women are incapable of holding the reins of government, and of holding them with vigorous hands; for I have a favorable, nay, a high opinion, of my sex; and I am inclined to believe that the solid education we have received, for the last twenty years especially, has placed us upon a level with most, if not with all, of the other sex. But there is one

thing which must always disable us from exercising paramount authority."

"Oh! you concede so much, do you? and pray what may that obstacle be?"

"The heart," replied I.

"The heart! you surely mean the head?"

"I must beg permission to differ from your Majesty. What I allude to, Sire, is the feeling which impels a woman to devote herself for the well-being of her children, of her husband, of her friend! I do not say her lover, because I imagine the devotion I have just mentioned comprehends that negation of self which a woman possesses and exercises, though love may have no place in her heart."

"And wherefore, I should wish to enquire, do you deny this feeling to men?"

I answered by shaking my head, and I made some further remarks in support of my opinions. I may mention that this was the first time I ever recollect having been honored by so long a conversation with the Emperor.

"Do you not observe, Sire," I resumed, "the reason, which at times makes us appear intriguers? It is because you men dispose of us; you compel us to move like the pieces on a chess-board; you, in short, make mere machines of us."

"How?" answered he, "what say you to Madame des Ursins and Madame de Maintenon? What say you to them? Will you assert they were not intriguers? or need I mention a hundred other similar examples?"

" I confess, Sire," replied I, " I cannot defend the ladies you have just named against the imputation of being intriguers ; but I contend that they form exceptions to the general rule, which serve to prove its correctness. Those women lived in an age whose moving principle was intrigue and turbulence ; and I am sure I have heard your Majesty speak of Cardinal de Retz, and of M. de la Rochefoucauld, who flourished at the same period, as of men peculiarly formed for intriguers and shufflers."

The Emperor smiled again, and then abruptly said :—" How old are you, Madame Junot ?" I answered him, by smiling in my turn, for he knew my age as well as I did myself. But he gave a wrong interpretation to my silence, and said :—

" How ! have you already begun to conceal your age ?"

" I do not desire to conceal my age, Sire ;—if, indeed, it were possible, as it certainly is not, especially from your Majesty, who, I may almost say, knew me at my birth. I am twenty-two."

The Emperor took a pinch of snuff, and counting the years on his fingers, thus proceeded :

" Yes ! you are right ; in 1795, you were eleven years old :—right—and your mother ? How old would she have now been ? Ah, she never liked to tell her age ! How absurd that was. What matters age to a woman so beautiful as she. She was indeed handsome. Have you her portrait ?"

"We have her bust, Sire,—a perfect likeness; at least as she appeared at the time at which it was taken."

"She was," he resumed, "a singular woman! Amiable—excellent.—But such a spirit!—The spirit of a devil!"

As he spoke these words, he alternately took snuff, and tapped his fingers on the arm of his chair; whilst I, with the door in my hand (which I had been holding for a full quarter of an hour) was waiting only to be dismissed. At the mention of my mother's name, however, I began to turn the handle, in order to make my way out at the first offensive word he might utter. This he perceived, and immediately said:

"Did she often speak to you of me?"

"Never, Sire," I replied.

"Impossible!" cried he, rising from his chair, with an air of displeasure;—"Impossible!"

"Why so, Sire?" I asked.

Probably my imperturbability made him perceive the absurdity of his impetuosity, for he immediately resumed his seat, and remarked with some degree of bitterness:—

"It is true, she had no kindly feeling toward me! Lucien was her favourite, and it is very certain that my severity to him eradicated from her heart any little regard she might before have entertained for me."

"My poor mother, Sire," I replied, "died long before your Majesty decreed the exile of your brother."

It is impossible I can describe the emotion I excited in him by this seemingly innocent remark. He rose, endeavoured to speak, and then sat down again. The colour flew to his cheek, and as quickly deserted it. He rose a second time, pushed his chair from him with violence, and fixing on me a look, which, to say the least, was stern, seemed struggling to restrain his passion. At length, suddenly assuming the most gracious tone and manner, he said:—

"Well—good evening:—and when you write to Junot, give my remembrances to him."

I courtsied and left him, after a conversation which had lasted more than three quarters of an hour. But I had no sooner reached the end of the gallery, than the door of the cabinet opened, and the Emperor, in a loud voice, called after me:—

"Madame Junot!"

I turned, and perceived him at the door, beckoning me to return. I did so.

"Did you not tell me," said he, as soon as I approached him, "that you were in attendance on Signora Letitia?"

"Yes, Sire!" I answered, "and I am now going to her?"

"Tell her, then, that I wish she would come and breakfast with me to-morrow."

The Emperor again bade me farewell with a gracious motion of his hand, and retired into his closet.

I found Madame impatiently expecting me.

That excellent Princess evinced for me the utmost kindness and benevolence. I related to her the conversation I had had with the Emperor, and she seemed not at all displeased, for to say the truth, the loss of Raincy was, in her opinion, rather a benefit than an evil. She appeared pleased, to hear how angry I had made him by my remarks respecting Lucien. But when I delivered the message the Emperor had sent to her, she seemed vexed. I pretended not to observe this, and it was not till some time afterwards that I learned the reason of her displeasure.

CHAPTER V.

The Emperor's family—Negociations between Napoleon and Lucien—M. Campi—His mission to Canino—Madame Lucien Bonaparte—The Duchy of Parma and the throne of Naples—Lucien's magnanimous conduct—His daughter Charlotte—Her projected marriage with Ferdinand VII—Her departure for Spain countermanded—Affairs of Spain—M. Talleyrand—General Samper—General O'Farril.

THE interior of the Emperor's family presented a curious picture. There were circumstances connected with it, which, though concealed from the world, had a strong influence on important public questions, as well as upon private interests! This was the case, for instance, on the occasion of the long negociations which passed between the Emperor and his brother Lucien, from the year 1807 to 1809. About this time the Emperor wished to establish universal monarchy through the medium of the members of his family; and notwithstanding the scenes which had occurred at Mantua, a new chance seemed now to offer itself of a reconciliation between the two brothers.

This pretence for opening this new negociation, was the demand made by the Prince of the

Asturias to Napoleon, for espousing a female of his family. The Emperor was perfectly convinced that Lucien would not probably be inclined to give or rather to sacrifice his daughter, by consenting to her marriage with a man, who had acted a most unnatural part towards his father and mother. He therefore saw the necessity of managing the business skilfully, and he accordingly engaged M. Campi to be the bearer of the propositions to Canino, where Lucien then resided.

M. Campi was a devoted friend of the Bonaparte family. He was a Corsican, and his talents were conspicuous enough to justify Napoleon's choice, without reference to favor or family connexions. When Lucien was minister of the interior he had employed M. Campi as his private secretary, and he entertained a high opinion of him.

The Emperor had two subjects equally difficult and delicate to propose to Lucien. The first was, the marriage of Charlotte Bonaparte, with the Prince of the Asturias. In this affair, the Emperor behaved with a degree of duplicity, which cannot be excused. It is evident that at that very moment he was revolving in his mind a plan with regard to Ferdinand, which seemed utterly at variance with his communication to Lucien. But this has reference to the mysterious affairs of Spain, to which I shall presently have occasion to call the attention of the reader.

M. Campi was the bearer of a letter, inviting Lucien, on the part of the Emperor, to repair to Paris, in order to hear and discuss personally a

new proposition which would be made to him: this was, that Lucien should accept the kingdom of Naples. Joseph was to have another sovereignty, though its name was not specified; but Holland being the only one to give away, as Louis intended soon to renounce his throne, it might be presumed that the exchange was to be between Naples and the Hague. However, it was not so: for the throne of Spain was the point to which the Emperor's views were directed. He wished at the same time to have Italy at his disposal; and Lucien, whose courage, both moral and physical, he well knew, was the man suited to his purpose. On this occasion, Napoleon proved how a determination, once formed in his mind, became stronger instead of weaker by time. He had said once in the council of state:—

"I never will acknowledge the wife of my brother Lucien, to be my sister-in-law."

These words having been emphatically uttered in the sanctuary of the laws, he regarded them as a bond, formed with himself, and with the Imperial Majesty of France. But this was, in fact, only another proof of that despotic power which the Emperor was always eager to exercise, whenever any member of his family attempted to become a free agent. In proportion as Lucien's conduct was noble and honorable, in asserting his political independence, the more was the Emperor resolved to force him to give up another point, which he could not relinquish without a sacrifice of honor.

Napoleon entertained for Madame Lucien a feeling closely bordering on hatred. I have frequently heard him speak of her with such bitterness, that Josephine, who certainly owed no kindness either to Lucien or to any of his family, one day said to the Emperor, in her soft tone of remonstrance :

" Recollect, my dear, that she is a woman."

That title to consideration might have sufficed, even had Madame Lucien not been, as she really was, the type of a Roman nation ; such a one as we may conceive the mothers and wives of the celebrated Romans to have been. She lived in a style of magnificence which accorded with her husband's station ; but seldom stirred from her home, where she was surrounded by a numerous family, which formed a sufficient defence against the tongue of slander. Her conduct was irreproachable, and she rendered Lucien completely happy. Like him she possessed a taste for literature, and her society served to alleviate the chagrin and irritation which occasionally resulted from the Emperor's treatment of his brother. Indeed, if it were true, as the Emperor used to say, that Lucien had contracted this union, only to vex him, he at all events found in it a source of happiness which possibly might not have resulted from—a marriage concluded under more favorable auspices.

Napoleon instructed M. Campi to convey to his brother the investiture of the duchy of Parma ; but it was not *for* Lucien, but for his wife *alone*. As to Lucien, he was to be King of Naples. Madame Lucien was to proceed from Rome to

Parma in quality of Duchess, taking with her two of her children, that is to say, two of her daughters, for she was not to take either of her sons. When once beyond the walls of Rome, it was Napoleon's wish that she should be separated from Lucien as completely and finally as death could have separated her. On condition of her making this sacrifice, the Emperor was willing to acknowledge her as his sister-in-law, and to behave towards her as a kind relation. But she was to break every tie which attached her to life, and to be separated from all she held dear!

On receiving Campi's communication, Lucien instantly refused, not merely the crown of Naples, with permission to be a free agent, but also the duchy of Parma, which he conceived he could purchase only by base and dishonorable complaisance.

The situation in which Madame Lucien was placed was totally different to that of her husband. What it was his duty to reject, it was her's to comply with.

She had only to follow the path which Fate had traced out for woman! In short, after a night passed in the most painful reflections, she declared to Lucien, that she had determined to be no obstacle in the way of his elevation, that she had prepared an answer to that effect, and was about to send it to the Emperor.

"Where is the letter?" said Lucien, with apparent composure.

Madame Lucien gave it to him. He immediately tore it to pieces and threw it on the ground.

Madame Lucien insisted on conciliating the Emperor, and securing her husband's and children's advantage at any personal sacrifice to herself. But Lucien was firmly fixed in his resolution, and it was finally agreed that the Emperor's offers should be rejected. The carriage designed to convey Madame Lucien to Parma was in attendance, every thing had been prepared for the journey; but all was instantly countermanded. As to the proposed marriage of Lucien's daughter with the Prince of the Asturias, the refusal was not so immediate. On the contrary, Lucien directed preparations to be made for her departure to Spain. His daughter Charlotte was a beautiful and accomplished girl of fourteen or fifteen years of age.* Indeed, she would have formed a most desirable match for any prince in the world, and Ferdinand might have been most happy in possessing her.

The preparations for her departure were carried on with so much secrecy that the good people of Rome knew nothing of the matter, and probably I am now the first to give publicity to the affair. Madame Letiers, the wife of the director of the French Academy was selected to accompany the young Princess to Spain. Every thing was ready, when one morning, Lucien sent to request that

* She is now the Princess Gabrielli.

Count de Chatillon would come and speak to him. The Count, who was an intimate friend of Lucien Bonaparte, had been reduced by the events of the revolution to the necessity of exercising professionally his talent for the fine arts. This gentleman had followed Lucien in his banishment to Italy. He resided in his house at Canino and assisted in the education of his children. Lucien, on sending for the Count, unexpectedly directed him to countermand all the preparations made for Charlotte's departure.

" I cannot," said he, " resolve to separate from my beloved child! and, above all, I will never consent to her connexion with a court, the vice and profligacy of which no one knows better than I. There is only one man who could protect her there, and that is Charles IV; but though he might have the will, he possesses not the power. Therefore, it is better, that my poor child be under the protection of her father."

Charlotte accordingly remained at home.

Such is the history of the first negociation for the marriage of Prince Ferdinand with a relative of Napoleon—a marriage which he himself had solicited. M. Campi returned to France in order to report the result of his mission to Napoleon, and this affair contributed not a little to heighten the feeling of animosity which the Emperor entertained towards Madame Lucien.

A great deal has been said relative to Napoleon's project of giving to the surviving members of the Bourbon family a crown in Europe. It would be

perhaps, a difficult question to determine whether this project was the result of a sudden or a deliberate determination on his part. Be this as it may, I can assert, without the fear of contradiction, that the designs which the Emperor entertained with regard to Spain did not originate long before the time when Ferdinand wrote him the letter from the Escurial. At that period the weakness exhibited by the court of Madrid, led him to believe that it would be more favorable to the interests of Spain, that he should give her a sovereign, than that she should be governed by an unprincipled favorite, a profligate queen and an imbecile king. It has been alleged that M. de Talleyrand powerfully influenced the Emperor in the part he took after the affairs of Aranjuez. I do not deny that such may be the fact; but I must remark that Napoleon was not the man to allow himself to be greatly *influenced* by any one. I know for instance, that M. de Talleyrand advised him to go to Spain to consummate the work which had been begun by that good and trusty Castillian, Izquierdo; but I am inclined to believe that M. de Talleyrand with all his finesse, was in this matter, rather the instrument than the director; and that, in this Spanish business, Napoleon outwitted him.

At this time, a violent degree of excitement prevailed at Madrid. The court had left the Escurial for Aranjuez, and the Spanish capital, deprived of the presence of its sovereigns, began to manifest symptoms of inquietude. General

d'Armagnac had *surprised*, (for that was the word employed), the citadel of Pampeluna. On the 19th of February, General Lechi had, by means equally subtle, taken possession of the forts of Barcelona. Fifty thousand men were advancing on the road from Irun to Madrid, commanded by Murat, who had under him, Marshal Moncey and the unfortunate Dupont.—In short, a hundred thousand men, scattered over the Peninsula, assured the Emperor of its subjugation.

When the superior officers of that army were asked what enemies they had come to oppose, their reply was :—" We are here to defend Spain against the attacks of Morocco and Algiers. That was a bitter and cruel derision ; . . . . but yet it might be regarded as a just reply to the insult offered to France by the absurd proclamation published by the Prince of the Peace some months previously.

A very able officer had just then returned to Spain. This was General O'Farril. The Prince of the Peace did not like him, because he possessed too much independence of spirit to crouch to the favorite. On his arrival at Aranjuez, he found Spain in a state of ferment, and the cabinet of Madrid as unconcerned as if armies could have been raised by the power of enchantment to oppose the invaders. General O'Farril delivered his opinion like an intelligent and honest man. The favorite frowned at suggestions which seemed calculated to shake his security. However, he

could not venture to treat with indifference the opinions of a man who well knew the desperate position in which Spain stood.

" Hold yourself in readiness to take the command of the army of Galicia," said the Prince to General O'Farril, shortly after his arrival; " for it seems that we must fight these cursed French, whose intentions are no longer doubtful.

" I am aware of that," replied General O'Farril; " but it would appear that you are rather late in making the discovery."

Next day, Major-General Samper waited on General O'Farril. He was most likely sent by the favorite, for after a few minutes, he said to the General :—

" Do you know that you have offended the Prince of the Peace ?....I do not know what you said to him, but he is quite angry."

" I only told him," observed General O'Farril, " what it was your duty to have told him long ago :—that Spain is lost."

" But the troops in Portugal have received orders to return by forced marches.* We shall stop the French at Somo-Sierra, and at Guadarrama. The regiments which are marching against us are composed only of conscripts. In the whole army there are not a hundred men who have the decoration of the Legion of Honour."

* These were the troops commanded by General Solano, Marquis del Saccoro, which were marching to Lisbon to be placed at the disposal of Junot.

At this General O'Farril shrugged his shoulders. "You are strangely deceived," said he to General Samper. This French force is one of the finest that ever was raised. The sub-officers, corporals, all are veterans. It is rather late to send me to Galicia," added he; "but no matter; tell the Prince of the Peace that I shall depart to-morrow."

CHAPTER VI.

Troubles at the Escurial—Queen Maria-Louisa and the Prince of the Asturias—The Duke de San-Carlos and the Duke del Infantado—Escoiquiz—Ferdinand's letter to Napoleon—Arrest of the Prince of the Asturias—His pardon—Banishment of the other individuals implicated—Proposed departure of the Royal Family to America—Immediate causes of the Spanish revolution—The *Caballero*—To-morrow—Lethargy of the Prince of the Peace—The revolt of Aranjuez—The Prince of the Peace rolled in a mat—Fury of the people—Abdication of Charles IV—The Grand-Duke of Berg in Madrid—The infant Don Antonio Pascual—Protest of Charles IV—Liberation of the Prince of the Peace—Don Gonzalo O'Farril—Donna Antonia Pereira, the mother of Godoy.

I HAVE already observed that the Emperor was anxious to promote Junot's advantage; but he had good reasons for so doing. Junot was established in Lisbon, accompanied by troops whom he knew, and who knew him:—he was among a people who could be better managed by him than by any other, for the Portuguese require to be studied, before they can be managed. Junot exercised a positive moral influence in Lisbon, and Napoleon knew this. Besides, to send another man to Lisbon, was a thing which Napoleon

would not think of on any account. Junot was there; and that was a sufficient reason for his continuing there. Moreover, the affairs of Spain were taking a turn which warned France to be on her guard. Little was said in Paris of the internal revolutions of the Escurial; and while we were dancing boleros and fandangos, we never dreamed that the tragical scenes of the reign of Phillip II, were nearly being revived in Spain.

The interior of the royal family of Spain has been somewhat unveiled, since the Peninsula has been the scene of so many disastrous events. But the machinery which set in motion the various characters who figured in that important drama, has never yet been thoroughly understood. I will now explain it.

During the winter of 1807—8, many events took place which were enveloped in obscurity, and which had an important influence on the fate of those concerned in them. The profligate conduct of Queen Maria-Louisa determined the Prince of the Asturias to seek the support of some other individual than his mother. The Prince had about him several men of superior merit. The Duke de San-Carlos, and the Duke del Infantado had both outstripped the rest of their countrymen in the political information requisite to men who were to become the ministers of a great sovereign;—for Ferdinand was destined to succeed his father, and the Prince of the Peace would not always be there, though in the meanwhile his influence was all-powerful and annoying. It was therefore de-

termined that Prince Ferdinand should seek the protection of an arm which could strike forcibly and decidedly;—that arm was Napoleon's. The person who first suggested this idea was a cannon of Toledo, named Escoiquiz. He was a tutor to the Prince of the Asturias, of whose education the Duke de San Carlos had the superintendance. Escoiquiz and the Duke de San Carlos, conjointly with the Duke del Infantado, prevailed on Ferdinand to write a letter to the Emperor Napoleon, to whom he appealed for *protection*, and solicited a wife from his hand.

"Give me, Sire," said he, "a Princess of your own family, or of the family of her Majesty, the Empress. If I am allied to you, I shall be content. Deign to adopt me as your son....."

The rest of the letter contained long complaints of the *ill-treatment* he suffered; and it is certainly true that the Prince of the Peace subjected the heir to the throne of Spain, to the most odious degradation. However, the Emperor did not think fit to enter into these disputes; but he selected a wife for the Prince of the Asturias, and as I mentioned in my last chapter, his choice fell on the daughter of Lucien, who subsequently married Prince Gabrielli.

Izquierdo, who was the emissary of the Prince of the Peace, and who was at this time in Paris, speedily gained intelligence of the letter of the Prince of the Asturias. Whether it was voluntarily shewn to him, or whether he obtained sight of it by surreptitious means, I cannot pretend to say. The

result of his discovery was the arrest of the Prince of the Asturias, and the friends who had served his cause. The Prince of the Peace, caught by the bait which Napoleon held out to him, viz : to make him sovereign of the province of the Algarves, shewed no mercy to the son of his sovereign and his benefactor. Ferdinand was arrested. Charles IV, feeble and timid as he was, summoned sufficient energy to become the accuser of his son. The supreme council of Castile received the royal and paternal complaint, setting forth that Ferdinand, Infant of Spain, had attempted to dethrone his father.

This affair was of course the subject of general discussion, at the time of its occurrence. It was whispered that the Emperor had transmitted, to Charles IV, proofs of his son's treason, and that he was disgusted with the conduct of Ferdinand throughout the whole of their correspondence.

The affair was submitted to the investigation of the council of Castile. Every corner of the apartments which had been occupied by the Prince of the Asturias, in the Escurial, were diligently searched. In his secretaire were found a number of letters, all of which, more or less, compromised him. Among other papers, there was the draught of a letter, which proved that he did not possess much facility in composition ; for the same page, full of alterations, was written over about ten times. This paper, and a few others, formed the bases on which the judges founded their decision. The Prince was condemned to death. While the

process was pending, he wrote to his father a letter, which, however, has been pronounced to be apochryphal. In this letter he promises the most implicit obedience, confesses himself guilty, and asks pardon for his *obstinacy in denying the truth.*

" I have been seduced," he says ; " but if your Majesty should deign to pardon me, I will name the criminals."

The real criminals who had *seduced* him were his own evil passions. Nevertheless, the Prince was pardoned, and the other individuals concerned in the affair, were tried separately. The Duke de San Carlos was exiled to Pampeluna ; the Duke del Infantado to his own estates, and the Cannon Escoiquiz, I believe, to Toledo.

I have now arrived at that period, when the affairs of Spain began to exercise their influence on the fate of the Emperor. At the commencement of the Spanish revolution, the principal events of which I shall now proceed to describe, Napoleon seemed to be struck by a sort of vertigo. He would listen neither to Junot, to Duroc, to Beurnonville, nor to any one who knew the state of the country. Thence may be traced the disasters which he entailed upon himself and France.

It was about the middle of the carnival. The Prince of the Peace, though his attention as a statesman ought to have been constantly directed to the position in which he was placed, with regard to France, and whilst the heir of the monarchy was still burning with vengeance ;—the

Prince of the Peace was reposing, not certainly on a bed of roses, but in that gross sensuality and indolence which characterized the court of Spain at its different *Sitios*. Don Eugenio Izquierdo continued to transmit from France only such news as he pleased to send, and every thing went on by the grace of God, or more properly speaking, by the grace of the evil genius of Spain. On Shrove Tuesday, the Prince of the Peace was at Madame Tudo's, amusing himself with a buffoonish monk, whose society just suited the taste of his Serene Highness, when Izquierdo suddenly presented himself after a hasty journey from France. The drama was now about to commence, and the *Impressario* was in duty bound to forewarn the principal actor of the part he had to sustain. The unexpected presence of Izquierdo, whose countenance was calculated to produce nothing but consternation, for a moment excited the astonishment of the Prince of the Peace. Yielding, however, to that Asiatic apathy, which formed the basis of his character, he listlessly reclined for several hours, lulled by the sound of castanets and guitars; and it was not until he retired home, that Don Eugenio ventured to say to him with some appearance of anxiety:

"All is lost! The intentions of France are at length apparent; and the only course left for you, as well as for the royal family, is to depart instantly for America."

The Prince of the Peace was as much confounded at receiving this intelligence, as if he had

not had reason to expect chastisement for the proclamation he had issued some months previously. He imagined that Napoleon would reply to an insult, by the offer of a sovereignty ! Blind infatuation !

There is reason to believe that Izquierdo was directed to recommend the departure of the royal family for America, and that he was merely the interpreter of a wish, emanating from a higher quarter. His recommendation was, at all events, listened to. Charles IV, and Queen Maria-Louisa were well inclined to the project, but the Prince of the Asturias would not quit Spain. He had a strong party there, and notwithstanding the banishment of the Dukes of San Carlos and Infantado, he was still surrounded by many counsellors who looked to the downfal of the favourite, for the sake of raising themselves on his ruin. Thus, as soon as the orders were despatched for the troops to occupy Aranjuez and Madrid, then to *échelon*, the road from Madrid to Cadiz, the Prince Royal took measures to thwart his father's commands. At this moment the Spanish revolution was announced by terrible and sanguinary presages.

It cannot certainly be denied, that Ferdinand, as a Spaniard, and the eldest son of the King, must have been doubly irritated by the conduct of his father's minister. Though excluded from any participation in the management of affairs, he knew enough of what was going on to be deeply alarmed and mortified. In corroboration of

this, the following fact, out of many, may be cited.

The Spanish secretaries of finance and of war were *absolutely ignorant* of the treaty of Fontainebleau—of the reasons which had caused a hundred thousand French troops to enter Spain—of the invasion of the provinces adjoining France, or of the remonstrances of the governors of those provinces! Nothing of all this was known to the various departments of the ministry; the Prince of the Peace was the only person who was informed on these subjects, or to speak more correctly, the only person who know nothing about them.

This fact was regarded as one of the principal causes of the Spanish revolution; although the partizans of Ferdinand VII pretend that the trial of that Prince had the greatest influence upon political events. For my part, I conceive the two circumstances to be too intimately connected ever to be separated, and to them in a great measure, were owing the misfortunes of the Peninsula.

While the preparations for the departure of the royal family were proceeding with the greatest secrecy, one of the most favored of the creatures of Maria-Louisa, a man devoid of the least capacity of mind, a certain *Caballero* whom she employed to oppose the Prince of the Peace, and who had been loaded both by her and the King with honors and kindness,—this man was gained over to the party of the Prince Royal, and became a traitor, under the specious pretext of wishing to

serve his country. One day, in full council, he declared that he believed the departure of the royal family for America an impolitic step, and especially indefensible in the position in which Spain then stood. Hitherto this question had been discussed only in secret, by a few counsellors devoted to the royal family; but the matter being now, as it were, mentioned in public, came like a flash of lightning, both upon the people and the army. The presence of the French troops had already produced great irritation: and the subdued murmurs, which had been directed towards the whole of the royal family, with the exception only of the Prince of the Asturias, were succeeded by loud cries of vengeance. In vain did Murat, then Grand Duke of Berg, enter Madrid on the 17th March, thinking his presence would restrain the discontent, the evil was beyond remedy.

On the night of the 17th an immense concourse of people rushed into the streets of Aranjuez, demanding, with loud cries, the head of the Prince of the Peace. The Prince had just retired to rest, after an interview with his brother, the Duke d'Almadovar, who gave him the only advice he ought to have followed. He told him that it was absolutely necessary to place himself at the head of his regiment, the officers of which were entirely devoted to him, and that he ought to assume a position calculated to awe the factions—for so the party of the hereditary Prince was called.

"I will think of it," replied the Prince of the Peace, yawning, as he rose from the arm chair in

which he was lounging. "I will think of it—to morrow."

"Demain! oh! demain, c'est la grande chose!"

So says our mmortal poet. To-morrow! alas, what was the morrow destined to be for Godoy? A day of disaster and of blood!

Scarcely had the Prince of the Peace retired to rest, when the furious populace commenced an attack upon the palace. The gates were soon burst open, and shouts for vengeance, and for blood rent the air. The most hideous menaces were uttered, blood was sought for, to revenge years of slavery, misery and mourning! The wretched favorite had only time to escape from his room by a private door, and ascend to a loft, where he took refuge. As he proceeded, the clamour was redoubled behind him. The people, whose rage was augmented by the escape of the object of their vengeance, threatened to set fire to the palace. The Prince of the Peace heard footsteps approaching his place of concealment; he retired further into the loft; no means of escape presented itself. At length he perceived an Indian rush mat rolled up in a corner; in this he wrapped himself and awaited his fate. The mob searched the chambers, the corridors and every part of his palace. At length they entered the loft, looked through it, and left it, venting maledictions on the object of their hatred. The Prince in breathless terror beheld the approach

of death in its most frightful form, as he lay covered with the mat which had often been trodden by the feet of the meanest of his domestics.

Manuel Godoy remained in his hiding place during the whole of that night, and the following morning. During that short interval all which the most extravagant luxury had collected around him, all which the weakness of a woman influenced by insane passion, had conferred on the worthless object of her affection,—all was broken to atoms and consigned to the flames. His wife, the sister of the Archbishop of Toledo, had retired to her apartment, expecting death, or at least insult, as the wife of a man so justly pursued by popular vengeance. A portion of the mob entered the chamber where she lay stretched on her bed, all pale and trembling and offering up prayers to God.

"Rise, Madam," said, in a tone of respect, the very men who had displayed the greatest fury against Manuel Godoy; "you need apprehend no danger. You have claims on our pity. Allow us to conduct you to the place which you ought never to have left, to become the wife of a wretch like Manuel Godoy! Let us conduct you to the royal apartments."

The Princess of the Peace had lived like a stranger in the palace of her husband, who treated her with a degree of cruelty, calculated to engender hatred and vengeance in the heart of a woman conscious of the respect due to her birth. This the people knew; and while they satiated their

revenge with fire and sword, they felt that the wife did not deserve to share the husband's fate. The Princess was therefore conducted to the King's apartments, where that unfortunate old man, and his Queen were waiting in horrid anxiety for some intelligence of the tragedy. When the Princess entered, instead of running to her aged parents and offering them consolation, she exclaimed in a tone of bitter reproach:

"Behold what misery your Majesty has brought upon me."

The King at first gazed on her with astonishment, but immediately turning towards the Queen he said in a tone of pity:

"*Louisa, es loca**."

"No, no, I am not mad," replied she wringing her hands; "it is you, it is she, who have brought me to this."

As she uttered these words she pointed to the Queen, who, overwhelmed with despair, seemed unconscious of all that was passing around her.

Meanwhile Ferdinand was triumphant. The ensuing day was ushered in with expressions of transport by the thousands who proclaimed his name, while that of Godoy was consigned to execration. The arrival of the Grand Duke of Berg, who was said to be sent by the Emperor, to protect the Prince Royal against his father and

* "Louisa, she is mad!" It is impossible to convey an idea of the aversion entertained by the Princess of the Peace for her husband. It was beyond hatred.

the Prince of the Peace, led to the belief that France supported the cause of Ferdinand. This prospect emboldened the multitude to deal harshly with a man whom they might proclaim guilty, but whom they were not authorised to punish with their own hands. Ferdinand, without seeming to approve, awaited the issue of the insurrection; feeling assured that every thing would be favourable for him with the popular party.

All this time the wretched Godoy suffered, in his place of concealment, unspeakable torture. He was assailed with burning thirst. His parched throat seemed no longer capable of affording a passage for his breath. He felt the approach of death:—one chance of preservation, and one only presented itself. His residence, ravaged by the furious multitude, abandoned by his wife, was now a perfect solitude. Profound silence had succeeded the cries which the night before had shaken it to the very roof. Could he but escape from his hiding place! but find a drop, a single drop of water! At length he took courage, and he advanced with the precaution of one who expects death at every turn. He descended a few of the stairs; suddenly at the turning of a passage he beheld a man. This was a sentinel standing motionless as a statue and watching for his prey. It was known that the Prince had not left the palace, and sentinels were stationed in all the outlets with orders to be perfectly silent, so that he might be induced to leave his retreat.

When Godoy beheld this man, on whom his life

or death depended, he began to supplicate him, and offered him money to favor his escape. The soldier rejected his offer. He was one of those proud and unfortunate Castillians, who, for fifteen years, had groaned beneath the humiliations of Spain. Was he the man to pardon the author of his country's ruin? He cast on the Prince a look of indignation and called for help. Godoy was immediately arrested.

This event was no sooner known than the whole population of Aranjuez flocked to the palace. The cries for vengeance were now reiterated with greater fury than before; and the unfortunate Prince believed that his last hour was at length arrived. The few soldiers, who guarded him, at first endeavoured to restrain the crowd; but their resistance could not long avail, and the victim perceived his assailants gaining on him every instant.

On learning that Manuel Godoy was discovered, the aged King and Queen Maria-Louisa were overwhelmed with grief and terror.

"We must save him," exclaimed they, and immediately sent for the Prince of the Asturias.

"Ferdinand," said the Queen to him, "do you wish to possess the crown? It is yours, but you must save the life of the Prince of the Peace. Save him from the fury of the populace, and your father is no longer King!"

"Yes!" exclaimed the imbecile monarch, "save Manuel, and you are King of Spain."

Ferdinand bowed without replying. He left the

room, saying in a whisper to the officers of the guard, of whom the majority were devoted to him, and casting his eye towards the door of the royal apartments he said: *Son nuestros**.

Ferdinand gave orders that Godoy should be removed to the guard house. But to effect this removal was no very easy matter. Godoy was no sooner in the street than his life was again in danger, notwithstanding the precautions adopted by the officers of the guards, who completely surrounded him. Several men, armed with poignards and knives, crept under the horses, at the risk of being trampled to death, and endeavoured to stab him. Women, children and aged persons, all who were unable to attempt his life, overwhelmed him with imprecations, and covered him with mud. On reaching the guard house, it was discovered that the wretched man had received upwards of forty wounds. He was immediately consigned to Villa Viciosa and placed in the custody of the Marquis de Castellar.

At this time, there commenced an intrigue which, both in its plan and accomplishment proved unfortunate to the glory of Napoleon. It was said in France that nothing could be done in Spain, as long as Ferdinand remained there. The object therefore was to bring him to France. The frank and honest disposition of Murat unfitted him to be entrusted with such a mission; a more tractable man would have been better. But then

* They are our's.

it was advisable to select a person possessing some preparatory information relative to Spain and Ferdinand; and though Murat personally knew but little of Spain, yet he had about him several individuals who might almost be regarded as Spaniards. M. de la Vauguyon might be said to be a Castillian by family connexion, and he spoke Spanish like a native of the country. His father had been ambassador from France to Madrid, and was much esteemed there. There were also several other individuals equally well qualified to serve the Emperor and their country, had the mission been an honourable one. I was well enough acquainted with several among them to know that the mean intrigue, employed to entice Ferdinand VII out of his kingdom, would have been repugnant to their consciences. But every body was not so scrupulous.

At this moment, when the Spanish people were anxiously expecting that the Emperor, who had already interfered to save the Prince of the Asturias, would immediately put Godoy upon his trial, General Savary arrived with an invitation to King Ferdinand VII to join the Emperor at Burgos. This invitation was merely verbal, and was unaccompanied by any letter from the Emperor. I must here remark that Ferdinand had not been, and indeed never was acknowledged King of Spain by Napoleon. The Emperor, in his letters, always addressed him by the title of *Highness*, and it was with the view of obtaining

the recognition of King, that Ferdinand was induced, after his *first interview* with the Duke de Rovigo, to leave Madrid, to meet the Emperor, whom the unfortunate Prince regarded as his saviour.

But just as Ferdinand was preparing to depart, notice was given of the official demand of General Savary, (by the *express order* of the Emperor) for the liberation of the Prince of the Peace. This demand threw some little light on the intentions which were really entertained; but after all it served only to suggest the idea that it would be best not to quit Madrid, if the Duke de Rovigo should insist on the deliverance of the prisoner. But the Duke took care to do no such thing. He knew very well where Godoy was to be found; and at that moment he thought it just as well to have him securely lodged within the walls of Villa Viciosa, as to have him in Madrid.

The following circumstance occurred a few days before Ferdinand's departure. The captain general of New Castile, Don Francisco Xavier Negrette informed the minister of the war department, General O'Farril, that the Grand Duke of Berg had told him, (Negrette) that he would acknowledge none but Charles IV as King of Spain. O'Farril communicated this intelligence to Ferdinand. Negrette was present, and Ferdinand looked at him with an air of doubtful anxiety, which induced him to repeat what he had said to the minister of the war department. The

King's reply was: *veremos—veremos!** Alas! this was only a part of that moral blindness which precipitated him into the abyss, in spite of all the efforts made to save him.

Notwithstanding these warnings, Ferdinand's brother, the Infant Don Carlos, who was the heir presumptive, Ferdinand being at that time childless, left Madrid immediately afterwards. Ferdinand himself departed accompanied by the Duke de Rovigo, and proceeded to meet Napoleon, who was to be at Burgos. Before Ferdinand quitted Madrid he nominated a ministerial Junta, of which the Infant Don Antonio was president. He took with him only Don Pedro Cevallos, his secretary of state.

I do not know whether the numerous foreigners who were in Spain, at the period here referred to, and who saw the Infant Don Antonio Pasqual, entertain so vivid a recollection of him as I do. Though a very good christian, he must have been a sorry president of a Junta,—a head of a government in the circumstances in which Spain then stood. One of his Royal Highness's favourite amusements was mending old boots; and in this way he was never in want of occupation, for his royal brother found him plenty of work. Unhappy Spain!....fortunately she possessed such men as O'Farril and Azanza, but, their hands were tied, and good intentions were all they could offer to their country.

* We shall see—we shall see.

On his arrival at Bayonne, Ferdinand was received by the Emperor with a degree of cordiality which must have averted all suspicion. The fact is, that Napoleon had a design in view which was totally changed by the subsequent arrrival of the old King and Queen. I shall say nothing of the occurrences which took place at Bayonne, because they were faithfully described in the public papers of the time; but I will unfold to the reader several scenes which passed at Madrid, and which are less known, because the Emperor himself wished them to be concealed.

The first sparks of the flame, which so long ravaged the Peninsula, emanated from various causes. Of these the most important was the demand made by the Emperor for the liberation of the Prince of the Peace. This demand, which was made through the medium of the Grand Duke of Berg, was positively refused by the Junta, on the ground that they had received no orders from their King; but such was the state of affairs at that time in Spain, that few Spaniards could say who really was their King. A letter from Charles IV to his royal brother, the good Antonio Pasqual, announced that on the *very day* on which he had been, by violence and force, constrained to abdicate, he had sent to the Emperor Napoleon a positive protest declaring that act of abdication to be null and void. He accordingly requested his brother to acquaint his subjects that their good king was *once again ready to devote his whole life to their happiness.*

Along with the protest above mentioned, Charles IV sent a letter to Napoleon, imploring his support, *as the only person capable of securing his happiness, that of his family, and of his faithful and dearly beloved subjects.*

I have already mentioned that the Junta refused to give up the Prince of Peace under the pretext that the King had given no orders on the subject. But the resolution of the Junta was at length shaken by a compliment. The Prince de Neufchatel applied to the president of the Junta for the password for the fortress of Bayonne. This act of courtesy, was irresistible, and orders were given for the liberation of the Prince of the Peace. A French officer, attached to the staff of the Grand Duke of Berg, left Madrid on the 25th of April, and proceeded to Villa Viciosa, having with him a squadron of French dragoons, to escort the prisoner.

I received the subjoined particulars from a Spanish gentleman, M. de L——, who took an active part in this singular scene.

The castle of Villa Viciosa, which is situated about three leagues from Madrid, on the road to Cuença, is a beautiful gothic edifice, and one of the most ancient royal domains in Spain. Ferdinand VI was much attached to Villa Viciosa, and often resided there; but his successors abandoned it. Thus, when it became the compulsory abode of the Prince of the Peace, it presented the twofold gloom of a prison and a forsaken habitation. When M. de L.... arrived, he found the long

vaulted galleries lighted only by *hachas** of yellow wax, which gave to the whole the appearance of a vast sepulchre. At every turn of the spacious corridors he saw groups of the royal body guards in their full uniform. I have stated that the Marquis de Castellar had the custody of the prisoner. The Marquis was assisted in this duty by a man who became very celebrated some months afterwards:—this was Don Joseph Palafox, a brigadier-general in the Spanish army. When General Palafox saw one of the Grand-Duke's officers arrive at so late an hour, he appeared much astonished, and he learned with regret the object of his errand.

"You must deliver the prisoner up to me," said the officer to Palafox. The latter shook his head....At length, he said: "I believe he is now asleep: but we will go and acquaint him with your errand."

On reaching the extremity of a long gloomy passage, Palafox stopped at a grated door, on either side of which royal body guards were posted, with loaded muskets. Palafox knocked at the door, and called to the Prince. The wretched prisoner, being roused at that unwonted hour, imagined that it was his death summons, and he uttered an exclamation of despair. Palafox and the officer entered his apartment, and it was

* *Hachas* are enormous waxen torches either yellow or white, but most frequently yellow. For illuminations, they are put in the balconies and windows. They are sometimes as thick as a man's arm.

with the utmost difficulty they could convince him that he was at liberty, and would be safely escorted from his prison by a squadron of French dragoons. This announcement perfectly bewildered him, and it was some time ere he was sufficiently collected to dress himself and leave the prison from which he had imagined he should be removed only to go to the scaffold, or the more terrific *presidios** of Africa.

After the revolt of Aranjuez all the family of the Prince of the Peace either concealed themselves or fled to avoid the fury of the populace, who confounding the innocent with the guilty, included his mother and sisters in their proscription.

Donna Antonia, the mother of the Prince, was a woman of the most exemplary piety and virtue. After the revolution of Aranjuez she left Castile, accompanied by her two daughters, the Countess de Fuente-Blanca and the Marchioness de Branci-Forte, for the purpose of retiring to Badajoz. On passing through Talaveyra de la Reyna, Donna Antonia was discovered. She was attacked by a mob, who with furious cries of *muera, muera....la madre de Godoy*, threatened to throw her into the Tagus, whose waves were the walls of Talaveyra de la Reyna. The unfortunate woman was saved from a violent death, only by the courage and presence of mind of her daughters.

* The Spanish galleys.

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CHAPTER VII.

Festivities in Paris—The Grand-Duchess of Berg's masquerade—A quadrille of sixteen ladies—The Tyrolean peasant-girls—Their costume described—Prince Camille Borghèse—His extraordinary disguise—The blue mask—Isabey personating the Emperor—His large hands—The dance interrupted—Mademoiselle Gu ... and the Grand Duchess—The new nobility—The Duke de Rovigo—General Rapp—The salute—The Duchess de Montebello—The Pope's bull and the ass laden with relics.

WHILST Spain was convulsed by revolutionary disorder, Paris was enlivened by a succession of brilliant entertainments. Of these, one of the most remarkable was a masquerade given by the Grand-Duchess of Berg. In the course of the evening, a quadrille was danced:—this was really the first one which deserved the name; for those introduced at the marriage of the Princess of Baden, had none of the characteristics of a quadrille, except that of being danced by four couples dressed in red, green and blue. The costume, which the Grand-Duchess of Berg selected was that of the Tyrolese peasantry.

The quadrille was danced entirely by ladies, and their costume consisted of a short petticoat of

woollen cloth, edged with a band of deep blue, figured with a flower pattern, worked in worsted and gold. The corsage was composed of broad straps of cloth corresponding with the petticoat, and trimmed with gold braiding. These straps were placed horizontally over an under corsage consisting of a chemisette of plaited cambric. The sleeves were of cambric, descending to the wrist, where they were fastened by a gold button. The head-dress consisted of a veil of Indian muslin, bordered with gold. This becoming costume was completed by red stockings clocked with gold.

The Grand-Duchess had arranged that the quadrille should be exclusively danced by females. We made a party of sixteen Tyrolean peasant girls, and we were headed by our *bailli*. This venerable personage was represented by Mademoiselle Adelaide de Lagrange.

The Grand-Duchess, for some reason or other, did not wish the quadrille dancers to assemble at her residence in the Elysée-Napoléon. She requested that they might meet at my house and proceed altogether to the Elysée. Her Highness gave orders to this effect to Despreaux the director of the court ballets. About nine o'clock I had a rehearsal of the quadrille, in the grand gallery of my hotel. Several of my friends, who were not included in the Grand-Duchess' invitation, came to see the dance, and we were unexpectedly enlivened by an incident which I will here relate.

It was half past ten: the moment for our departure to the palace was approaching. I counted my masks. There were fourteen, the right num-

ber. There were the Countess du Châtel, the Countess Regnauld de St. Jean d'Angely, the Princess of Wagram, (who was not then married), Madame de Colbert, Mademoiselle de la Vauguyon, and her sister, the Princess of Beauffremont. Then there was the Baroness de Montmorenci, and some others whose names I forget. I believe the Duchess de Rovigo was one of them.

We were engaged in adjusting our masks, when M. Cavagnari* entered and whispered me that a lady who was included in the quadrille, was waiting in the next room; but as she had come too late, she wished me to go and conduct her in. I cast my eyes over the list sent me by the Grand-Duchess. I found my number was complete; but as the Princess de Ponte-Corvo, one of the masks, was not in my list, I concluded that she must be the lady who had just arrived. I therefore proceeded to the saloon which formed a sort of anti-room to the gallery. There, I perceived in the further corner of the apartment, a lady, whose short and bulky person was so ludicrous that at first, I could not help starting back with astonishment. Imagine a figure about five feet some inches in height, but incredibly stout, and dressed in the Tyrolean costume I have above described. I approached this singular apparition; as I advanced, I became more and more amazed at the grotesque figure before me.

Mon Dieu! what an extraordinary person thought

* M. Cavagnari was a confidential domestic of the Duke's.

I to myself. "To whom have I the honor to address myself?" enquired I.

The mask answered only by a deep sigh. I now found it impossible to contain my laughter. A second sigh succeeded much more profound than the first, and it was breathed with such force, as to blow up the lace trimming of the mask. Being anxious to terminate this embarrassing sort of conversation, I extended my hand to the lady, and proposed to conduct her to the gallery; when she suddenly seized me by the waist, and raising her mask, attempted to kiss me. I screamed, and disengaging myself, flew to the bell, and pulled it with all my might. Truly, my precipitation might well be excused, for I had felt a rough beard in contact with my chin. M. Cavagnari entered, and immediately burst into a fit of laughter. The stout lady laughed with him, and, to say the truth, I laughed too, though half inclined to be angry; for I now saw before me the unmasked face of his Royal Highness the Prince Camille Borghese. At length I proposed to conduct his Highness to the gallery, where the ladies were not a little astonished and amused by the extraordinary travestie. It would be difficult to convey an idea of the burlesque figure he presented, especially when, having removed his mask, he exhibited his bluish beard, black whiskers, and bushy hair, some stubborn locks of which escaped from beneath the India muslin veil. The whimsical effect of all this was heightened by the contrast of the young

and elegant females, who were grouped around him, and whose costume he had precisely imitated. It was alternately amusing and provoking to find our Sosio reflecting us so admirably in caricature.

It was now time to proceed to the palace, and it was agreed that the Prince should go with us. We found the Grand-Duchess of Berg waiting to receive us in her private apartment, attended by the Princess de Ponte-Corvo: both dressed exactly in the same style as ourselves. Great merriment was excited by the introduction of our newly-recruited Tyrolese peasant girl.

We entered the ball-room headed by our venerable bailli, holding in her hand her little white staff, and wearing her wig most magisterially.

As we were proceiedng from the inner apartment to the gallery, a little mask in blue ran against me on his way to the closet, where the dominos were changed. I was pushed aside with so much force, that I almost felt inclined to be angry....But the little blue mask was no other than the Emperor!

Napoleon liked to divert himself, as he used to say, in these saturnalia. He loved to disguise himself completely, and allow some individual to assume his character. On the evening in question, Isabey was to personate him. The humour of that celebrated artist was admirably calculated to enliven a masqued ball, while the Emperor made but a poor figure in such an entertainment. In personating Napoleon, Isabey found it most difficult to disguise his hands, which

were exceedingly large, while the Emperor's were small and beautifully formed. In order to conceal this dissimilarity, Isabey adopted an ingenious contrivance; this was to wear a thick pair of gloves under his white ones. By this means nobody could discover whether he wore one or several pairs. With the exception, however, of his hands, Isabey personated the Emperor to perfection.

The masquerade was kept up with great spirit; the costumes were elegant, and the entertainment was altogether one of the most delightful that had been given during that winter. In the course of the evening a little incident occurred, which had well nigh interrupted the general good humour that prevailed. — Suddenly the cheerful strains of the orchestra, and the gay buzz of conversation were interrupted by the tones of a loud female voice, which exclaimed in an imperious tone :—

"I desire that she shall instantly quit my house."

This was the voice of the Grand-Duchess herself.

Those who were connected with the imperial court, at the time, will recollect that a very pretty girl, named Mademoiselle Gu....t, had been in the service of the Empress, before the appointment of Madame Gazani. Mademoiselle Gu....t was a most beautiful creature, and Queen Hortense, who to every other proof of good taste, joined that of loving to see agreeable faces about her, had been

very kind to Mademoiselle Gu....t. She took the young lady to the Grand-Duchess's ball, where she was to be one of the characters in a quadrille. Whether the Grand-Duchess was really ignorant of the presence of Mademoiselle Gu.....t, until the moment of the exclamation above cited, or whether she maliciously wished to place the young lady in a painful situation, I pretend not to decide; but certain it is, that she seemed to evince great astonishment at learning Mademoiselle Gu.....t was in the room, and instantly gave vent to her indignation in the words I have recorded. Poor Mademoiselle Gu.....t in tears, declared, that the conduct of the Grand-Duchess was most unjust and cruel; and could not be excused, even by the jealousy of an offended wife. The truth is, it was the love of the Grand-Duchess for the Grand-Duke which had given rise to this angry scene. Mademoiselle Gu.....t had attracted the notice of his Highness, and that was sin enough to be visited by ostracism.

Queen Hortense, however, warmly espoused the cause of the young lady, and with some success. But it may easily be conceived, that the whole scene had a very ludicrous effect. I might myself have quarrelled with Mademoiselle Gu.....t on the same grounds, but I restrained my feelings. I consoled myself with the idea that the Grand-Duchess, from the recollection of our early friendship, had taken up my cause along with her own.

Be this as it may, Mademoiselle Gu .....t was amply indemnified for the painful situation in which she had been placed. The Empress took her into her service. However, it is but just to all parties to mention, that very shortly after the Empress's arrival at Bayonne, it was found necessary to furnish Mademoiselle Gu..... t with a passport, to return to Paris to her mother.

I have not yet spoken of a most important circumstance in the political life of the Emperor, viz:—the creation of his new nobility. The institution of the order of the Legion of Honor had already paved the way for this; but the work was not consummated until the creation of hereditary titles, with endowments and majorats. It was indeed expected that the Emperor would earlier have directed his attention to this matter; for the creation of the Duchy of Dantzic, on the 28th of May; 1807, sufficiently revealed his intention. I was on duty with Madame at the Tuileries, and used to accompany her to the family dinners which took place every Sunday. On one of these occasions, while I was waiting in the *Salon de service* in the pavilion of Flora, I perceived Savary approaching me:—

"Embrace me," cried he, "I have good news."

"Tell me the news first," said I, "and then I shall see whether it be worth the reward."

"Well, then, I am a Duke."

"That is news indeed," said I; "but why should I embrace you for it?"

"My title is the Duke de Rovigo," continued he, marching up and down the room in an ecstacy of joy.

"And what do I care for your ridiculous title," said I, in a tone of impatience.

"Had he told you that you are a Duchess," said Rapp, stepping up to me, and taking both my hands in his;—"I am sure you would have embraced him, as you will embrace me, for bringing you the intelligence."

"That I will," said I, presenting my cheek to my old friend Rapp, whose frank and cordial manner quite delighted me.

"And another for Junot," said he, smiling.

"Well, be it so," answered I, "and I promise you I will inform him that you were the first to tell me this good news."

"And, moreover," said Rapp, "you have the best title of the whole batch of Duchesses. You are the Duchess d'Abrantes."

I perceived that the Emperor had given Junot the title of the Duke d'Abrantes, as a particular compliment to him. I, therefore, was doubly gratified. Junot was so deeply impressed with the Emperor's kindness, that, as he afterwards told me, he was moved to tears on receipt of the intelligence.

We descended to dinner, which was laid in the saloon, at the foot of the staircase of the Pavilion of Flora. At the head of our table usually sat the Empress' lady of honor (then the Countess de la Rochefoucauld) or the dame d'atours. Some-

times, in the absence of both these ladies, the lady on duty at the Palace would preside. On the day I allude to Madame de la Rochefoucauld was at her post, an honor by the bye, which she seldom conferred upon us.

I found myself quite solitary in the midst of the company. The party was composed of individuals, whose manners and conversation did not suit my taste. Thus I was very glad, when I saw Madame Lannes enter the saloon. Her company was always welcome to me; but now it was especially so. We immediately drew near each other, and sat down together at the table.

"Well," said I, "here are great changes; but I am sure they will work none in you."

I was right. She might subsequently have conceived a taste for these pomps and vanities; but at that time she was a simple, kind, and perfectly natural creature.

"You may indeed be sure, that I care but little for them," replied Madame Lannes; "and I am sure Lannes will not feel himself elevated by them. You know his turn of mind; he is still unchanged; but there are many who surround the Emperor, who entertain diametrically opposite opinions. Look around you.

I looked up, and beheld opposite to me the Duke de Rovigo, whose countenance was radiant with self-complacency. The Duchess de Rovigo sat at some distance from us. "I'll wager," said I to Madame Lannes, "that she is not so vain of her elevation. She is an amiable woman,

and not likely to assume any of these ridiculous airs."

Madame Lannes smiled.

"And what title have you got?" said I after some further conversation.

"Oh! a charming one!" replied she. "Duchess de Montebello! Mine and yours are the prettiest titles on the list."

"Here she drew from her girdle, a small card, on which were inscribed the names of all the Dukes the Emperor had created, as also the majorates appertaining to the titles.

The Palace of the Tuileries had never been the scene of more ambitious agitation. From the Marshal to the lowest employé, all were eager to obtain, at least, a feather of the nobiliary plume.

Our Sunday evenings at the Tuileries were not like others: for on that day we were not permitted to enter the Emperor's saloon to wait for the Princess. Sometimes, when the Emperor was in a good humour, he would invite the *dames du palais*, or other ladies who accompanied Madame, to enter. It happened so on the day I here allude to.

"Well! *Madame la Duchesse Gouverneuse,*" said the Emperor to me as soon as I entered, "are you satisfied with your title of Abrantes? Junot, too, ought to be pleased with it, for I intend it as a proof of my satisfaction of his conduct*. And

* I have already mentioned that the Emperor had directed Junot to enter Lisbon, at all hasards; and it was Junot's bold entrance into Abrantes, which decided the success of the expedition

what do they say of it in your saloons of the Faubourg St. Germain? They must be a little mortified at the reinforcement I have sent them." Then turning to the arch-chancellor, he said:

"Well, Monsieur, after all, nothing that I have done is more in unison with the true spirit of the French revolution than the re-establishment of high dignities. The French people fought for only one thing: equality in the eye of the law, and the power of controlling the acts of their government. Now, my nobility as they style it, is in reality no nobility at all, because it is without prerogatives or hereditary succession. The only prerogative it enjoys, if prerogative it can be called, is the fortune conferred by way of recompence for civil or military services; while its hereditary succession depends on the will of the sovereign in confirming the title on the son or nephew of the deceased holder. My nobility is, after all, one of my finest creations."

About this time a curious circumstance happened to me, which affords an example of the accuracy with which the Emperor gained information of every body's affairs and actions. I always entertained a sort of religious veneration for old family connexions, in spite of my altered circumstances. Thus, whenever it lay in my power, I endeavoured to show kind attention to

"I wished to have given him the title of Duke of Nazareth," said the Emperor to me, "but was afraid he might get the nick name of Junot of Nazareth.

the good nuns of La Croix, who had educated my sister Madame Geouffre, and to the Abbé Remy, who had been her confessor. The Abbé, whom I have not seen more than five or six times in the course of my life, was an honest man, but perfectly null with respect to talent, and certainly quite incapable of being the leader of a conspiracy. When the Abbé Remy came to Paris he brought me a letter of introduction from my brother Albert, from which I learned that the good priest, who had been formerly my sister's tutor, had escaped the massacres of September. I received him as I would receive an old friend, and had Junot been in Paris, I am sure I could have convinced him that it would have been wrong to do otherwise. But Junot was then in Lisbon; and I did not write to him on the subject, conceiving it to be quite unimportant.

What was my surprise when Duroc, who was always sent on missions of this sort, called one day to inform me that I had received into my house a factious priest who had brought to France copies of the comminatory Bull, addressed to the Emperor by Pope Pius VII.

I stared at Duroc, as though he had been addressing me in Greek. A bull of excommunication appeared to me a thing so perfectly fabulous, that I never dreamed it could have existence in the year 1808. It was no less extraordinary that I should be accused of having any knowledge of it. I said this to Duroc, and he pressed the matter no farther. He informed me of what I was very

sorry to hear, viz: that the Abbé Remy, like the ass laden with relics, (I ask his pardon for the comparison) had actually brought, in a letter of six or seven envelopes, the famous comminatory Bull. The Emperor was in a rage. "I had seen this man, I had known him long. How happened it that I was always—always—in league with his enemies?...."

I was angry with Duroc for being the bearer of such an absurd charge. I was weary of this eternal repetition of unfounded suspicion; and for the first time, during our long acquaintance, Duroc and I quarrelled. The Emperor, blinded by the reports of his police and counter-police, might have lost himself in the labyrinth of his own creating; but that Duroc, who knew me as well as he knew his own sister, should so far be misled, was a thing which I could not pardon. Duroc was a warm hearted friend; but he too had his faults, he was not more gifted with patience than I was....He spoke to me sharply....I replied to him still more sharply. He rose and took his departure, and the result of this fine scene was, that I burst into a flood of tears. M. de Narbonne, who called on me almost every day, happened at this moment to enter.

On learning the cause of my distress, he told me that he had a week before heard the whole history of the Bull. He very well knew, he said, the man who had brought this document into France;—a document which he observed was very stupidly drawn up, and was likely to make the Pope

lose St. Peter's chair; and that if the Abbé Remy had brought a copy of the Bull, it was only a duplicate.

I confess I did not very well understand the matter, even after this explanation. A Bull of excommunication was to me a sort of miracle. The learned word *comminatory*, which M. de Narbonne was also obliged to explain, appeared to me more calculated than all the rest to rouse the Emperor's anger...." But what," said I to M. de Narbonne, " is the cause of this sudden misunderstanding between His Majesty and His Holiness ?"

It was the grand question of the French troops occupying Rome, and occupying it so as to lead to the belief that Attila and Marius had escaladed the walls. We find no traces of these terrible manœuvres in the journals of the day. The Emperor interdicted their publication in France and Italy. In Spain they were suppressed, as a matter of course. It was therefore only in England and a part of Germany that any such intelligence could see the light. The accounts published in England were any thing but correct, being for the most part garbled by prejudice and party feeling. I will therefore lay before the reader all the facts I can collect from my own memory and those of my friends, relative to the events of that time, when we were in daily expectation of hearing the tocsin sounded from the dome of St. Peter's.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Spanish political catechism—The Spaniards are exhorted to assassinate the French—The Comminatory Bull—The Emperor takes Ancona, Macerata, Urbino and Camerino—Alexander Borgia, Julius II, Sixtus Quintus and Pius VII—Gloomy presentiments—Letters from Junot and Duroc—Junot proposes to resign all his appointments—My visit to Princess Caroline—The Emperor's kindness to Junot—He promises to write to him himself—An old recollection revived—The audience prolonged till half past eleven at night—My conversation with the Grand Duchess of Berg—Duroc's letter to Junot.

THE circumstances attending the removal of the Pope were but little known in Paris; and yet what a noise that event and the excommunication of Napoleon made in other parts of the world.

One day, while we were in Spain, (at Ledesma,) and I was sitting at my window admiring the beauty of the surrounding landscape, the weather was delicious,—that sort of weather which gives to the romantic and luxuriant scenery of Spain, the appearance of a world of enchantment, Junot suddenly entered the apartment. He was gloomy and disturbed. I read in his countenance that some terrible event had occurred.

"What is the matter?" enquired I eagerly.

"Look," said Junot throwing into my lap a paper printed in the Spanish language....read that...."

It was a copy of the political catechism which was then circulated in Spain. To it was appended a proclamation of the famous Don Julian exhorting all good Spaniards to assassinate the French, because being the subjects of an excommunicated sovereign, they were themselves excommunicated.

I mention this fact in conjunction with the comminatory Bull. I have not yet come to the Spanish war. I merely wish to point attention to the importance which was attached to the Pope's Bull even in the perfumed valleys of Castile and Estramadura.

The following is a fragment of this curious document.

"For some time past, the Holy See has been obliged to support the enormous burthen of your troops....Since 1807, they have cost more than five millions of piasters....You have taken from us the duchies of Benevento and Ponte Corvo!.... and you have constituted us a prisoner in our apostolic residence....We appeal to all nations ....and above all we appeal to you, yourself, as to a son *consecrated* and *vowed*....to repair the damage and maintain the rights of the catholic church."

Napoleon replied to this by immediately taking

possession of the provinces of Ancona, Macerata, Urbino and Camerino, and annexing them to the kingdom of Italy.... The Pope's legate quitted Paris. M. de Champagny who was then minister for foreign affairs, but who like the rest of Napoleon's ministers, was only a sort of chief clerk, published a long apology for the conduct of France.

The Pope replied, through Cardinal Gabrielli, the secretary of state, and uncle to Prince Gabrielli who afterwards married Lucien's daughter.

The answer of His Holiness was couched in those terms of peace and conciliation which became the chief of the christian church—the vicar of Christ. But if ever circumstances can justify the sovereign Pontiff for entering upon a war, Pius VII may honourably claim that justification. After Alexander Borgia, Julius II, Leo X, Sixtus Quintus, and a long list of intriguing and belligerent Pontiffs, Pius VII might have defended the patrimony of St. Peter without fear of incurring the divine displeasure.

I have informed the reader how the comminatory Bull innocently brought me into disgrace; I have now to record a more serious trouble which befel me.

I was very uneasy for several days after Duroc's visit. I had gloomy presentiments, which to me is a serious affair, for I believe in them. At length my mind became greatly disturbed, I foresaw a storm—I had innocently incurred the Emperor's displeasure. One act of injustice foreboded

another, for there was a sort of *michiavelism* in the management of the internal affairs of the Imperial court. I am employing a great word for a little thing; but I speak the truth, and this truth was more or less felt by all who were, in any way, connected with the Imperial family.

One morning when my femme de chambre entered my apartment to call me up, she told me with a joyous air that news had arrived from Lisbon, and she laid on my bed a packet which she said had been brought by M. Prevost, Junot's aide-de-camp.

I immediately opened the packet. It contained two letters; one from Junot which was as follows:

"As soon as you receive this letter, my dear "Laura, make every preparation for leaving Paris, "so that on my arrival nothing may retard us. "I know how great will be your astonishment; "and I will explain myself.

"I received by the last estafette a letter from "Duroc. He wrote, on the part of the Em- "peror, informing me that I must choose "between the post of first aide-de-camp and that "of Governor of Paris, because the two appoint- "ments were incompatible one with another. "His Majesty cannot suppose that I would "hesitate for a single instant in the choice he "offers to me. To live for him, and for him only "has long been the dearest wish of my heart. "When I again appear before him, he shall find "me just what I was in the glorious days of the

" army of Italy. Let him lavish his favors on the " men who surround him—all of whom are eager " for favors and honors. For my part, I relin- " quish them. Let the Emperor press my hand " at parting, or rather, let him say that I am " never again to quit him, and I shall be happier " than I have been with all the splendor with " which he has loaded me....Besides, I am at " present ill in health. My old disorder is return- " ing, and the wound I received in Egypt is " threatening to open again. I shall demand a " definitive *congé* which his Majesty cannot refuse " me. I will go to Baréges and try the baths, " and then I shall be in a condition to serve the " Emperor wheresoever he may be pleased to send " me. If he decline my services I will retire " to my relations in Burgundy, with my Laura " and my children.....There we shall yet be " happy, in spite of the malevolence of mankind, " for I shall enjoy the blessings of a pure con- " science, and a mind free from remorse.

" I send you Duroc's letter..He was not the " man who should have executed such a com- " mission..You may tell him so from me.

" Adieu, my dear Laura, I know that this letter " will render you uneasy ; but I cannot refrain from " making you the confidant of all my troubles. " You know that, next to you, the Emperor has, of " all persons in the world, the most power to make " me either miserable or happy !..It is because you " know my heart, that I thus unfold it to you.. " Adieu, my beloved Laura..embrace our children.

" above all, our son. In the retirement in which I " shall henceforth live, I must owe to you the only " happiness to which I shall henceforth aspire."

THE DUKE D'ABRANTES."*

The following is a copy of Duroc's letter, the original of which is in my possession :—

" My dear Junot, I am directed by His Majesty " to acquaint you, that he considers the two posts of " aide-de-camp and Governor of Paris, incompatible " the one with the other. I presume your choice " cannot be doubtful,—one of the appointments " being merely an empty honor. However, it is not " me to tell you what you ought to do. But I " recommend you to reflect maturely before you " write your answer: and, above all, look upon the " communication which I now make to you on the " part of the Emperor, *as a proof of his attachment* " *to you.* These are his own words. As to me, my " dear Junot, you can never doubt my regard for " you; and I hope you do me the justice to place " me foremost in the list of your best friends.

" Adieu, my dear General. Rely on my friend- " ship.

" DUROC."

Paris, February 10.

For a few moments after the perusal of these

* The autographs of letters, quoted in these Memoirs, may be seen at my Editor's.

letters, I was plunged into a sort of stupor. At length, when I had somewhat recovered from my bewilderment, I began to feel uneasy about the impression which might be produced on the Emperor by Junot's intended letter. He might possibly accept the proffered resignation; and if Junot should seriously have thought of retiring to Montbard, I confess I had not sufficient philosophy for that.... I was aware that it was necessary to act in this juncture with caution and promptitude. I looked at my watch; it was a quarter past ten.... A thought suddenly came across my mind, and I hastily rang my bell.

Josephine, my femme-de-chambre, immediately entered. "Enquire whether M. Prevost is gone," said I.

"Oh, Madame, he set off immediately to the Tuileries, when he heard that you were not up."

"Well! assist me to dress immediately, and order the carriage to be got ready."

In ten minutes I was seated in my carriage.

"To the Elysée," said I to the chasseur.

About half-past ten I entered the court-yard of the palace, where I saw a plain carriage with the Emperor's livery.

"Can it be he?" thought I to myself....and without entering the *salon de service*, I enquired whether I could, for one moment, see Madame Dupont, the Princess Caroline's principal femme-de-chambre. I was right in my conjecture. The Emperor was with his sister. For me this was a

most fortunate accident :—but how was I to disturb the fraternal *tête-à-tête*.

" They are walking together in the garden, said Madame Dupont ; " but if you will write a few words to her Highness, I will go and deliver them."

Madame Dupont gave me pen, ink, and paper, and I wrote to the Princess Caroline, that I begged the favor of a few minutes' conversation with her, on a subject of the utmost importance to me. The billet was immediately carried to the Princess.

" Oh ! oh !" said the Emperor, " you receive letters betimes ! What is that ?"

Without further ceremony, he took the note out of his sister's hand, and read it at a single glance, for it contained but three lines.

" Diable !" he exclaimed, " is Madame Junot up already ! Well, I will leave you to chat together, and I will go back to the Tuileries to breakfast. Adieu, Madame Caroline."

He embraced his sister, and took leave of her very good humouredly ; for I could see him perfectly well from the little apartment in which I was waiting.

The Princess sent immediately to request that I would come to her. She received me with the kindness of an old and cordial friend :—

" Mon Dieu !" she said, taking me by the hand, " what is the matter ?..How pale you are !..Has any misfortune befallen Junot ?"

I could reply only by tears, and I presented my

husband's letter to the Princess. She read it attentively, and then said :—

"What a hot-headed man that is! Who knows how the Emperor may take this!"

"I fear he will be very much displeased," observed I. "But, Madame, has not Junot written to acquaint you with this affair?"

At that moment a valet-de-chambre stepped up to the Princess, and delivered to her a large packet, on the back of which I recognized Junot's hand-writing. M. Prevost had not come to the Elysée, until after he left the Tuileries, and finding that the Emperor was at the Elysée, he thought it best not to deliver the packet until the Princess was alone.... Junot's letter to the Princess was almost the same as that which he had written to me.

"What had I best do?" said I.

"It is evident," replied the Princess, "that the Emperor is not out of humour. He was joking and laughing during the whole of his visit to me, which was a tolerably long one. If he had been offended by Junot's letter, I should have discovered it in his manner. Besides, he would have mentioned it to me; and he said not a word about it.

"But what shall I do?" I again repeated.

"Ask the Emperor for an audience."

"I should wish to do so. But do you think he will grant it?"

"That will be the touch-stone," observed the

Princess. "If he grant the audience, it is clear he is not offended. If he refuse it—

"Do you think it likely he will refuse it?" enquired I, pressing her pretty little hands in mine.

"No," replied she, "I do not think so..and even though he should..rely on my friendship.. rely on that of Madame...But how hasty Junot is!"

When I left the Princess, I was somewhat more at ease, though I had no particular reason to be so. I returned home, and immediately wrote to the chamberlain on duty, soliciting an audience of His Majesty. At two o'clock I received a letter from the chamberlain, announcing that the Emperor would receive me that same evening at nine.

I was in a transport of joy. The audience was not only granted, but it was granted with a readiness which boded favorably. I sent for M. Prevost, and questioned him about what I presumed he might know. But I found he was utterly ignorant of the business about which I was so anxious. The Duke had received an estafette, as he did every week; and on the day after the arrival of that estafette, he, M. Prevost left Lisbon, and in fifteen days reached Paris. He, however, informed me, for his attachment to the General rendered him observant, that Junot appeared much depressed in spirits.

I spent the remainder of the day in reflecting on the interview of the evening. It was evident that the Emperor knew why I had solicited the audience, and that he did not disapprove my

motives. But what would he say to me? Perhaps he would approve of Junot's retirement, without withdrawing from him his friendship.... Princes are as chary of their favors as they are of their friendship, thought I, as my carriage rolled rapidly towards the Tuileries. If—but no;—that is impossible!——

As the palace clock struck three quarters past eight, I alighted; for I knew the Emperor to be extremely punctual in all his appointments, at least, when they did not happen to interfere with a review, or with the council of state.

This interview with Napoleon formed a memorable epoch in my life. It had an important effect on the subsequent life of Junot, which was thenceforth deprived of the radiant prism which had before illumined it. His happiness was separated from that of the man, who disposed of our destinies, as a magician rules those of the beings, subject to the power of his wand.

On arriving in the *salon de service*, where the aides-de-camp and civil officers of the Emperor's household were assembled, I asked the first person I saw, whether the Emperor was alone. I was informed that he was. I was so agitated, that I cannot, (and indeed I could not, the very next day), recollect who were the individuals in the *salon de service*, with the exception of one only. I seated myself in the great red arm chair, which stood beside the fire place; and there I remained absorbed in a profound reverie, until I heard some

one address me by name, in a low tone of voice. I looked up, and saw Duroc standing before me.

" Are you still angry with me? said he smiling.

I had quite forgotten the quarrel, which we had had a few days before, and stretching out my hand to him, I asked him why he thought I was angry.

" Well, all the better, if you have forgotton it," said he. " You will be the better able to bend your thoughts to the conversation you are about to have with the Emperor."

" Do you think," said I, " that I have any thing to fear?"

" Nothing whatever," replied he... " The Emperor has said not a word to me of the letter, which he has received from Junot; but I fear from the style of the letter, which your husband has written to me, that the one he has sent to the Emperor is calculated to displease him..... Do not be alarmed in anticipation, and above all be perfectly mistress of yourself. You are aware that on that probably depends the success of your conference..... Do you think it possible that Junot has really tendered the resignation of all his appointments?"

" I have not the least doubt of it."

" How imprudent!....how precipitate!...."

Duroc paced up and down thoughtfully..... Excellent friend!..... He regretted the imprudence of his brother in arms, of whose glory and good fortune he was never envious; for envy was not in his nature. He was fearful that Junot had

done what might prove fatal to his interests.... With what solicitude I watched his movements, may be easily imagined; for Duroc was, to all who knew the confidence reposed in him, a sort of mirror, in which the Emperor was in part reflected. At that moment the clock struck half past nine.

"Do you know whether the Emperor is informed you are here?" said Duroc to me in a whisper.

I answered in the affirmative....The Emperor's bell now rung, and I was immediately introduced.

Though this was perhaps the twentieth time that I had had a private interview with the Emperor, yet I had never felt so agitated on any former occasion. My limbs trembled under me, my sight failed me, and I had almost lost my self-possession. I felt that the fate of Junot and of my children depended almost on a hair.

The Emperor was standing before his desk. When I entered he was coughing violently. But as soon as he recovered he bowed his head gracefully, and an agreeable smile played upon his countenance.

I now breathed more freely, and advanced with a firm step.

"Well, Madame Junot," said the Emperor, what is it you want with me?

"I presume your Majesty knows, and I should be glad to be spared the pain of repeating it."

"No, no. I wish to see how you can make amends for an offence."

"How, Sire! surely your Majesty does not think Junot the offender in this case. He has been much injured."

"And by whom, pray?"

"By your Majesty."

"By me....How so?"

"Do you think, Sire, that it is no injury to wound a heart profoundly devoted to you....which has no wish, no object but to love and to serve you!.. ...This is an injury, and a deep injury."

"Hem.....all this is mere words."

He paced up and down for a few moments, during which his countenance assumed a serious expression, but without any trace of severity. He sat down in his arm chair, made a sign for me to take a seat, and then said in a tone of unusual gravity:

"Madame Junot, observe well what I am going to tell you, for I wish you to write it to Junot. Mark well my words, for I am not in the habit of speaking idly.....I wrote to Junot, through the medium of Duroc, informing him that he must choose between the post of my first aide-de-camp and that of Governor of Paris. As there are attached to this last appointment, extensive military prerogatives, I do not wish that *any one of my successors* should take advantage of the example set during my reign, and confer the two appointments on one individual. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly, Sire."

"I for some time entertained the design of

creating the post of my first aide-de-camp with great privileges and great advantages; but I found impediments in my way. I promised this post to Junot after the battle of Austerlitz..... He reminds me of this in his letter, and he is right.... Promises made on a field of battle ought to be sacred ....But what I promised was to make his fortune, and I have made it.... I promote his interest by giving him the post of Governor of Paris. Let him keep that and resign the other. It is impossible that the man, who may at all hours be summoned to my tent or my palace under the title of my aide-de-camp, should at the same time be Governor of Paris, and have the command of 60,000 men.

Then rising and continuing to speak, as if replying to himself he added: "No, it cannot be .... it is impossible."

"But your Majesty knows Junot too well, to doubt...."

"You do not understand me, I am not speaking of Junot's fidelity. Heaven knows I never doubt that....I have told you that I do not wish to set an example which may serve as an authority to my successors.... and, after all, what is this post of first aide-de-camp! A mere empty foolery, to which Junot is sentimental enough to attach importance....He is never on duty at the palace, because that would be neither proper nor possible. Junot is a great officer of the empire, and because he wears a hussar uniform, that is no reason that he is to get himself into scrapes, as he did when he was a colonel, and thought

proper to neglect his duty, because he was in love with Mademoiselle Louise.... Did you know Mademoiselle Louise?"

"No, Sire," replied I, and I burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. The Emperor laughed too; but with him gaiety was a very fugitive impression, and immediately recovering his gravity, he asked me why I laughed.

"Because Sire, your Majesty told me just now, that you did not talk idly."

He smiled, and shrugging his shoulders, said: "Ah! you wish me to believe that you are not jealous."

"Jealous," I repeated.

"Ma foi, why not? you wives are all jealous." Here he smiled again, and took a pinch of snuff.

"I have explained," resumed he, "my motives for having written to Junot what Duroc communicated to him from me. As a *friend*, I feel *grateful* that he has chosen to keep his post of aide-de-camp. This does not surprise me.... But I, as a friend and as a sovereign, must look to his interests. I shall, therefore, take no notice of the letter, which I received this morning, and he shall still remain Governor of Paris... That post is not transferable. When a man is once Governor of Paris, he is so for life.... How inconsiderate Junot is! He is like a youth of twenty. He has written me such a letter.... Has he told you what he wrote to me?"

"He would never think of doing that, Sire.

But I can perceive by the style of that which I received, how much his feelings are wounded."

The Emperor stepped up to his desk and after turning over several papers, took up one on which I perceived Junot's writing. He glanced it over, and I perceived by the expression of his countenance that he was moved.

"Here," said he, handing to me Junot's letter, "read that, and tell me whether your husband writes you such letters."

Junot wrote well, I may say remarkably well; as will be seen by the correspondence which I shall insert in a future volume of these Memoirs; but in the letter here referred to, there was a talent which emanated, not from the mind, but from the heart, and from a heart imbued with the deepest sensibility. Every line breathed sentiments of honor, generosity and loyalty.... I could not help feeling indignant at the Emperor's treatment of him. Napoleon guessed what was passing in my mind.

"You are displeased, Madame Laurette," said he, pinching my ear, "Really Junot is as sentimental as a young German girl!....* But I do not wish to hurt his feelings....Write to him, and explain what I have said to you. You have not forgotten it?"

* I have never forgotten this comparison. Why did the Emperor consider the German females more sentimental than the English?

" No Sire, but if your Majesty would permit me to ask a favor, you will render me very happy by granting it."

" What is it?"

" Sire, I will obey your command, and write to Junot. But your Majesty has seen how deeply he was grieved when he wrote that letter. It is not a mere explanation on my part, that can repair the wrong he has suffered. You yourself, Sire, must apply the balm to the wound you have inflicted."

The Emperor directed to me a look of ineffable kindness, and smiling, nodded his head in token of approval.

" Well, well, I will write to him," said he.

" Are you sure, Sire?"

" Quite sure."

" Your Majesty will not forget?"

" I will not," he said emphatically. " I give you my word," then, after a short pause, he added in a playful sort of tone :

" Well! and you think poor Junot is sincerely attached to me, after all?"

At this question, put in the manner in which it was, I could not help smiling. I knew well that Napoleon's hobby, if I may be allowed the expression, was to be loved for himself alone. Junot had given him so many proofs of that sort of attachment that he could entertain no doubt on the subject; but possibly he liked to receive new assurances of it; for after the above question

he turned the chair which was near him, and leaning on the back of it, he looked at me steadfastly:

"Yes," he added, "I know he is much attached to me ... I almost think he loves me better than you."

"Better than me!—No, Sire; but certainly better than any mistress."

"How! you certainly are not jealous of me?"

I looked at him significantly, I ventured to revive an old recollection and uttered the word *Toulon*. I observed an expression of satisfaction in his countenance.

"Oh! so he lets you so far into his confidence. Has he told you the history of his adventures when he and I were comrades together? Well, let him speak for himself; but he must not tell tales of me."

All this was said in a tone of pleasantry, which made me not in the least fearful of having gone too far.... The recollection which I had revived, had reference to the following little incident:

When at Toulon, Junot fell in love.... so deeply in love that he used to go out at night and sigh and sing under his mistress's window. Napoleon happened to see the object of his attachment and fell in love with her too. This was enough for Junot, and he immediately relinquished his suit.* He never acquainted his friend with this sacrifice, which however, was not made

* When Junot related to me this story in that glowing lan-

without a considerable struggle. I knew this little adventure, and as the Emperor's memory was always susceptible of being roused by the slightest hint, I was sure of being understood. However, he did not pursue the subject; but fixing upon me his clear and penetrating eye, he observed:

"You say he is attached to me, and I believe he is....But, after all, his attachment, like that of all other men, is subordinate to the great chances in the game of life. He is ambitious. He loves glory. He loves all those toys by the aid of which the multitude may be led with a silken thread. He is like all the rest.....In short, he is a man."

A frown began to overspread his countenance. He pushed his chair aside, and walked up and down the room with his two hands crossed behind his back. I felt indignant, for *to him*, at least, Junot had not acted like all the rest, when in 94 and 95 he made him the sharer of his mother's savings.

"Sire," said I, with some degree of impatience, "your Majesty's memory is not faithful ....and, permit me to observe that your heart,

guage which always gave such force to his descriptions, I said to him:

"And if the poor girl had loved you, what would you have done then?"

"A fine question, truly.... I would have bade her adieu.... and if she could not have conquered her passion, I would have killed her."

This resolution was the more extraordinary, for Junot was not of a nature to make such sacrifices from mere complaisance.

especially ought to remind you, that to you at least Junot always acted the part of a devoted brother. Be pleased to recollect Marseilles.... Madame has never forgotten it."

I know not what inspired me with this boldness; but at that moment I felt that I could have said anything. The Emperor darted at me a look by which most people would have been confounded. Then shrugging his shoulders, he said:

"But even admitting that Junot loves me well, yet I affirm that he does not love me better than the gratification of his ambition....And to that he would sacrifice any thing, even you....

"Allow me to assure your Majesty, that you do not know Jnnot's character.... that you calumniate his noble heart. He loves you, Sire, better than all the dignities you can heap upon him, better than your crown.... better perhaps than he loves me (though vanity made me say the contrary just now), better perhaps than his children!"

Penetrated with the sincerity of this sentiment, which pervaded Junot's whole existence, and which I conceived was not duly appreciated, I burst into tears.

Napoleon stepped up to me, took me by the hand, and pinching the ends of my fingers, a favour which he had never before conferred on me, he said:

"Come, come, dry up your tears. This is the way with you women. You always resort to tears. This is your infirmity. Yet I am sure your mo-

ther was not afflicted with it. She had a perverse spirit; but she was a strong minded woman."

He walked about for a few minutes, during which profound silence prevailed on both sides. The weather was very bad. We were now approaching the equinox, and for the last half hour, a violent storm had been raging. The wind howled mournfully through the long corridors of the palace. My heart was full, my eyes were suffused with tears, and I would have given anything for permission to withdraw. At that moment the clock struck eleven. Napoleon seemed to be roused from his reverie. He stood still and repeated the lines:

> " Il vento sbuffa,
> " La pioggia precipitasi."*.

" What terrible weather this is!" he added, " it is well we are not bivouacking. Poor Junot must have suffered greatly on his marches in Portugal. I understand that the rains there inundate the roads in a single night. Is that true?"

This question led to a multitude of enquiries respecting the climate of Portugal, the character of the inhabitants, the Marquis d'Alora, M. d'Araujo, and the Pope's nuncio, who after having

* The chant of the bard in Cesarotti's Italian translation of Ossian. The Emperor was a great admirer of Ossian, with whose poems he had become acquainted through the excellent translation of Cesarotti, who was an intimate friend of Macpherson.

very servilely paid his court to the French, and especially to the Duke d'Abrantes, had just then quitted Lisbon as a fugitive. After obtaining all the information he could draw from me respecting the affairs of the Peninsula, he smiled, and said with a most prepossessing grace:

"Good evening, Madame Junot, I will not say good night, for I am sure you will write to Junot before you retire to bed. Am I not right?

"Most certainly, Sire," I replied, quite charmed with his kind and gracious manner. "To-morrow's estafette shall convey to Junot an accurate account of all the kindness your Majesty has evinced for him to-night. It will make him very happy. But, Sire, your Majesty has promised me a treasure of consolation for your most faithful servant. Certainly he has been wrong in so inconsiderately taking the alarm at Duroc's letter: but he has suffered for it, Sire, and he has suffered long. When my letter shall reach Lisbon, it will be six weeks since Junot received Duroc's. I am sure that a line from your Majesty.... that promised line would go further to console him, than whole pages of mine, however tenderly written."

"I have promised to write to him," said the Emperor.

"But Sire, you will forget....

"I have given you my word."

After this I could say no more. I made my courtesy and was about to withdraw when he detained me by saying:

"Be particular in explaining my reasons for

what I have done....Tell him that I never entertained the thought of entrusting the government of Paris to any one but himself—Hulin is a worthy man, and is very competent for what he has to do, but nothing more....Junot is a young man of talent, but he is too hot-headed....Adieu, Madame Junot....I will tell him that he has an excellent chargé-d'affaires here....Good evening ....A-propos ! how is my little god-son ?.... You have but that one boy, I believe ?....

I courtsied.

" But that will not do....You must have many more....I wish to see my throne surrounded by the sons of my friends, and Junot is one of those friends whom I most love and esteem. Tell him this."

As I left the Emperor's closet all who were in waiting outside eyed me with some degree of curiosity. A whole hour and a half's conversation with Napoleon ! and at that period too ! What could I have had to say to him ? What could he have had to say to me ? All these questions seemed to be written in the countenances of those who now bowed before me ;—lower certainly than they had bowed on my arrival.

On the staircase of the pavilion of Flora, I met Duroc, who was hastening up to ascertain the result of my conference. He had desired the usher of the *salon de service* to inform him as soon as I left the Emperor. He was overjoyed at the account I gave him, but had guessed that all was well from the extraordinary length of the audience.

" Now," observed he, " you will sleep tran-

quilly, and so shall I, for you must know that that poor fellow Junot has caused me much pain. He wrote me a most unreasonable letter. But without telling him in a direct way, what I now say, you may warn him against thoughtlessly giving his friends so much pain. Good night, Madame Junot."

Before I retired to rest, I sat down and wrote to Junot a full account of my conversation with the Emperor. With the most scrupulous exactness I set down all that I have above recorded. How shall I describe the happiness of Junot on the receipt of this letter! His answer was full of expressions of the most extravagant joy. It was like the letter of a boy of fifteen.

On the morning which succeeded this interview I waited on the Grand Duchess of Berg to tell her the success of my mission. I was bound to make an early visit to her in return for the kindness she had shown me. I told her that M. Prevost was to leave Paris for Lisbon next day, and requested her to be kind enough to write by him to Junot and scold him well, as I had already done and as Duroc had promised also to do. She was extremely pleased to hear my account of the conversation I had had with the Emperor.

" Do you know," said she, " that you are perhaps the only woman who can say she has been closetted an hour and a half with the Emperor, unless there were other reasons for the interview than to talk over a serious matter of business ?

Were there any such reasons in your case?" added she laughing.

"If there had been," replied I falling into her vein of pleasantry, "I should hold my tongue. Such, I imagine, is the best way to play one's part on such occasions, and the Emperor, let me tell you, is not the man to render the part an easy one."

"What part?" replied the Grand Duchess, who during my reply to her question had regarded the working of my features with extreme attention, while she bestowed but little on my words.

"That of a favorite," replied I; "and this I had an opportunity of observing the other evening at your Imperial Highness's masquerade. Just when the confusion occasioned by the presence of Madmoiselle Gui.....t suspended the conversation, I happened to be very near the Emperor: I mean the real Emperor, and not Isabey. He was engaged in conversation with a lady whom I easily recognised by her movements. I did not wish to overhear either what she said to him, or what the Emperor said to her; for I have no taste for eves-dropping—but at a masked ball, any thing is allowable; and then the Emperor was so satisfied with his disguise, and so persuaded that every one took Isabey for him, that I was tempted to punish him for his mistake. He approached the place where I was sitting, so nearly, that I could scarcely help overhearing his conversation.

"I have no ambition," said he, to his fair companion "to be nicknamed Louis XIV in miniature;

I have no wish that a woman should expose me to the world as a feeble and heartless being."

"Heartless! the heart would be precisely the pleader which would speak in your behalf," replied the lady with animation.

The Emperor to my great satisfaction, rejoined:

"Pooh! the heart, forsooth! You are like all the rest of your sex, deluded by your silly dreams. The heart! what do you know about the heart? Nothing, but that it is a portion of your body through which passes a large vein where the blood circulates more rapidly when you run than when you walk.... is not this all?.... but what is the matter here?...."

With these words he rose, and offering his arm to the lady, whose stooping figure would have enabled me to recognize the Emperor, even though he had not been recognizable through his own disguise. They moved to the spot where the pretty Mademoiselle Gu.....t stood, bathed in tears, and overwhelmed with despair. They, however, soon returned to their seats.

"There!" said the Emperor, "there is one of the results of your romantic ideas! That poor girl has reposed faith in the honied words of the handsome stripling Murat! She will now probably go and drown herself. How? what is it you say?"

He inclined his ear, and at the moment I distinctly heard sobs. The Emperor, no doubt, heard them also, for instantly rising from his seat, he said to the weeping mask:—

" My dear, I do not like to see Josephine weep, she whom I love better than all other women. Therefore, this is nothing but wasting time. Adieu ! I come to masked balls to amuse myself."

With these words he walked away, and mingled in the crowd, where Rapp and Duroc soon joined them.

The Grand-Duchess was much amazed at the story, and when it was concluded, asked me :—

" Do you happen to know the history of this Mademoiselle Gu..... t ?"

" No !" replied I.

" How !" rejoined her Highness, " did their mother never apply to you to allow them to dance at your parties with tambourines ?"

" No," replied I, laughing. " Methinks dancing with tambourines is a little in the gypsy style."

" And these girls, I assure you," continued the Grand-Duchess, " are little better than gypsies. Their family consists of a mother and three daughters, of whom one, as yet, is quite a child. The other two are grown up girls. Well, as the fact is now of little consequence, I can tell you that General Junot used to visit these ladies very frequently. You know, they are your neighbours, for they live on the Boulevard de la Madeleine. One of the daughters is excessively pretty ; the other is less so, but, then, she is very clever. The young one, as I have told you, is yet a child. Now I have given you the history of this family ; and you may perceive that I had *my reasons* for asking you whether your had ever seen Mademoiselle Gu ..... t dance."

"Will your Imperial Highness," said I, "permit me to enquire how it is that you, who are ever so kind and hospitable to your guests, should have been so severe with Mademoiselle Gu.....t?"

The Princess Caroline possessed a countenance in which every feeling of her mind was reflected; and this power of expression was greatly owing to the beautiful transparency of her skin: her cheeks would change from red to pale with wonderful rapidity. At the first mention of Mademoiselle Gu.....t's name, I perceived she changed colour slightly, twice or thrice; and after some hesitation she told me that the Grand-Duke had bestowed great attention on the young lady, and that, therefore, she considered her appearance in her house, as a great impertinence. For all my pretended ignorance, I knew enough of Mademoiselle Gu.....t to be satisfied, that I, as well as the Grand-Duchess had good reason to be offended with her. I may mention that M. de Narbonne, to whom I described the masked ball, burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, when I related the little incident in which the Emperor was concerned. I did not at the time understand the cause of his merriment, but some weeks after it was explained to me, when Mademoiselle Gu.....t suddenly returned from Bayonne, whither the Empress had taken her in the situation of *lectrice*.

A few days after my interview with the Princess Caroline, the estafette from Lisbon, which came regularly every week, brought me the following

letter, which had been sent to Junot by his true friend Duroc :—

" My dear Junot,

" I presented your letter to the Emperor, but he " neither read it to me, nor spoke to me on the " subject of its contents. Madame Junot, how- " ever, who has had the good fortune to see and " converse with the Emperor on the business, will " tell, that you have imagined, in the letter which " I was directed to write to you, unpleasant things " which have no existence.

" His Majesty has explained to Madame Junot " his reasons for not wishing that one and the " same person should hold the two posts of " Governor of Paris and imperial aide-de-camp, " and she must be satisfied that he had not the " least intention of removing you from the post of " Governor of Paris, for the purpose of supplanting " you by another. So far from that, he even " suggested to Madame Junot the propriety of " your retaining that post, on account of its being " the preferable one of the two, and because, in " addition to its other advantages, it includes that " confidential trust, which you seem to think is " attached exclusively to the other. The Em- " peror's sentiments towards you have not, I " assure you, undergone the slightest change, as " his conduct on this occasion, proves. In a " moment of irritation or discontent, you have

" imagined otherwise ; but you must banish that " thought and no longer render yourself unhappy.

" A good deal is said about our departure for " Spain. Every thing has been got ready, but as " yet no final orders have been given.

" The carnival is at length over, happily for " those who wish to get a comfortable night's rest. " During its continuance, balls and entertainments " have succeeded each other incessantly. The " last was a very superb masquerade at the " Grand-Duchess's, which afforded a vast deal of " amusement.

" Rely, my dear Junot, on my sincerest attachment.

" DUROC."

March 3, 1808.

Duroc had been greatly hurt by Junot's letter. The fact was, that when Junot was the prey of suspicion, he had no command over himself; and he often said severe things which were apt to wound those to whom they were addressed. Duroc, however, and all who knew him well, were not angry with him, because they were aware that, on these occasions, he himself suffered cruelly. For instance, in the case here alluded to, he had got it into his head that the Emperor wished to punish him for the reports which had gone abroad, in which his name had been coupled with that of the Princess Caroline, and that he wished to deprive him of the post of Governor of Paris,—the best in the empire at that period. It was not the

mere loss of the post which vexed him, but he could not endure the idea of a punishment, and in addition to this he had been led to believe that the appointment was to be given to Duroc.

"Of all the men by whom the Emperor is surrounded," (Junot said in a letter to me) "Duroc is most deserving of it; there is only one who can possibly dispute with him the preference, and that is Marmont. Marmont whom I love at once as my brother, and my brother in arms. Well! I shall cheerfully see him entrusted with the government of Paris, for then I shall at least be sure that the Emperor is defended by a faithful friend. Duroc may be placed in the same category; but he already holds an appointment near the Emperor's person. In short, this affair vexes me to the very bottom of my heart...."

I had a very long conversation with Duroc on this subject, and he assured me that Junot's suspicion was as unfounded as unreasonable.

"Junot, and some others," said he, "do not appear to understand me, nor to understand my position....The Emperor would disgrace me, were he to create me a marshal of France....What should I be if removed from his person....I love the Emperor as Junot loves him.. .and has not Junot made choice of the post of first aide-de-camp in preference to that of Governor of Paris? Why should he judge me differently from himself? Besides, is he not my friend, the friend of my heart....Our fraternity of arms is of too old date to be thus forgotten for a brevet."

Duroc was deeply affected by this affair. I found it very difficult to erase from his mind the painful impression produced by Junot's letter, especially as Junot avoided any explanation with him. Friendship is far more susceptible than love. In love; a kind word, a tender look, and the injury is forgotten! But the wounds of friendship are slow to heal—and the more thoughtlessly they are inflicted, the more deeply they rankle in the heart.

CHAPTER IX.

The Emperor at Bayonne—The Duke de Santa Fè—General O'Farril—The Junta—Murat—His letter to the Infant Don Antonio—The Infant's letter to Murat—Letter from Ferdinand VII to Don Antonio—Mission of Don Justo de Navarro—Demand for sending the Queen of Etruria and her young brother to Bayonne—Circumstances justificatory of Ferdinand VII—Tumult in Madrid—Imprudent conduct of Murat's aide-de-camp—Don Evaristo de Castro—Courageous conduct of O'Farril—General Harispe—Charles IV. at Bayonne—Errors of the Emperor—Junot appointed governor-general of Portugal—The embargo on cotton—A caricature—Madame de Chevreuse.

At length the Emperor set out for Bayonne; and then commenced the tragedy which had so important an influence on the destinies of Europe.

All the particulars of the interviews which took place in Bayonne, between the sovereign of France and the sovereigns of Spain, are sufficiently known. I say the sovereigns of Spain, for Spain had then two, and all the embarrassment created by the protest of Charles IV, served only, in fact, to give the finishing touch to the work of perdition. The affairs of the 2nd and 3rd of May are of too much importance to be passed by without re-

flection. Of the events of those days, much has been said in the French journals, but have those journals related them faithfully? Has the *Moniteur* always spoken the truth? I think not. I will therefore lay before the reader an abstract deduced from sources which I conceive worthy of credit; namely, from documents supplied to me by General O'Farril, and the Duke of Santa-Fè.

The first disputes between the Grand-Duke and the Junta, which Ferdinand left behind him at Madrid, arose out of the abdication of Charles IV, against which that monarch protested, but which the Junta declared he had no right to retract. Charles IV alleged that his renunciation of the crown had been forced. This declaration was as illegal as it was impolitic, for Spain, being once emancipated from the Prince of the Peace, had fully resolved to have no more *Privados* of his stamp. When the news arrived of the assassination of the French at Burgos and Toledo, then, the Grand-Duke displayed, in his communications with the Junta, an irritation which produced unfortunate results, because it caused a rupture between two authorities which ought to have subsisted in harmony with each other. Murat did not dissemble. He assumed a high tone, declared his disapproval of such seditious meetings as were daily held in Madrid itself, and demanded vengeance and satisfaction for what had just taken place at Burgos and Toledo.

His letter to the Infant Don Antonio is now

before me. The following are some extracts from it:—

THE GRAND-DUKE OF BERG TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS DON ANTONIO, PRESIDENT OF THE JUNTA AT MADRID.

"Sir, and Cousin,

"I have just received information of some commotions which have taken place in Burgos and "Toledo; and I understand that the populace, "supported by our common enemies, and by "wretches who live by crime and pillage, have "committed serious disorders. At Burgos, the "chief magistrate of the province nearly fell a "victim to his zeal. He owed his life to a "Frenchman, who rescued him, covered with "wounds, from the fury of his assailants. His "crime, in their eyes, was the honesty with which "he discharged his duty. General Merle found "himself forced to disperse the mob by a fusillade. "The most violent of the rioters were killed; the "rest took to flight. This measure restored tranquillity, and checked the popular fury, which "had been excited with the intention of burning "and pillaging the houses of some of the rich "inhabitants.

"At Toledo, some riots have recently taken "place. Several houses have been burned; and "for the second time the Spanish armed force has "left the field open to popular fury.

"..... I declare, to your Royal Highness, that "Spain cannot continue long in this state of "anarchy. The army which I command cannot, "without dishonoring itself, suffer such offences to "be committed. I owe security and protection to "all good Spaniards; especially to the inhabitants "of the good city of Madrid, who have acquired "everlasting claims on our gratitude, by the "enthusiasm they manifested, and the cordial "reception they gave us on our entrance within "their walls.

"Finally, I must tell you, for the last time, "that I cannot permit the holding of any "meeting whatsoever. I shall regard, as guilty of "sedition, and as the enemies of France and "Spain, all persons who may assemble together, "or create any disturbance. Hasten then to an- "nounce my *generous resolution* to the capital and "to all Spain. If you do not feel yourself suf- "ficiently strong to answer for the public tran- "quillity, I must take the charge into my own "hands.

"All good Spaniards will naturally perceive, in "the *pacific attitude which I have constantly main- "tained*, how far the army is from being guided by "perfidious suggestions; and that we have never "confounded the honest portion of the nation, with "miserable intrigues.

"I pray God, sir and cousin, to have you in "his holy keeping.

"JOACHIM."

Madrid, April 23, 1808.

This letter is curious, inasmuch as it affords a tolerably correct idea of Murat's real character. He was no doubt one of the bravest of men ;.... but but of the field of battle he was nothing.... It is truly astonishing that a country like Spain, at such an important crisis, should have been consigned to men so incapable. At the moment when the standard of revolution was unfurled, Murat wrote to the Emperor that *all was tranquil.* But what was to be expected from a man, who, when the street of Alcala was streaming with blood, and the alleys of the Prado filled with dead bodies, replied to somebody who spoke to him of the alarming state of Madrid: " Bah! I will give them a ball....and I will dance....that is all I have to say to it."

A very important document, which did not appear in the Moniteur at that period, is the reply of the Infant Don Antonio to a letter from the Grand-Duke dated the 23rd of April. This document is the more curious, inasmuch as it explains with a sort of naïveté the moral condition of Spain. I subjoin some extracts from it.

The Infant commences by assuring the Grand-Duke that all the accounts, which have reached him, prove that the commotion at Burgos was caused by the arrest of a Spanish courrier by the French troops. He thanks the Grand-Duke for the protection afforded to the magistrate by the French and adds the following remarkable lines.

" However, if the prudence of the commander

" of the French troops might have prevented the " effusion of the blood which has been spilt, with " what responsibility are they not entrusted in the " midst of a people who have received them as " friends and brothers?

" As to the affair at Toledo I am informed of " the causes which led to it. The magistrate of " that town, upon the attestation of the most " impartial witnesses, reports, that on a certain " day the French Adjutant-General, Martial " Thomas declared publicly and in a tone of " exultation that he knew officially that the Em- " peror of the French had resolved to replace " Charles IV on the throne, and that the reigning " monarch had admitted that he only occupied the " throne *ad interim*, and to prevent the effusion of " blood.

" Martial Thomas further declared that his " general-in-chief had communicated this intelli- " gence to him for the purpose of making it " public.

" Although the Emperor has not recognised my " Sovereign, and although he may have come to " the determination of replacing his august father " on the throne, yet your Imperial Highness will " perceive that the express and public decla- " ration of his Imperial Majesty was not known " nor even communicated through the only me- " dium which could transmit the intelligence to " the Spanish nation, viz: his lieutenant in Spain. " Thus, the spontaneous proceedings of several of " his generals and the publication of so unexpected

" a declaration, are subversive of public order and " of that good understanding which exists between " the two nations. This good understanding has " been greatly enhanced by the glory of the Em- " peror and by the confidence with which his " desire of seeing our sovereign has inspired the " whole nation.

" When the details of the events at Burgos and " Toledo shall be laid before me I will submit " them to the most attentive examination. Your " Imperial Highness is already informed of the " little disturbances that have occurred, and of " the different misunderstandings which have arisen " between the troops and the people. The list " is inconsiderable, and I am persuaded that after " the experience you have had in the command, " your Imperial Highness will even be astonished " how few they are.

" Your Imperial Highness has too just a regard " for truth not to acknowledge, in its fullest extent, " the veracity of this report, when it is known that " during the last four or five years* the two Castiles " have lost by epidemic diseases and by the war " with England, more than one third of their popu- " lation, and that, very recently, we were under " the necessity of sending into those provinces " more than one hundred and eighty thousand " fanegas of wheat and other grain.

" The supreme council of Castile yesterday

* In 1804 the yellow fever made dreadful ravages in Andalusia and part of Estramadura.

" renewed the established penalties against sedition,
" the posting of placards, and the publication
" of pamphlets. It has likewise prohibited public
" meetings—even those of a perfectly innocent
" character, such as that which took place the day
" before yesterday.

" The same council laments the occurrence of
" the troubles and disasters occasioned by the
" conduct of some French generals at a time when
" the people were tranquil.

" The Junta of the government confidently
" coincides in the sentiments expressed by the
" council, and has moreover the advantage of
" knowing the upright and benevolent intentions
" of your Imperial Highness, and of observing the
" admirable discipline of your troops.

" I have the honor, &c."

This letter, which never was written by the Infante Don Antonio, is a model of true dignity. Doubtless O'Farril or the Duke of Santa Fé (d'Azanza) was its author; but this matters not. The document is at once a fine and spirited composition. It shows that, at that period, the Spaniards were not so devoted to Napoleon, as his flatterers represented them to have been.

The Junta and the ministers wrote to Bayonne to inform Ferdinand of what they had done, and Ferdinand replied to the Infante by the subjoined letter. The courrier who was conveying it to Madrid was, however, intercepted, and Don An-

tonio never received the letter. Two years after, when an endeavour was made in France to shew that Ferdinand VII had never acted with good faith in this business, the letter was published. The truth is that Ferdinand spoke in one sense, and acted in another. The following is a copy of the letter :

"FEDRINAND VII TO HIS UNCLE THE INFANT "DON ANTONIO, PRESIDENT OF THE JUNTA AT "MADRID.

"My dear Antonio,

"I have received your letter of the 24th, and have "read the copy of Murat's letter and your reply. "*The last is most excellent.* I have never doubted "your prudence and your attachment to my per- "son, and know not how I shall ever recompence "you.

"I, THE KING."

Bayonne, 28 April, 1808.

On the 1st of May the Grand-Duke of Berg presented himself at the palace to require the Infant Don Antonio to send to Bayonne the Queen of Etruria and the Infant Don François de Paule. The Queen of Etruria was much attached to Napoleon, and especially to Murat, and therefore no proposition could be more pleasing to her. Nevertheless Murat experienced a refusal from the Junta and from Don Antonio. Murat was enraged at this, and said that if they persisted in their refusal he would that very night establish military law,

and proclaim Charles IV. With regard to the Queen and her young brother, he protested he would employ force to send them to Bayonne, unless the Junta complied. The Junta always maintained a more courageous and dignified tone than the Council of Castile. This last assembly merely enriched its archives with minutes, manifestoes, etc. etc., while the Junta and its poor president were in the breach fighting valiantly.

On the night of the 1st of May the sitting of the Junta was truly terrific. The miseries which the coming day was about to bring with it were foreseen and dreaded. O'Farril, the minister of war, an able man, as well as a good Spaniard, declared, while indignation almost choked his utterance, that it was impossible to oppose *armed resistance* without exposing Madrid to the risk of total destruction.

"Let us keep our swords unsheathed," exclaimed he with noble enthusiasm, "and if they attempt to drive us to the commission of a dishonorable action, we will prove to the French that, man to man, we have nothing to fear. Let us defend ourselves to the last, and when we can do so no longer, let us die in our curule chairs like the old patres conscripti of Rome!"

Both O'Farril and Azanza were noble minded men! While during that tempestuous night the Junta was yet in full debate, a man in disguise presented himself to the assembly. This man was one of Ferdinand's missionaries. He had been sent by him from Bayonne expressly to inform the

Junta of what they ought long before to have known, viz: that the Emperor of the French wished to take Spain himself, and to give Ferdinand in exchange the kingdom of Etruria.

"Too good a gift," Napoleon is said to have remarked, "for such a fool."

This envoy was a member of the Council of Navarre, and his name was Don Justo Maria de Ibar Navarro. If he be now living, as he probably is, he will I doubt not, readily confirm the truth of this statement.

What a position was this for men who were the depositaries of a contested, though in fact a legitimate authority, which was so assailed that it could only be defended sword in hand! And though the conclusion of Don Justo de Navarro's message contained an express recommendation from Ferdinand to maintain a good understanding between the Spaniards and the French, yet that had become almost impossible since the liberation of the Prince of the Peace.

It may here be proper to observe that on his ascension to the throne Ferdinand VII was surrounded by men of high estimation. O'Farril, Azanza, Jovellanos, and the other members of the ministry. It may be further mentioned that the household of the King was constituted in a way calculated to uphold the dignity of the kingdom, however assailed. But the Prince of the Peace, in signing the treaty of Fontainebleau, had ensured the ruin of Spain! He rivetted her fate, when, after he was powerless, he thought to save Spain and himself

by an act of perfidy. How grossly he was mistaken! Five hundred thousand French, and perhaps a million of Spaniards whose bones were strewed over the plains of Spain and Portugal, rise up before him, and demand revenge. Not only did he cause the misfortunes of his country by signing the treaty of Fontainbleau, but he afterwards sealed her fate by assuring the Spanish people that France was their ally, when he knew the contrary. Had the Spaniards known on the 1st March that they were betrayed, sold by Izquierdo, they would have risen en masse to assert the *sovereignty of the people.*

This is the barrier with which the Prince of the Peace ought to have encircled Charles IV. But that would have required an influence which he did not possess.

I conceived it to be my duty to say thus much relative to Ferdinand VII. I wish not to represent him better than he is, but having found facts which present his conduct towards France in a light more favorable than that in which it is generally seen, I thought it but just to make them known. It has been alleged that Ferdinand VII did not like me. I know not for what reason; for to say the truth, I heartily compassionated his situation, when I was presented to him in 1805. As for the Princess, she always shewed the greatest kindness towards me.

One of the principal faults which Ferdinand and his councillors committed, was not giving Don Justo Navarro more positive orders to the Junta

than those which he conveyed to them at the peril of his liberty. Did not the precautions which he was forced to adopt bode evil? The Junta, which now understood the danger of Spain, had already in profound secrecy sent to Ferdinand, at Bayonne, two confidential men; the one was Don Evaristo Perez de Castro, chief clerk of the Secretary of State's office. I knew him personally, he was remarkable only as a violent party man. The other, who was arrested on the frontier, was Don Joseph de Layas. Don Evaristo could not get access to Ferdinand until the 4th May, and then all was over.

The Queen of Etruria had been allowed to depart, but the Infant Don Francisco, whom Murat wished to gain possession of, still remained. On the morning of the 2nd May the court yard of the palace was filled with a crowd, mostly women, who were attracted thither by curiosity and a feeling of disquietude. In the midst of the agitated crowd, the Grand-Duke's aide-de-camp suddenly made his appearance. It was imagined he came to carry off the young Prince, and a great tumult immediately arose. The aide-de-camp imprudently ordered a patrol, which was passing at the time, to repress the disorder. Will it never be understood that popular assemblies should be repressed only by the arm of the law! An order should have been issued for both citizens and soldiers to lay down their arms, and if the people infringed that order, it would then have been time to resort to violent measures. The imprudent order of the

officer above mentioned, spread alarm in all the streets adjoining the palace, and, in less than half an hour, discharges of musketry were heard in every part of the town. The French soldiers ran to arms, the Spaniards to their barracks, but what could be done by the garrison of Madrid? It consisted scarcely of 3000 men, while the French in Madrid alone, or in Florida, had 25,000 and 10,000 on the direction of Aranjuez and Toledo; while the defiles of the Escurial towards the Guadarama and Sommo Sierra were occupied by their troops. Every thing announced a frightful catastrophe, and no means of deliverance.

On this occasion Azanza and O'Farril proved themselves men of true courage. They perambulated the streets on foot, in order to appease the tumult, and repress the insurgents who already raised the fearful shout of carnage. Beloved as they both were by the people, their voices were unheeded. "The Infant and the Infanta," exclaimed the crowd, "have been carried off," and the fury of the people knew no bounds. The two ministers then hastened to the Grand-Duke.

"Before the danger which is now impending," said they to him, "all the transient misunderstanding which has existed between us, should be forgotten." Their only object was to save Madrid, and no time was to be lost,—for blood was already flowing in the streets.

At that moment Murat was on the heights of St. Vincent, at the head of his troops. He per-

sisted in asserting the insurrection to be the result of a concerted plan. It was no such thing. For some time previously, the minds of the Spanish people had been in a state of irritation, and a trifling circumstance sufficed to rouse them to action. The same may be said on our three days of 1830. The idea of a revolution *à l'improviste* is absurd, but it is still more absurd to imagine, that a revolution is the result of a partial intrigue. Revolutions are always effected by the mass of a people, and the mass never conspires. It is only operated on, and set in motion when it is oppressed by sufferings and humiliations. Let governments learn this truth.

In order to reach the Grand-Duke with greater expedition Azanza and O'Farril had mounted the horses of two body guards, who were on duty at the palace. They assured Murat that they would answer for the suppression of the tumult, if he would allow a French general to accompany them. The Grand-Duke directed General Harispe to perform that duty. He could not have made a better selection. General Harispe immediately accompanied the two ministers to the Council of Castile, and demanded assistance. The Council of Castile instantly issued a proclamation, and directed *the other councils* to scour the streets, to stop the firing, and put an end to the pillage, which had commenced. The authorities divided themselves into two troops, and to each were attached some French officers. This latter precaution was most necessary.

General O'Farril, on entering the street of Alcala, saw a great crowd of people uttering cries of distress. He advanced among them, and found that the disturbance had been occasioned by an attempt, on the part of some French voltigeurs, to shoot some Asturian, and Catalonian merchants, because they had been taken with arms in their possession. "And," said the captain of the voltigeurs, "they persist, in refusing to tell me the purpose for which they had twenty muskets concealed in their houses. Why, diable! the case is quite plain, they are twenty men, and that is a firelock for each man. Come, kneel down, rascals and let us finish you!"

General O'Farril had much difficulty in making this officer comprehend that the Asturian and Catalonian merchants are authorized, by their business, to carry fire arms on their persons, and to keep them in their houses. General Harispe, who came up immediately after, certified the correctness of this fact, and ordered the release of the unfortunate victims, amidst the joyful acclamations of the multitude. It may not be becoming in me to accuse my countrymen, but it must be confessed that the consequences of this day were dreadful. During the ensuing night the limpid fountains of the Prado were stained with Spanish blood;—and what augments the horror of the carnage is, that the blood which was shed was innocent.

The course of events now advanced rapidly. Charles IV, no less confiding than Montezuma, proceeded to Bayonne, to appear with his son before

the supreme tribunal of Napoleon. Ferdinand restored to him his crown; and the old monarch forthwith abdicated in favor of the Emperor of the French. Here was the commencement of those errors on Napoleon's part, which marked the whole course of the Peninsular campaign. The original fault was not only saving the life of the Prince of the Peace, but employing him at Bayonne as minister of King Charles IV! the Prince of the Peace had not only fallen from the royal favour, but from his position as a statesman, for Ferdinand VII had deprived him, one after the other, of all his offices, even to the very lowest, and he was now nothing more than Manuel Godoy. This was an impolitic proceeding on the part of Napoleon,—but it was not the only one. Subsequently to the affairs of the 2nd May, the Junta held its sittings only for the purpose of deceiving Murat and escaping from his power. The Emperor, who suspected this intention, summoned to Bayonne the most influential members of the Junta, and Azanza and O'Farril were selected to give reports, the former on the finances, and the latter on the war department of Spain. During their absence the remaining members of the Junta, while they spoke with pretended sincerity, yet privately sent to a secure place an individual furnished with powers for the reconstitution of their body, in case of its dissolution by violence. This individual was Gil Philippe de Taboada, the Alcalde of Corte. The rest of the body seemed entirely subordinate to the orders they were to

receive from Ferdinand. It moreover appears, from the declarations of the Dukes of Santa-Fè and O'Farril, that Napoleon was completely deceived with regard to the state of Spain. For example, the minister of war declares:

"Notwithstanding the reiterated orders to furnish no pretext for causing a war with France, we were silently preparing the means of maintaining hostilities with advantage."

The next grand error, then, was compelling Ferdinand to abdicate. The Emperor ought rather to have given him a wife as he desired. He should have seated him on the Spanish throne, controlled all his movements (a thing perfectly easy) and then all would have been well. I am convinced that Ferdinand acted with good faith towards Napoleon, for I have found among the papers left by my husband, Ferdinand's orders transmitted through Felieu his minister of war; and when subsequently, the Marquis del Soccoro (Solano) afforded Junot the opportunity of disarming his troops, that was nothing more than the result of the bad feeling, with which the Spanish people had been inspired by that multitude of Juntas, which harassed Spain by their endless intrigues and infernal spirit. The state of things was, however, very different at Bayonne from the 19th of March or rather the 4th of May.

The Infant Don Antonio quitted Madrid on the morning of the 4th May to proceed to Bayonne, whither he was summoned by an order from the King of Spain. After all that had happened, why

did not Ferdinand direct his uncle to endeavour to gain Andalusia, or even the Asturias, or Catalonia; or if these were beyond his reach, any place which might have been the seat of a new government, and there to establish one in lieu of that which had fallen? Instead of this, every hostage was given up, even Don Antonio, in spite of his shallow understanding, seemed to be so convinced of the real state of things that, on leaving Madrid, he wrote the following letter, which I have had an opportunity of copying, to Don Gil Francisco Lemus, minister of marine and president of the Junta, after the departure of the Infant Don Antonio.

To Señor Gil,

"I make known to the Junta, as a guide for "its proceedings, that I have departed for "Bayonne, by order of the King, and I direct "the said Junta to maintain the same footing as "if I were at its head. Let us trust to God for aid! "Adieu, till we meet in the valley of Jehoshaphat.

"ANTONIO PASQUAL."

Having written this letter the Infant set out on his journey!

Next came the abdication of Ferdinand and his letter, couched in such ambiguous terms, that it was calculated to set all Spain in a blaze. Thus they went on, sacrificing every thing, but making sacrifices, only to immolate themselves, and as one may say, to besprinkle the laurels of peace

with the blood which deluged Spain. But, before the publication of the treaties of Bayonne, many of the towns had declared their independence: Seville, Badajoz, and Oviedo rose immediately on the receipt of the intelligence of the proceedings of the 2nd of May. Palafox, after having escorted Godoy to Bayonne, having liberty to depart, availed himself of it to proceed to Sarragosa. It is probable, though nothing is known on the subthat, he went there with the view that Ferdinand might transmit orders to him. This, however, is of little consequence; the conduct of Palafox was at all events judicious.

Whilst in Spain the storm was tranquilly gathering, which was destined to overwhelm us, Junot was fortifying himself at Lisbon, and to use the Emperor's expression, really working well. As the affairs of the Peninsula were so intimately wound up with those of France, from the period of Ferdinand's abdication in favor of Joseph, I think it is incumbent on those who, like myself, can afford clear and positive information on the events of the two countries, to do so without any reservation whatever.

On his arrival in Lisbon, Junot found two obstacles to the establishment of any description of government. The first was the Junta, the other the embargo which the Emperor had laid on cotton; for it may readily be supposed that Napoleon would not let slip so fine an opportunity of enforcing the continental system he had established. The effect of this measure was, that all the car-

goes of cotton were confiscated, and the trade in that article ruined. A complete stagnation ensued in every other branch of trade; and the exchange in Lisbon, once one of the most busy in Europe, became in a few hours the most deserted.

Of all the valuable qualities which distinguished Junot, none were more remarkable than his clearness and promptitude of conception. This is acknowledged by all who were employed conjointly with him in any undertaking. The Duke de Valmy, Generals Thiebault, Taviel, Fouché and Boyer, can bear testimony to this fact.

Junot acquainted the Emperor with the obstacles which impeded him. The Emperor immediately comprehended them to their fullest extent, and the next post conveyed an order for the abolition of the Junta, the establishment of a new and complete government, with ministers and all the paraphanalia and the assumption by Junot of the title of Governor-General of Portugal, with emoluments worth six hundred thousand francs a year. He still retained his title and office of Governor of Paris. This therefore was the most prosperous period of Junot's life, and the Emperor thus amply indemnified him for the pain he had suffered a few weeks before.

Junot had no sooner assumed the post of governor-general, than he turned his attention to the amelioration of the country. He wrote the most pressing letters to the Emperor to obtain permission to remove the prohibition on cotton goods. This was a measure imperatively

called for, for how, thought Junot, are we to raise a tribute from people, from whom we take their all? Nothing is more necessary in affairs of this nature, than a clear and conclusive reasoning.

The magazines of the East India Company at Lisbon were loaded with cotton from north and south America, and they were, by the embargo, interdicted exporting it: for to say its carriage by land was permitted, would be to speak nonsense. At length, however, the permission so much insisted on by Junot, was granted. It arrived in the evening and he immediately summoned M. Fissout, his private secretary, (now secretary general to the civil department of the government of Algiers) and M. Magnien one of his old college friends. He directed them to write to his dictation the terms of the decree, which next day was to raise the embargo on cotton and diffuse joy among many thousands of families. While engaged in writing, M. Magnien suddenly stopped, looked up in the Duke's face and seemed disposed to say something.

"Well, what do you stop for?" asked Junot.

"I merely stop," replied he, "to see whether an idea does not occur to you, by which you may secure your own fortune and that of your children."

"How?" said Junot.

"Thus," replied the other, "and even if you purpose to take off the embargo to-morrow morning, there is yet time. Cotton now sells for thirty

sous per pound, to-morrow the publication of the decree, will make it worth about five francs on the exchange. Commission me to purchase five hundred thousand francs' worth, and I venture to say that by to-morrow evening, you will be a gainer of four millions clear profit, without even opening your purse."

To this proposal Junot at first made no reply. It was a peculiarity in his character, always to observe silence on receiving any profound impression. But when a few moments had elapsed he found no want of words to express his feelings. Thus it was in the present instance. After regarding M. Magnien for some moments with his frank and candid look, he said:

"But to whom shall we propose to make this purchase?"

"To the first person we find," replied Magnien, "what matters the seller in such a case?"

"Oh! nothing whatever," replied Junot, his expression becoming more decided as his anger increased, though the other could not devine the reason of the change. "It is a matter of utter indifference whom we rob in the prosecution of so excellent a scheme.

M. Magnien had very large and round eyes, and as Junot uttered these last words he opened them very wide.

"Yes!" continued Junot, speaking with increasing energy, "I tell you, sir, it is a matter of indifference whom we fix on for the purpose of

robbing; for I should be a robber to act in the way you propose. Ay! Sir, nothing but a robber."

"I do not see how that can be," replied Magnien, his eyes opening wider and wider at each word Junot spoke.

"How, Sir! not know that a man from whose coffers I take three millions is robbed. And then, what, pray am I, but a robber?"

"Yet, I cannot see how that can happen in the present case," replied M. Magnien.

"In the devil's name," exclaimed Junot, "do you not see that the man from whom I purchase cotton to-night for one franc and fifty centimes, will not have it in his magazines to-morrow, to sell for five or six francs, as you say he would, and as I am very glad to hear he will. I am sure that when the unfortunate merchant should find he was deprived of the opportunity of selling his cotton at the advanced rate, he would vent imprecations on me, and my administration."

"But," observed the other, "he need not know who is the purchaser. The secret shall be sacredly kept."

Junot advanced to Magnien, his eyes flashing fire. The college companion thought he was in the presence of his deadliest enemy.

"Magnien," said he, "thank our old friendship, and more your own stupidity for your safety;—for your stupidity, I am convinced, has inspired you with this fine project. It is, therefore, beneath me to be angry with you. For, upon reflection, I cannot believe that you, who, for the last two

months, have been witness to all my anxiety and solicitude for the declining trade of Lisbon, can seriously recommend me to sink it still deeper by such a swindling trick. For I tell you again, that what you advise is nothing else. But enough! write on, and say no more about it."

Junot was violently excited. He said no more, but instantly formed a resolution. He dictated the decree to M.M. Fissout and Magnien, and then calling the aide-de-camp on duty, gave him orders to proceed immediately to the government printer, (the aide-de-camp not knowing the contents of the packet) to see it printed before his eyes, and forthwith posted in all quarters of the town. This order was executed to the letter.

I will here describe a caricature which Junot brought from Lisbon, and of which copies were affixed on the walls of the palaces of Bemposta and Queluz. This caricature is but poorly executed, and is not even engraved; but it is so original and remarkable in its conception, that I shall endeavour to give a description of it.

It consists, then, of a long sheet of paper, upon which some grotesquely formed personages are designed in pen and ink. In the middle appears the Prince of the Brazils, represented by a man, with a large body, ill-made legs, and a bull's head, verifying the description I have given of his Highness in a former volume of my Memoirs. From his mouth proceeds a scroll, in the manner of the English caricatures, upon which are written in Portuguese the following words:—

Comdo· hum corno leva 200 *milhoës.** On the left of this figure appears a woman in tears, with a wooden leg, beneath whom is written the word *Naçdo.*† In front of this last figure are designed four heads, all speaking by means of scrolls. One says, *O meu soldo ;*‡ the other, *Os meus ordendelos ,*§ the third, *O meu dinheiro ;*‖ and the fourth, *As mais temas.*¶ The *Natem,* who seems to speak for all the rest, makes a very eloquent speech. She says :—*Ouvi cruel ! a voz de vossos filhos. He delles ndo he vosse oy levais sois hum ladrdo. Fiedo pobres mui lamentos, ah !*** Next comes a file of capuchins, monks, and lobatos, beneath whom there is also written in Portuguese, *Lobatos* and *froiles.* At the time this caricature made its appearance, the ministry, or rather the Prince's privy council, was composed of three persons, heartily detested by the people ; they were the Marquis de Bellas,†† Jose Egidio,‡‡ and Thomas Antonio.§§ At the other end of the sheet are designed a female figure, in a

* Like a ..... he carries 200 millions.

† Nation.

‡ My pay. (This figure represents the army.)

§ My appointments. (This the civil officers of the government.)

‖ My salary. (This the labourers.)

¶ My pension. (This the widows and orphans.)

** Listen, cruel wretch, to the voice of your children. That which you carry away does not belong to you. You are a thief. We are left poor and famishing.

†† The chancellor.

‡‡ Private secretary to the Prince of Brazil. He likewise filled the office of minister of the interior.

§§ He filled the office of minister of finance.

cotton night-cap, with a top-knot, to shew that she slumbers, and takes every thing at her ease. This represented England, and the scroll from her mouth had the inscription, *Vamos ! Vamos !** Behind the ministers above mentioned, was written *Secolho, caoz 200 milhoes de Londres, nâo sahem.*† *Bella occaziâo por***** nos credores, nâo lhe satisfaçes, que se regalem comos Francezes.*‡ Over the top of the picture are placed the words, *Todos una voce ;*§ and at the bottom, *A Naçâo mais fiel, mais valeroza e menas resoluta.*‖

The copy¶ which I have before me is truly burlesque ; and is not too severe for the occasion, for the Prince Regent, in abandoning the Portuguese nation as he did, displayed at once a want of courage, and a want of heart. The sensible portion of the people were decidedly of this opinion.

The conduct of Junot was very different. By all his measures he convinced those he governed

* Let us go, let us go.

† If we had the two hundred millions from London, you would not go.

‡ A fine occasion for laughing at our creditors. Give them no satisfaction, let them regale themselves with the French.

§ All with one voice.

‖ The nation the most faithful, the most valiant, and the least resolute.

¶ I have found it impossible, owing to want of time, to get this caricature engraved. It will, however, be added to the second edition with other fac-similes. It is, besides curious, only from the details I have given.

how intent he was on doing all he could for their benefit. Bandeira, one of the richest and most active merchants in Lisbon, was commissioned by Junot to provide the supplies for the city. This was a measure of great importance, and as soon as it was accomplished, and the city rendered tranquil on that score, Junot turned his attention to the state of agriculture, and adopted plans which seemed calculated to ameliorate it. On the successful issue of this undertaking the repose and well-being of a country mainly depend, and Junot was assiduously seconded by the ablest men in Portugal. He directed the marshes to be drained, the land to be cleared, and encouraged the culture of cattle. These matters being duly attended to, Portugal was sure to be secure from the apprehension of a scarcity of meat and bread,—those primary necessaries of life. Nor did he allow the army to remain idle, but rendered its presence in Portugal useful to the country: for he employed the troops in the working of coal mines, some of which were discovered at Coimbra, and at Moira.

The Junta, or Commission of Government was now, as I have before stated, abolished, and Junot had assumed the reins of government, under the title of Governor-General.

The ceremony of Junot's installation was as solemn as it was unexpected. He had convoked the Junta in the Palace of the Inquisition, a large and imposing edifice, situate in the Roscio square; and without explaining previously the object of their extraordinary convocation, he arrived on

horseback, followed by the whole of his staff, and all the individuals he had selected for his ministers. He delivered a speech noble, firm, and concise, in which he explained to the Junta the orders he had received, and which he was then about to execute. He then declared the Junta dissolved, and proclaimed the new government and the new ministry.

He did one thing which was both politic and in good taste. He named two ministers for each department of the government, for instance: Hermann and Pedro de Mello for finance; Senhor Lunyt and Sampayo for the marine; Senhor de Lagard, now counsellor of state was the minister of police. He had just then come from Florence, and is an aimable and excellent individual. The Principal de Castro was minister of public worship and of justice.

All these important changes were effected with the most perfect tranquillity, and Portugal soon began to derive benefit from them. Here Junot found his reward, for he experienced the utmost happiness at seeing a whole kingdom regenerated under his auspices. He now possessed the power as well as the will to do good. Unhappily a single day sufficed to destroy all his dreams!

The Emperor was still at Bayonne. He had concluded the two treaties with Ferdinand and Charles IV. Joseph had been recalled from Naples, and placed on the Spanish throne. To Charles IV was assigned Compiegne, and to Ferdinand the Castle of Navarre. Charles IV had a civil list of thirty millions of reals; Ferdinand,

still under the title of Prince of the Asturias, (for it must be borne in mind that the Emperor never gave him any other denomination,) had only an annuity allotted him of four hundred thousand francs, for himself and his descendants; and in the event of his having no issue, this income was to revert to his brother and his uncle. However, the Emperor allowed Ferdinand an additional income of six hundred thousand francs from the treasury of France; which, in the event of his demise, was to revert to the Princess of the Asturias.

All this produced a singular effect in Paris. Even the French were amazed at this change of sovereigns. Already the Prince and Queen of Portugal had set the example, and the Spanish royal family followed in the track with incredible celerity. Alas! the time was approaching when downfalls of royalty were to become familiar to us!

In the circles of the Faubourg St. Germain, the adventure of Madame de Chevreuse was regarded as an affair of no less importance than the abdication of the Bourbons.

The exile of this lady was spoken of long after the forced retreat of the good and virtuous Charles IV was forgotten.

Madame de Chevreuse was one of those extraordinary characters, who prefer that people should speak ill of them, rather than say nothing about them. She had been constrained to take the place of *dame du palais*, and in revenge, her wit, passably cutting, was directed to satirise a man who never allowed himself to be satirised with impunity.

I am sorry I cannot entertain for Madame de Chevreuse the same good opinion which many very estimable people do; but I confess I never could reverence characters like her's. What was she? A woman devoid of intellect, and with a craving after celebrity which she sacrificed her life to gratify; for her wish to be talked about, and the restless spirit, which never suffered her to remain six months in one place, were the ultimate causes of her death. Doubtless, misfortune is always to be respected; and it is precisely because I have long been acquainted with it that I think I have a right to judge others similarly situated. Madame de Chevreuse did not bear her misfortunes with dignity; and though she was much to be pitied, yet she was in a great degree the cause of her own unhappiness.*

When the Queen of Spain was about to proceed to Compiegne, the Emperor ordered two *dames du palais* to attend her at the castle of Compiègne. Madame de Chevreuse was specially fixed upon as one of these ladies.

Napoleon gave to Madame de Chevreuse a degree of consideration which she would never have acquired herself, notwithstanding her husband's five hundred thousand livres per annum. I knew her when she was fifteen years old. I have seen in her more than what might be called levity, and withall she was a very common place person.

* Her husband, whom she complained of bitterly, was nevertheless extremely kind to her.

I ask no stronger proof of my assertion than her conduct during her exile. Doubtless exile is one of the severest of miseries, but there is a way of lightening as well as increasing that misery. Madame de Chevreuse chose the latter course.

She told the Emperor she would not go to Compiegne. The Emperor reiterated his order. She remained obstinate in her refusal, and added that he might make her a slave, but he should never make her *a gaoler*. The expression was happy in itself, but it was inappropriate in its application. Since Madame de Chevreuse, entertained so bad an opinion of the Emperor, she should have been the more cautious not to irritate him; for by so doing she exposed her family, her husband, and her children to the hatred and vengeance of a man whom she seemed to believe capable of any thing. In all this there was at least great imprudence. There was one fault for which I cannot pardon her, and that was her associating with one of the most stupid and ridiculous men in all Paris.

I believe I have observed, in one of my former volumes, that the dread of leaving behind her an evidence of being red haired, induced her when on her death bed to have her hair cut off. She directed it to be burnt, and then had her head shaved.

CHAPTER X.

Ferdinand VII at Valençay—Charles IV at Compiegne—Count Montmorenci turned *jailor*—Insurrection of Arragon—Horrible massacres at Valencia and Seville—Murat superseded by Savary—Savary's absurdity—The Marquis de Lazan—The provincial Junta at Seville — New Spanish constitution — Signatures attached to it—Letter from Louis de Bourbon, Archbishop of Toledo—Murat made King of Naples—Cool reception of Joseph at Madrid—He retires to Vittoria—Affair of Baylen—Capitulation violated—Death of Madame Sebastiani —Her portrait—Madame Recamier.

THE work of Spain's misfortunes was accomplished. Ferdinand VII had removed from Bayonne to the prison of Valençay, which he was not doomed to leave until six years after, and Charles IV repaired to Compiegne, where the governor of the castle, less scrupulous than Madame de Chevreuse, received him and took him into his safe keeping: this was Count de Laval Montmorency.

A few days afterwards the Emperor received an address from the supreme Junta sitting at Bayonne, praying that he would send his brother Joseph to reign over Spain. The co[illegible] of Castile, and the

municipal body of Madrid, expressed the same wish. Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, no desire was ever more voluntary or more unanimous; and when a city was not occupied by the French troops, the opinions of its inhabitants were freely manifested. Even in the presence of the French troops, the silence of the Spaniards was energetic.

On the 23rd of May, Valencia and Seville were in a state of insurrection; and on the 27th, St. Ferdinand's day, the whole of Arragon rose. The Junta sent the Marquis de Lazan, the brother of Palafox, to recommend the latter to preserve tranquillity: but the mischief had gone too far. I have good reasons for believing that Palafox had received secret instructions at Bayonne from Ferdinand VII; and there is also ground to suspect that England strongly instigated the insurrectionary movement in Spain. Such a proceeding was perfectly consistent with the spirit of the British cabinet. When I was conversing in 1814, with a member of the English parliament, he expressed himself sorry that the power of Napoleon had not been attacked by a measure which, in his opinion, would inevitably have been triumphant: this was, to have proclaimed Soult King of Portugal when he wished to attain that dignity. "Imagine," said he, "what would have been the *moral effect* produced in Europe by the defection of one of the first captains of Napoleon's army!"... He was right.

The magistrates and other public authorities fell sacrifices to the popular fury in various parts of Spain. The victims selected were those individuals who had been appointed by Charles IV or the Prince of the Peace, or those whom the Emperor appeared to have acknowledged. Don Francisco de Borja, commander of the marine service at Cadiz; Count de Torre Fresno, Governor of Badajoz, Don Santiago de Guzman, Governor of Tortosa; Lieutenant General Filanghieri, Don Miguel de Cevallos, Don Pedro Truxillo, the Marquis de Laguila, and Baron de Albala were *assassinated and cut to pieces*, in the insurrections of Valencia and Seville.

The climate of Madrid did not agree with Murat. He was siezed with colic,—a disorder which is very prevalent there, and is frequently attended by fatal results. Savary superseded him at Madrid. I know not how he discharged his duties; but this I know, that he made himself extremely ridiculous. He used to be served by servants kneeling... I am aware that this may appear incredible; but let those who doubt the fact enquire among the inhabitants of Madrid;—the answer will be that General Savary, when at table, had his goblet handed to him by a page on his knees.

About this time the famous provincial Junta was formed at Seville. Doubtless the Spaniards were not disposed to receive Joseph; yet when the Junta of Bayonne named him as sovereign, it may be observed that the signatures of those who

approved the new constitution were exceedingly numerous. The list includes the names of the Duke del Infantado, the Duke del Parque, the Duke de Frias, the Marquis d'Ariza, the Prince de Castel-Franca, the Count de Fuentes, the Archbishop of Burgos, the Marquis de Santa-Cruz, the Count de Fernand-Nunez, Fray Augustin, General de San Juan de Dieu, Fray Miguel de Acevedo, etc. etc.

But in this long list, there appeared another signature which was worth all the rest. I will give it, along with the letter to which it was affixed, and which is addressed to the Emperor.

Sire,

" The surrender of the crown of Spain which " has been made to your Imperial and Royal " Majesty, by King Charles IV my august " Sovereign, and which has been ratified by " their Hignesses the Prince of the Asturias and " the Infants Don Carlos and Don Antonio, im- " poses upon me the gratifying obligation of " laying at the feet of your Imperial and Royal " Majesty, the hommage of my attachment, " fidelity and respect. I pray that your Impe- " rial and Royal Majesty will deign to acknow- " ledge me as your most faithful subject, and " make known to me your sovereign intentions, " so that I may give proof of my eager and " cordial submission. Heaven grant long life

" to your Imperial and Royal Majesty for the " good of the church and state.

I am, Sire,
Your Imperial and Royal Majesty's
Most faithful subject,

LOUIS DE BOURBON.

Cardinal de Scala and Archbishop of Toledo.

Toledo, 22 May, 1808.

A fine letter, truly, to be written by any one bearing the name of Bourbon, even admitting the submission to Napoleon to have been compulsory !

The Emperor was still at Bayonne, busied in making arrangements for the government of his brother Joseph. - Murat was declared King of Naples. By thus seating a Prince of his family on every throne in Europe, Napoleon hoped to consolidate his power. Alas ! he soon learned by cruel experience that among sovereigns as among private individuals, the ties of blood are but a feeble security for the performance of duty, when personal interest intervenes.

Murat departed for Naples, accompanied by his wife, who was at length rendered perfectly happy by the thought of filling a throne ; for the ducal chair which she had hitherto occupied had been anything but agreeable to her. Knowing her as I did, I am convinced that her joy at this good fortune must have well 'nigh turned her brain.

But, after all, this joy was perfectly natural ;—I do not here mean to convey any reproach to the Princess.

On the 9th of July, after the victory of Medina de Rio Seco* had opened to Joseph a road to his capital, he left Bayonne for Madrid, which he entered on the 20th of July. The new sovereign was received in profound silence. The Spanish people had not yet had the opportunity of appreciating his good qualities, and above all, his wish to render them happy. He had not been a week in Madrid when the disasters of Baylen, which were felt in all parts of the Peninsula, obliged him to seek a retreat at Vittoria. The ministers, five in number, Mazzaredo, Cabarus, Urquijo, Azanza, and O'Farril followed him without hesitation, Cevalus and Piñuela remained in Madrid. On Joseph's entrance an unfortunate circumstance occurred: this was the positive refusal of the Council of Castile to recognize him. I am enabled to speak with certainty of this fact. It was not known in France, because, as may naturally be supposed, it was not inserted in the Moniteur. We were so completely kept in the dark, that when King Joseph left Madrid to return to Vittoria, for fear of being carried off by General Castanos, who had just beaten General Dupont at Baylen, the Moniteur stated that: *the French army in Spain was*

* This battle was gained by Marshal Bessières, on the 4th of July. It was a very sanguinary conflict. The Spanish force amounted to 40,000

going to remove its quarters to a place where it would have the benefit of milder air and better water.

General Vedel has been loudly accused of having abandoned General Dupont. This accusation is probably made only to screen the guilty party. That General Dupont was involuntarily in fault is possible; but still he was nevertheless in fault; and the odious affair of Baylen ended with the disgrace of a violated capitulation. It would seem that the Spaniards thought themselves justified in not keeping their faith with men so unmindful of French glory.

Whilst the tumult of war and revolution overspread the Peninsula, and converted the fertile plains of Andalusia into another Vega, where the blood of the French and Spaniards flowed in mingled torrents, other terrible revolutions shook Europe to its remotest extremity. The brocaded sofas of the seraglio were stained with imperial blood. Weary of the yoke of Mustapha, the janissaries conspired and demanded the restoration of Selim: his dead body was thrown among them. Within the guilty walls of the seraglio, the air is at once impregnated with the perfume of roses and the odour of blood. All, even the clear waves of the Bosphorus, reflect the image of death.

A short time previously to the revolution of Constantinople, death had laid his icy hand on one of the most charming women I ever had the happiness to know: I allude to Madame Sebastiani the wife of our ambas[illegible]or. She was the daughter of the Marchi[illegible]e Coigny, a woman

equally celebrated for beauty and talent. Fanny de Coigny inherited all her mother's charms. She had fair hair, a delicate complexion, a captivating smile, and a figure as light and airy as a sylph. In addition to these graces of person, she possessed a fund of talent and amiability. I loved her well, and she also loved me. I know not whether her daughter, the Marchioness de Praslin, has any good portrait of her; at all events, I hope she is aware that her mother was one of the most fascinating women of her day. Unfortunately she was cut off in the morning of her life, or her graceful pen, like that of Lady Montague, might have portrayed in interesting colors the wonders of the seraglio.

Had she lived, she would not now be very young, for she was something older than I. But no doubt she would still have been charming. There are women who can never grow old. Madame Recamier, for example, has lost none of those attractions, which in all countries have secured to her the palm of beauty. Her sweet expression, her smile, her angelic voice;—that voice which soothes pain and sorrow. In short, she still is, and ever will be, beloved by women and adored by men.

CHAPTER XI.

Commencement of the Revolution in Spain—The Emperor at Bayonne—The Empress at Bordeaux—Junot's new year's gift—The casket of diamonds—The necklace of sapphires—The false friend—A letter from Junot—St. James's folly—The flower garden — Theatricals — The Emperor's return—The Spanish Junta at Bayonne—*Obey my commands*—Absence of news at Paris—My uneasiness—I write to the Emperor—His answer through the arch-Chancellor—A lecture—I go to St. Cloud—Violent scene between the Emperor and me—Fête at the Hotel-de-Ville—The supper—A letter from Spain—A new Spanish catechism.

While Spain was rising in revolution, while the bonfires of incendiarism were blazing on her hills, and the alarm bell was sounding from all her steeples, we were living at Paris in the profoundest ignorance of the important events which were developing themselves in that neighbouring nation. The Emperor was still at Bayonne, for which place the Empress had set out, taking the road through Bordeaux, as it was the Emperor's pleasure, that this part of France, which had sustained so much injury from the war, should at least be soothed by fair words and gracious manners, which Josephine so well knew how to adopt. She received orders

to make herself agreeable, and she succeeded in enchanting the Bordelais.

While there, the Emperor was at Bayonne organizing, or rather disorganizing Spain, with an ardour which bordered on infatuation; we poor females, who were left at Paris, waited impatiently even for a single letter, which should quiet the alarms unauthenticated rumours could not fail at such a moment to inspire:—but there stood Bayonne, like a great gulf, between us and our correspondents, and not a word reached us but what it pleased the master to make us acquainted with. The result of this capital manœuvre, the invention of Louvois, but perfected in our time, spared certainly even greater uneasiness than it inflicted, but kept us in a state of absolute ignorance.

No longer possessing Raincy, I was very desirous of a country-house, and I had written to Junot requesting permission to hire one in the environs of Paris. I waited his answer a long time; at length it arrived by an aide-de-camp of Prince Eugene, who had been sent to Lisbon, and who, on his return, was commissioned to deliver to me a little box, which a letter, I had previously received by an estafette, charged me to open in presence of assured friends only. As this casket is connected with much of the trouble which clouded Junot's after life and my own, I shall here relate the particulars of the affair; which, however, took place about the close of the winter I have been describing.

I have had occasion to mention the numerous fêtes which succeeded each other this winter and spring. On the morning following one of them, before I had risen from my bed, M. Ivan was announced. This gentleman, for whom Junot had a great predilection, (which indeed the goodness of his heart made him feel in general for all persons connected with the happy days of the army of Italy,) was surgeon to the Emperor, and as I always respected friendships of long standing, I had requested him to vaccinate my son. It was to inspect the fair and mottled arm of my little Napoleon, then in the zenith of infant beauty, that M. Ivan paid me this early visit, and he had just replaced the bandage, and laid the child upon my bed, when a servant came in to inform me of the arrival of an aide-de-camp of Prince Eugene, for the purpose of delivering the box, of which I had been previously advertised. To have kept him waiting till I could dress to receive him, would have been too long; and as I was surrounded by my children, my women, and a friend of my husband, a person, at least, whom I had reason to believe so, I ordered that he should be admitted. He was a pleasing, well-bred young man, and presented to me from Junot a casket, about the size of a box of eau de cologne, and the following letter:

My dear Laura,

"I send you the new year's gift I had "charged Nitot to present you with, in my name;"

(this was a very fine brilliant, which he had ordered Nitot to set in a golden padlock, and append it to my pearl necklace, and which I found upon my toilet on new year's day, when about to dress for court ;) " but your presents to me are so " handsome, that I cannot limit myself to my " padlock ; and I send you a suit of sapphires, " composed of nine stones for the necklace, four " for the ear-rings, of which the drops are of a " fine length, seven smaller ones for the comb, and " a single one which you may have set as a clasp " for the girdle, a broach, or whatever else you " please. But I add to the sapphires what I know " will make them more welcome. You like " coloured stones surrounded by diamonds, and " the jasper box which bears a cameo of the holy " father, contains what will satisfy you in that " respect. I believe the stones are well chosen, " and they have passed through the hands of " *Roberto de Souzo, avaliador de todas pedras e* " *diamantes, brutas, lapidadas escolidas, etc., etc. ;* " you ought to remember him, for it was he who " induced me to buy your suit of balass rubies, and " the fine string of pearls which forms the upper " row of your necklace.

" I advise you to have these stones wrought in " Holland. Quintelle, who is a perfect master in " lapidary questions, tells me that the polishing " rough stones is charged very high in Paris, and " still more so in England. In Paris, he avers " the work is better done ; but you will understand " me when I say that I should wish these to be

" polished, either at Brussels, or Antwerp, the " Hague, or Amsterdam. I think you have a " friend in those quarters ; M. Fornier de Mon- " teazel, if he should be returned to Paris, order " Devois or Nitot to send the stones to Holland ; " but take care you are not cheated. I send you " a beautiful suit of ornaments, and as to the price " I think I have not been extravagant. I send " the valuation and weight of each of the coloured " stones, and the aggregate weight of the rough " ones. You will understand now why I did not " wish this box to be opened in presence of the " twenty giddy heads, which are usually to be " found assembled in your drawing-room. I have " but too many enviers, and if you were seen with " a necklace of sapphires surrounded by diamonds, " sent by me in a rough state, they would raise " an outcry against me, as if I had stolen them " from the Prince of Brazil. With respect to the " diamonds of the crown of Portugal, polished or " rough, they are all carried across the Atlantic, " even to the piece of crystal which you may " remember to have seen in the cabinet of Natural " History at Lisbon, the exact imitation of the " famous Portuguese diamond, which, but for one " discoloured speck, would be the finest jewel in " the world. I have bought these with my own " money, and they have cost but a very reasonable " sum, which I would state to you, if it were not " impolite to tell the value of a present. Wear " them, then, my Laura, with pride,—they are " not only your own, but they are even a proof,

" for which I take credit, of my moderation. I " request you to offer, from me, the box with the " cameo likeness of the holy father, to your good " uncle the Abbé de Comnène. A virtuous man " will thus possess the portrait of a virtuous " man. *A propos* of the Pope, Monseigneur " Galeppi prostrates himself at your feet. He is " a man of wit,—but whose habitual deceit and " cunning become fatiguing.

" We are here occupied as becomes Frenchmen: " in labour and gaiety. I give fêtes, and am " fêted in return. Geouffre* is the keeper of my " privy purse, and consequently the superin- " tendent of the balls and entertainments. If you " come here, as you give me reason to hope, " bring with you all the young women of your " staff. I shall ask for Lallemand, that Calo may " come with you. Madame Laborde visits you " often; so, at least, says the general, whom I " have appointed governor of Lisbon. Give her a " friendly reception; I depend upon your doing " so: her husband is a brave man, a soldier, that " may be relied upon. Be attentive also to " Madame Thiébault. If you come, persuade " them all to accompany you. We have a " tolerable society here already. Madame Trous- " set, Madame Foy, Madame Thomières. Madame " Foy is daughter-in-law to Baraguay d'Hilliers. " A rather pretty woman, fair complexioned, and " with a countenance quite *à la Roxelane.*

* My brother-in-law.

" Madame Trousset is much handsomer ; but there " is no venturing near her. She is a virtuous, " actually virtuous woman. I know not what " may have been said of her, but I know that I " have been repulsed ; and repulsed in that tone " which distinctly says, let me hear no more to " this purpose," etc., etc.

I opened the box, which contained rough diamonds to the weight of five hundred carats, in small garnishing stones of six or seven grains. In my feminine delight, I shewed all my treasures to M. Ivan, exclaiming :—" See how charming it is to have a husband as gallant as a sylph, and as generous as Abulcazem." He stood quite dazzled, and in truth much more so than the thing merited ; for the value of the entire suit was not very considerable. I read him Junot's letter, and after congratulating me on my superb new year's gift, he departed. I do not accuse him of having spoken of what he had seen with uncharitable intentions ; but very soon the Empress, who had not yet set out, and all the ladies already jealous of my position in society, began to exclaim, that there would be no end to extravagance in dress, if the wife of one of the Emperor's lieutenants received in absolute gift from her husband, caskets of rough diamonds. I do not exaggerate in affirming, that by the end of the week, their number had grown to such an extent that Prince Eugene's aide-de-camp must have found them a great impediment to his journey, if he travelled

on horseback. Oh, it is pitiful! I should have laughed at such folly, but it was not of a nature to excite gaiety, as I was soon to learn.

After receiving Junot's permission, I looked out for a country house, and found a delightful one at Neuilly ; it is called St. James's Folly. It was furnished throughout, and though only a large pavilion, it contained everything necessary to my convenience, at that distance from Paris. A fine drawing-room and large dining-room, with an anti-chamber, which served for a music room. At the other side of the drawing room was a beautiful bed room, a small parlour, a bath room, and a dressing room. This portion of the house opened to a flower garden, entirely to myself, enclosed on the garden side, by a trellis in the Swiss fashion, and on the other side by a canal, bordered by an alley of limes, leading from my parlour window to a grotto, looking upon the river near the bridge. The hot-house, which, after that of Malmaison, was one of the finest in the neighbourhood of Paris, contained at this period above three hundred pine-apple plants, securing a hundred heads a year, for the use of the table, and also an immense number of the most beautiful indigenous and exotic plants. The entrance to the house was by two flights of twelve steps, on which stood Etruscan vases, carefully filled, by the gardeners, with a succession of the finest flowers from the hot-house. I remember, that one day, more than forty magnolias and pompoleum orange trees were placed upon these steps, and at the

same time my private garden contained more than two thousand plants of heliotropes, carnations, jessamines, and moss roses, set in baskets, surrounded by a thick border of mignonette, and shaded by laburnums, acacias, lilacs, and other flowering trees. It was a spot that proved the possibility of the existence of Armida's gardens.

Its proximity to Paris enabled me to come frequently to the theatres. Not that they were much attended during the summer, except the opera,—which was always in vogue. After dinner, I got into my carriage with Madame Lallemand, who always lived with me, and one or two other ladies, and drove to Paris, from whence we returned at midnight by the soft clear light of the summer moon. In the morning I rode on horseback with Madame Grandsaigne ; and if perchance, we were early enough, we sometimes met the Duke de Gaëta, on his Limousin horse, with its housing of velvet and gold lace, and its golden bit. These meetings were always agreeable ; the Duke de Gaëta was a man of sense, wit, and good manners ; his politeness was so marked and visibly intentional, that it was impossible to be otherwise than pleased by it. He did not, however, very well like the demi-gallop to which my companion and I amused ourselves by putting him.

In the orangery I found a theatre, and its decorations. The sight of its scenery revived my taste for comedy, and myself and companions at once exclaimed, that we must at least perform *the Collateral.* General Lallemand, then major of

a regiment of dragoons, who was come to reside with his wife at Neuilly ; Millin, one of my most constant visitors, but a miserable actor, and M. Eugène de Planard, author of several charming trifles, and cousin of Madame de Grandsaigne, were unanimously enrolled amongst our dramatis personæ. Madame Laplanche-Mortières, Madame Lallemand, both with very bad voices, and myself, were the representatives of the female characters ; and if we did not perform to admiration, at least, it was not for want of the best instruction. Michaud was our master of the ceremonies ; I have had lessons in declamation from Talma, and I have seen Monvel and Mademoiselle Raucourt, give them to Junot. At Malmaison, our theatricals were under the direction of Dugazon, but never except in the instance of Mademoiselle Mars, have I seen the art of dramatic representation made so plain and intelligible ; and, in fact, notwithstanding some want of appropriate talent among the pupils, the little piece of *Defiance and Malice*, and afterwards *The Self-Rivals*, went off extremely well.

The Emperor returned to Paris early in September. He had remained longer at Bayonne than he intended, but the affairs of Spain had not proceeded quite so passively as he had anticipated. Not only had some impediments arisen within the country, as the opposition of the council of Castille ; but even the written opinions of those grandees of Spain, who composed that bastard Cortes, called the Junta, were not adequate to the

effect which Napoleon expected from them, the calming and satisfying the public mind. This Junta was precisely the same thing as the famous chamber of two hundred and twenty-one. Did it satisfy France? I rather think not; yet we are much more submissive in accepting what is put upon us than are the Spaniards. They signed, because their right hands were not paralysed, and because, when Napoleon raised his eye of fire, and said in his low and sonorous voice, with an accent attuned to the diapason of the most elevated soul, "*Obey my commands!*" Because when he looked and spoke thus, it was impossible to resist him. These grandees of Spain signed then, and upon guarantee of their signature, Joseph entered Spain, and Napoleon returned to Paris.

On re-entering his fine capital, had he been well informed, he would have found, for the first time, a sinister change in the minds of men. Their active will he could restrain, but thought is always free, and this faculty had had ample occupation, since the affair of Spain had been in agitation. The public began to reason upon this strange history. No tidings arrived of the army of Portugal; and two months had elapsed without a single letter from that country reaching Paris, when the Emperor arrived from the south, to stay only a few days, being about to set out immediately for Erfurth.

My uneasiness about Junot became excessive. I had frequently seen the arch-chancellor in the Emperor's absence, and so entirely ignorant did he

appear, that unable to believe, what was nevertheless a fact, that the Emperor himself had received no letters from Junot, I began to conclude that some great misfortune had occurred. We had then no idea of the nature of the Spanish war, and this total cessation of intelligence appeared impossible. Even an intimate friend of mine who had means of learning through England, what was passing in Portugal, received no news: — it was distracting. Immediately, therefore, upon the Emperor's return, I wrote to him to learn if he knew with any certainty that Junot was still living, and supplicating him to send me a single word that might relieve my anxiety.

Some days passed before I received an answer, which came at length through the arch-chancellor, and with it a lecture upon my presumption, in interrogating the Emperor upon matters touching his politics. I thought this remonstrance somewhat singular, but received it with profound submission; and as soon as the arch-chancellor left me, I dispatched a letter to the Emperor, requesting an audience that same day, as I had a favour to solicit. The Emperor was then at St. Cloud, and I was at Neuilly.

The cause of my request was of some importance. Since Junot had been Governor of Paris, whether he was absent or present, I had always done the honors of the city fêtes at the Hotel-de-Ville. This time as usual, though the Emperor had been absent on the 15th of August, the city was desirous of celebrating the St. Napoleon, and the list of ladies

who were to receive the Empress had been brought to me for presentation to the Grand-Marshal. It was perfectly natural to me to preside at these entertainments, when every thing was in its right course; but at present matters were very far otherwise, I felt the unpleasantness of my situation, and this determined me to request an audience.

I received an order to be at St. Cloud at nine o'clock in the evening. On my arrival I found the Emperor in his closet looking upon the little private garden reserved for his use; the door was open, and at my entrance he stood on the step of the door looking straight before him with the fixed and vacant stare of a person deep in thought. He started at the opening of the door and turning sharply towards me, asked with an expression of petulance, why I would not believe what he had ordered the arch-chancellor to tell me. "Your husband is perfectly well—what the devil do you mean by these conjugal jeremiads?"

"Sire, my mind is relieved, since your Majesty has had the goodness to send me word that I might be easy; but in the situation in which I stand at this moment, I am come to entreat your Majesty to permit me to decline going to the Hotel-de-Ville to morrow."

He was still looking towards the garden door, but on hearing this he turned hastily round, and said in a very singular tone of voice, "Hem!—what do you say?—not go to the Hotel-de-Ville?—and pray why not?"

"Because, Sire, I fear that some misfortune

has occurred to Junot—I beg your Majesty's pardon," I continued with firmness, for his bent brow presaged a storm, " but, I repeat, I have no tidings of Junot—*neither has your Majesty any* — and I am unwilling to expose myself to hear perhaps of his death, in a public ball room." I know not how I acquired so much audacity but I had it. The Emperor looked at me angrily, then shrugged his shoulders, but eventually commanded himself.

" I have told you that your husband is in good health—why will you not believe me! I cannot prove it, but I give you my word."

" It is certainly enough to satisfy me, Sire, but I cannot write a circular to communicate this satisfactory assurance to the four thousand persons who will be present at the city fête, and who will think it very extraordinary that I should present myself so publicly, when I have such strong cause of uneasiness."

" And what should these four thousand persons know about your causes of uneasiness?" he exclaimed in a terrible voice and advancing towards me with an impetuosity of manner which almost made me afraid of him! " This is the result of your drawing room council, letters and all your gossippings with my enemies. You declaim against me, you attack all my actions. What was that which the Prussian minister, one of your friends, was lately saying at your house, about my tyranny towards his King?—truly I am a very cruel tyrant. If their great Frederick, that they make so much

noise about, had had occasion to punish as much disloyalty as I have, he would have done it more effectually. And after all Glogau and Custrin will be much better guarded by my troops than by the Prussians, for they have no great cause to be proud of their defence of them."

This was perhaps the tenth time since my return from Portugal that the Emperor repeated to me what had been said at my house. On the former occasions I was conscious that the truth had been told him, but in fact, I never heard the minister of Prussia, who certainly visited me frequently, say a word that bore the least analogy to the sentiment the Emperor imputed to him. The Baron de Brockhausen was a man of great circumspection, very mild, saying little, and perfectly to be trusted. He stood moreover in the difficult position of representing an unfortunate and humiliated nation, and no one was less suited to maintain such an attitude. He consequently shut himself up in almost absolute silence, and though he visited me almost daily, we sometimes laughingly remarked after his departure, "The baron has uttered seven words this evening." He was otherwise a truly respectable man—an excellent father and one of the most estimable Prussians I have ever met with. This knowledge of his character convinced me at once that the Emperor was only endeavouring, (to express myself in his own phrase), *to pump me**, and I was also certain

* Me tirer les vers du nez.

that if such a subject of conversation had ever been entertained in my society, M. de Brockhausen was the last person who would have opened his lips upon it. I therefore firmly replied that his Majesty had been misinformed, and that I would undertake to say such words as those he had just repeated had never been uttered in my house.

He stamped with his foot, and approaching me as quick as lightning exclaimed, "So, I have told an untruth?"

"I have the honor to answer," said I very calmly, "that your Majesty is misinformed."

"Oh! to be sure—that is what you all say, when you are spoken to as on this occasion."

"According to your Majesty's observation it would seem that I am not the only person accused, and I think I may affirm that others are so as unjustly as myself." The word *all* had not escaped me.

The Emperor, when anything nearly affected him, and he did not give vent to his feelings in words, concentrated in the expression of his countenance all the oppressiveness of his power. He fixed this look with its utmost weight upon me, I looked down, not from fear, as he might observe, but only that it did not become me to dispute in this manner with him. When I again raised my eyes he was still looking at me, but with a very different, and to say the truth, very strange expression, and never in the course of my life had I felt less disposed to endure that expres-

sion, or the interpretation that might be put upon it.

" What are your Majesty's commands?" said I, receding towards the door: the Emperor did not answer immediately, but presently said:

" I forbid you to repeat what has passed here, do you understand me?—see that you obey! or I will let you know who you have to deal with."

" I shall obey you, Sire! not for fear of your anger, but that I may not have to blush before conquered foreigners, at letting them perceive our family misunderstandings."

I made my obeisance and prepared to go, I was in haste to leave the room. Yet I was desirous, before I went to settle the question which brought me thither, and I told the Emperor, that it seemed to me more suitable that I should not make my appearance at the Hotel-de-Ville, where my station placed me in the foreground immediately after the Empress, at a moment when such reports were current respecting the army of Portugal.

He resumed the expression of sovereignty: " And what," said he, in a tone calculated to strike to the heart and make one tremble, " what are those reports?"

This time I could not resist a sensation of fear, and replied in a low voice: " They say it is lost—that Junot has been compelled to capitulate like Dupont—and that the English have carried him to Brazil."

" It is false! it is false! I tell you!"—and he

struck his fist upon the table with such violence as to throw down a heap of papers. "It is false," he exclaimed again, swearing this time like a sub-lieutenant of dragoons. "Junot capitulate like Dupont! it is a tissue of falsehoods, but precisely because it is said, you must go to the Hotel-de-Ville. You must go, do you hear? —and even if you were ill, still you ought to go. It is my will, good night."

On returning to my carriage, I wept like a child. The Emperor seemed to be very severe towards Junot and me. However, upon reflection I felt assured that nothing unfortunate had occurred to my husband, since he insisted so pertinaciously upon my going to this ball. On my arrival at Neuilly, I found a friend there waiting to learn the result of my petition; he took the same view of the subject, and when, after a long promenade under the balmy limes which bordered the canal, he took leave of me to return to Paris, I felt re-assured and much more tranquil.

I went then to this fête. Regulated like its predecessors and equal in magnificence, I know not why it appeared dull and melancholy. The Emperor either did not come at all, or came but for a moment. I was so absorbed in my own feelings that I cannot now remember whether he came or not. I do not understand how it happened that he who usually was so tenacious of his popularity with his good citizens of Paris, should not on this occasion have made an effort to gratify them. The senatus-consultum authorising the levy

of eighty thousand conscripts of the classes of 1806—7—8—9 and 10, to be forthwith brought into actual service had just appeared and had struck a kind of stupor upon the city. There was even some talk of calling out eighty thousand conscripts of the class 1810, as yet scarcely eighteen years of age; they were to be reserved, it was said, to guard the coasts. The Emperor knew all the reports that were circulated, and was certainly not ignorant of what was said in the shops of Paris. Here then was his motive for insisting on my appearance at this entertainment. Had I been absent the most absurd of the suppositions current concerning the fate of Junot and his army would have acquired a dangerous consistency. Thus it is that such men as Napoleon consider private interests and feelings as perfect nullities in the political balance. I have since learned that the battle of Vimiera, which was fought on the 21st of August, was near destroying Junot and the army! was the Emperor totally ignorant of this battle on the 4th of September? I think not; no doubt he would have acquired some confused intelligence of it through the medium of England.

This fête was excessively dull, or so at least it appeared to me. The Empress was present a very short time, and would not stay to supper. I had a dreadful headache, but did not like to retire at the same time,—it would have looked absurd. I stayed to supper and some foreigners of distinction accompanied me into a separate room in which a

table of fifty covers was laid out. The ladies only took their seats round it, the gentlemen stood behind them.

Count Frochot, then prefect of the Seine, was not only a man of sense but possessed all the qualifications that could be required to take the lead with advantage in such a ceremony. He was a perfectly well-bred man, joining politeness with dignity, and doing the honors of the civic feast with as much ease as those of his own house. In the connection with which my place in the entertainment threw me with him, he acted in the most graceful manner possible; but, to say the truth, in Junot's absence, I had no business whatever at the Hôtel-de-Ville, and matters would have proceeded on this occasion perfectly well without me. The Count was thoroughly agreeable, and this qualification so essential in society, was peculiarly useful to him in the vast galleries of the Hôtel-de-Ville, where were congregated not only the most considerable capitalists of France, but all the great, the noble, the eminent for birth or favor, whom Europe deputed as her representatives at Paris. There was Metternich, the Austrian ambassador; M. de Tolstoy from Russia; the Baron de Brockhausen the minister of Prussia; the ambassador of Spain, and the crowd of envoys from the German courts among which Bavaria, Saxony and Wurtemburg held the rank of kingdoms.

About this period I received a confidential and very interesting letter from Madrid written to me, only, by a Spaniard possessing a truly great

and generous mind. I am obliged to withhold his name, and regret that family considerations impose this reserve upon me. This letter was addressed to me because its writer was a friend of mine, and because, knowing my situation in the imperial court, he hoped that I might prove the means of some important truths reaching the Emperor's ears. He did not know that Napoleon never listened to a woman. I regretted, however, that I had not received this letter before my memorable audience, as I should certainly have spoken of some of its contents without giving it up to him.

" Spain," the writer says, " is lost: probably you " have no idea of the causes of the evil. First on " the list stand the disasters of Baylen; Castaños has " made great advantage of the signature of one " of your great officers of the Empire. He reports " that the captains of Napoleon no longer hold " by him, since Marescot, who had no reason " to sanction Dupont's disgrace (you see I speak " as a Frenchman, because I am a man of honor " and a soldier), was eager to sign the convention. " But this is not all, King Joseph's unfortunate " departure from Madrid, a week after his entry " —dear Duchess, you know that distrust produces " distrust—by proving to the Spaniards that he " had no confidence in them, Joseph pointed out " to them the party they should adopt. Oh! " my poor country! may the virgin and the saints " be her protectors, for she is in great necessity!

" A supreme Junta is established at Aranjuez, " the beautiful shades of which have witnessed

"melancholy scenes and bloody tragedies. The "waters of the Tagus have been dyed with "Spanish blood. A civil war, it is true, divided "Spain in the cause of Philip V and the Arch-"duke. But this is of a totally different nature. "The quarrel between your Emperor and the "Pope has been the main spring of the mischief. "If you did but know what a catechism is taught "the children! All this would have been spared "if the Emperor Napoleon had put Godoy upon "his trial and caused him to be hanged. Instead "of this he treats with him!—It is lamentable. I "send you a specimen of the catechism which is "dispersed throughout Andalusia. How impor-"tant it would be that the Emperor should see "it!"

The remainder of the letter contained little more than repetitions of the above sentiments, except the following fragments of the catechism alluded to:

"Child, what art thou?"

"A Spaniard, by the grace of God."

"What do you mean by that?"

"An honest man."

"Who is our enemy?"

"The Emperor of the French."

"What is the Emperor Napoleon?"

"A wicked being, the source of all evils, and the focus of all vices."

"How many natures has he?"

"Two: the human and the diabolical."

" How many Emperors of the French are there ?"

" One actually, in three deceiving persons."

" What are they called ?"

" Napoleon, Murat, and Manuel Godoy, Prince of the Peace."

" Which is the most wicked ?"

" They are all equally so."

" What are the French ?"

" Apostate christians, turned heretics."

" What punishment does a Spaniard deserve who fails in his duty ?"

" The death and infamy of a traitor."

" Is it a sin to kill a Frenchman ?"

" No, my father ; heaven is gained by killing one of these heretical dogs."

These are the principal heads of a catechism which the Spanish priests taught the children, as many great persons very well knew.

CHAPTER XII.

News arrives of the Convention of Cintra—State of Portugal under Junot's government—Court of the Governor General—M. Galeppi as a sailor, and Berthier in the uniform of the Royal Guard—Junot compels the obedience of the Spanish troops—Insurrection at Oporto—The Spaniards disarmed without firing a single shot—Couriers stopped at Badajoz and Almeida—Junot's firmness—Miracles—Don Sebastian—Intention of assassinating Junot—Fête Dieu at Lisbon—A conspiracy—Sicilian Vespers about to be renewed—The Holy Sacrament detained in the tabernacle—Removes at the command of Junot—Critical situation of the French troops—Communications intercepted—Cruel murder of General Réné—The miraculous egg—Landing of the British troops—Patriotism of Count de Bourmont—Battle of Vimiera—Council of Generals—Admiral Siniavin—General Kellermann treats with the English Generals—Siniavin's treachery—Junot's letter to him—The Convention of Cintra—The Emperor does not appreciate its merit.

At length tidings from Portugal reached France; they were disastrous for Napoleon, but honorable for Junot and all belonging to him! How noble was his conduct! The glory of the French arms remained untarnished, and to him alone was that due. How often since his terrible death have I wept over that imperishable monument of his victory over England, *the Convention of Cintra!* Alas!

he, to whom his whole life was devoted, alone disowned its merit.

This campaign of Portugal, which deserves a chapter to itself in our military records, had already acquired its full share of glory, in the sufferings which the army had so heroically surmonted in crossing the mountains of Beira. Nothing was wanting but the glorious example it afterwards gave of an army inferior in numbers, effecting, by the mere dread of what it might do under such a chief as Junot, what another would not have dared to require with twenty thousand additional men.

Junot had long been aware that the intrigues of England and the provincial Juntas of Spain were taking great effect in Portugal; but he did all that depended upon him to preserve our ascendancy in this fine portion of the Peninsula. The Portuguese army in great measure disbanded, had restored to the country a multitude of labourers, who in merely moving a soil so favored by heaven, doubled its harvest. The fields were covered with the finest crops which, in the memory of man, had been known to ripen. Commerce, by a sudden change in its favor was returning its capital in four months. The property of individuals had been respected; the expenses of the army defrayed; the salaries of the officers of the former government had been mostly paid; the orders of knighthood preserved. Nothing, in fact, gave to this kingdom the appearance of a conquered country; the envoys of the powers in alliance with France con-

tinued to reside there, except indeed my old admirer Monsignore Galeppi. That representative of the Pope, after the profoundest assurances of an unbounded devotedness,—after daily visits to the palace to make, what he called, his court to the Governor-General,—having taken leave of him one evening, at the close of a confidential conversation of some hours, made his escape from Lisbon, embarked on board a sloop which was waiting for him on the coast, and gained the English fleet. And in what disguise do you imagine he got off? in that of a sailor. The Emperor said, in 1815 that he would not have desired to inflict any other punishment upon Berthier, for his perfidy, than that of compelling him to make his appearance before him in his captain's uniform; I should have wished no better than to see Monsignore Galeppi in his new costume; he must have been a curious specimen of a sailor.

Portugal, left to itself, notwithstanding the emigration of the Braganza family, an emigration in which three fourths of the nation rejoiced, would have remained tranquil and happy; but four efficient causes disturbed its peace.

The first was its communication with England, which it was impossible to prevent, because Junot had not troops enough to guard the whole coast of Portugal. The second was the presence of a Spanish army nearly as strong as ours. The third, perhaps I should have set it in the first rank, was the capitulation of Dupont; the fourth and last was the insurrection in Spain, which, like a devour-

ing plague spread on all sides, invading even the most healthy quarters of the Peninsula. In vain Junot stopped the delivery of letters; messengers passed and could not be prevented, while the English kept the whole nation fully informed of all political occurrences. In vain Junot treated the Spanish army on the same footing as his own, nothing could restrain the impending torrent.

Junot's military courage is sufficiently known; I am now to bear testimony to his moral courage; to that presence of mind and coolness which he so effectively displayed in the affairs of Portugal.

The first evidence of the revolt of the Spanish troops manifested itself in the refusal of the chasseurs of Valencia, which formed the garnison of Alcazar-do-Sol, to march according to orders to Setubal. Junot commanded Major Dulong to proceed with his regiment to Alcazar and enforce obedience. The Major, on his arrival, found the Spaniards in order of battle and disposed to defend themselves; blood was about to flow, but his firmness operated a change in our favor. He not only induced the Spaniards, to obey but the soldiers, mounting him upon their shoulders, loudly proclaimed him a brave and loyal man.

The insurrection took effect almost simultaneously throughout Portugal. In the morning of the 9th of June, Junot received intelligence of the revolt of the town of Oporto, and that the Spaniards had carried off from thence the French general Quesnel and all his staff, as well as all the civil and military authorities.

Junot instantly determined to disarm all the Spanish troops in Portugal. But this project, admirable as it was, presented immense difficulties, for the Spaniards greatly mistrusted us, and Junot was anxious to spare the effusion of blood. So skilfully, however, were his measures taken that the disarmament of the really choice regiments of the Spanish army, which composed the auxiliary force in Portugal, took place throughout the country, to the right of the Tagus, without the firing of a single shot. This created a great sensation in Portugal; but nothing less than a miracle could have preserved that country.

Junot presently learned that all his couriers were stopped at Badajoz. He sent them through Almeida, and the same fate awaited them there; from this moment the communications were as perfectly intercepted as though the French army had been posted among the Andes.

I cannot abstain from relating here an instance of Junot's firmness, to which certainly the city of Lisbon and the French troops were equally indebted for their escape from a sanguinary collision, which a conspiracy had prepared for *Corpus-Christi* day. The *fête Dieu* is no where celebrated with so much ceremony as at Lisbon, whither it attracts multitudes of spectators from the remotest provinces of the kingdom. The procession which escorts the Holy Sacrament is ordinarily followed by above fifty thousand persons; and as the whole male population of Lisbon attempts to concentrate itself upon its passage, it was determined that

certain parties should fall upon the French troops, at the signal to be given by the bishop, by raising the Host; and it was hoped that a struggle would thus be commenced in which the entire body of the citizens would inevitably be induced to engage. Already for some months previously a great revolution had been announced by miracles; among which, the statue of Joseph I. had twice turned upon its pedestal, to confirm, said the monks, a prophecy which marked out the present as the era for the re-appearance of King Sebastian, who died in battle near three hundred years ago in Africa; and to direct the populace, who were already extended over the most elevated spots near Lisbon, to what point of the compass they were to look for the arrival of the liberating prince.

These machinations had already caused the murder of several French officers, and disturbed the tranquillity of the city; but Junot, though he had received intimations of an intention to assassinate him continued to entertain the authorities, civil and military and to attend the opera, as if nothing remarkable were passing. "My fate was in the hands of God," was his reply to the reproaches I afterwards made him on the subject of his thus exposing his person. But in fact his firmness produced its effect upon the minds of the Portuguese, as it afterwards imposed upon the English. For this reason, no doubt, it was, that he rejected the advice offered him from many quarters, not to suffer the procession to take place; it might have inspired the idea that the French

army feared the people. Junot accordingly gave orders that the fête should be celebrated with the same solemnity as if the Prince Regent had been himself present; but to avoid the appearance of usurping his place, he was bled that morning as an excuse for not attending the procession.

At four o'clock in the morning, however, he received information of the intended *Portuguese vespers;* and determined to be prepared for every emergency, he posted twelve pieces of cannon in the square of the Roscio and put the entire garnison under arms to do honor to the bishop and his clergy. The Duke d'Abrantes himself repaired to the Palace of the Inquisition, a fine but gloomy edifice, in the Roscio, close to the church of St. Domingo, whence the procession was to set out, and passing through the three streets Augustus, Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, it was to terminate at the church of St. Joseph at the opposite side of the square.

The procession had been an hour in march in profound silence, interrupted only by sacred chaunts, when at the moment prescribed for the Holy Sacrament to leave the church a simultaneous movement took place in the squares of Commerce and the Roscio. The line was suddenly stopped, and the ranks thrown into confusion. The Duke perceived that now was the time for decision, and descending from his station in the Palace of the Inquisition, made his way through the dense crowd which occupied the square, to the church of St. Domingo, where the bishop awaited the Holy

Sacrament, which refused, said they, to quit its tabernacle. Junot instantly joined him at the altar.

" My Lord bishop," said he in a low voice, " I know all your plans, and have known them since the break of day; nevertheless you stand there, and here also am I. This is sufficient assurance that all my precautions are taken and that your projects are entirely disconcerted. The Holy Sacrament must move then, and that without compulsion! My Lord, myself and staff will follow you in the procession.... We shall follow respectfully and uncovered.... But, at the first appearance of tumult, you and your clergy will fall. Beware, then."

The bishop would have replied.

" I have already told you, my Lord," interrupted Junot, " that I know all; march, then; and above all put on a tranquil countenance..... I follow you closely."

In fact, notwithstanding the heat and its probable ill effects upon his wounds, Junot followed bareheaded the bishops and the Host; for his impressive admonition had its due weight, and the tabernacle no longer retained its sacred guest. The remainder of the day passed off without other disturbance than that caused by the salute fired in honor of the Host on its arrival at the church of St. Joseph, which created visible terror in the monks who were not aware of its cause, and whose alarm created some merriment among the crowd.

Although this important day had produced no

ill result, Junot's apprehensions for the safety of his army daily increased, in consequence of the total want of intelligence from General Loison, who commanded its strongest division; the Spaniards having passed the Guadiana; and the appearance of an English fleet off the bay of Lisbon, supposed to bring an army of ten thousand strong.

On receiving this last piece of news Junot convoked to his house all the generals then in Lisbon: namely, Laborde, Travot, Margaron, Thiébault and Taviel, to consult upon the position of the French army, of which he felt all the danger; at the same time assuring them that he requested their opinions only for the purpose of adopting the best course for its preservation, while he held himself solely responsible for the part which he should finally determine to act. The result of this conference, and of a second which took place on the 28th of June, was the resolution to hold Lisbon to the last extremity, to provide for the safety of the different branches of the service, to call in the various garrisons, and to attempt, as a last resource, a retreat upon Madrid and Valladolid.

Meanwhile the English convoy quitted the bar: but the storm, though it receded for awhile, was not the less threatening in the horizon. Generals Kellermann and Avril combated the insurrection in Villa Viciosa; and Colonel Maransin chastized the revolt at Beja with a barbarity which Junot dared not blame, lest he should encourage the rebels. The state of Lisbon daily caused an increase of uneasiness. This capital enclosed a population of

four hundred thousand persons in the most dangerous degree of exasperation. And no news from France! No news from England! No news from Spain! Nothing but the silence of the grave respecting all his chances beyond his own narrow limits of communication!

Nothing reached the ears of the French chiefs except some sinister reports; as for example, Junot learned that General René, travelling to join the army in Portugal without escort, because he had never injured those into whose hands he might chance to fall, had been made prisoner near Badajoz. The Spaniards cut off his nose and ears, pulled out his tongue and eyes, and then fastening him between two planks sawed him in two. Would not one believe this to be a history taken from travels amongst the Caribbees?

General Loison rejoined Junot at Lisbon with a loss of not more than one hundred men, after killing above four thousand Portuguese in the battles of Amarante, Guarda and Alpedrinham, and the sack of Evoza; and I have seen Junot shed tears, at once of grief and anger, on speaking of this last exploit. Loison had been cruel in the execution of orders. He was indeed directed severity, but especially forbidden the use of the sword.

It was at this period that a miraculous hen laid a miraculous egg, on the high altar of the Cathedral, bearing in characters of relief the words: "*Death to the French.*" In a few minutes the anathematizing egg was conveyed to the head-quarters

and estimated at its true value, as an ill executed deception. Junot laughed at it: sent for a quantity of eggs, and had written with grease upon each of them: that the former egg was a liar; immersed them in acid, and the next morning sent these eggs, with their inscriptions in relief, to all the altars in Lisbon, together with a written receipt for the performance of the miracle.

But the moment was come when all human means must prove insufficient to preserve the army and its chief. One evening when Junot gave a ball at the government house, an officer belonging to the staff of general Thomières, commandant of fort Peniche, arrived with pressing dispatches. The tidings they contained were fearful and certain. The English, to the number of twelve thousand men, had effected a landing with an immense train of artillery and every species of warlike munition. Junot directed the officers about him to increase their attentions to the ladies, and the gaiety of the ball-room, while he himself retired to his closet and ordered General Laborde immediately to march towards the enemy in order to prevent the whole truth from reaching the city at once. For some days this apparent security answered its purpose; but notwithstanding General Laborde's victory over the English at Roleia, another victory gained in Spain, the announcement of the march of twenty thousand French troops through Braganza to succour Lisbon, the entry of Joseph into Madrid and the fêtes in celebration of this event, still the spirit of insurrection fomented at Lisbon

and was kept in check only by the presence of Junot.

It was nevertheless absolutely necessary to meet the enemy. On the 15th of August, after celebrating the Emperor's birth-day by a grand dinner and a splendid performance at the Opera House, Junot returned at midnight to his private apartments, and assembled there the ministers and General Travot. He told them he was about to set out to give battle to the English; charged each of them with his immediate duties; pressed with emotion the hand of General Travot, whose noble character he highly esteemed, and to whose care he was confiding the capital; and quitted the government house to seek his death,—for at that moment he little expected ever to see again his country, his wife, or his children.

I must not here omit an anecdote of a man often attacked, and whom I always feel desirous of justifying. Count de Bourmont was at this time among the French refugees at Lisbon; it was in his power to go over to the English or to join the Portuguese insurgents; but, instead of doing either the one or the other, he sought Junot and thus addressed him: "Monsieur le Duc, I have never disowned my country; I am a Frenchman, you are attacked: a resolute heart and two stout arms may be useful to you, and I come to offer them: are you willing to place me upon your staff?"

Junot was, perhaps, of all men in the army, the most capable of appreciating such conduct;

he appróached M. de Bourmont, took his hand, which he pressed warmly, and in a tone of emotion replied: "M. de Bourmont, I not only accept your services, but I pledge my honor that no difficulties shall be thrown in the way of your return to France; you have my word, which never fails." And he kept it effectually.

M. de Saint Mezard, an officer of the ex-royal body guard, M. de Viomesnil nephew of the Marshal and many other emigrants acted in a similar manner, but the example was set by M. de Bourmont.

Junot then proceeded to meet the enemy, who was advancing upon Lisbon by the route of Thomar, numbering above thirteen thousand effective troops, besides an army of sixty thousand Spanish and Portuguese insurgents, the whole country and all the chances of the future in their favor; while Junot's army barely amounted to nine thousand two hundred men, destitute of resources. Under these circumstances Junot was eager to engage, and, being above all, desirous of forestalling an attack, he determined to meet the enemy.

The battle took place on the 21st of August; the conduct of the army throughout the day, which the oppressive heat of the weather rendered truly laborious, was such as to maintain the glory of our eagles and the purity of our standards, which, thanks to the valor of their defenders and the ability of the chiefs, returned unsullied to France. Notwithstanding all this courage and

zeal, the battle was lost; happily our army remained on the field after the fire had ceased, which enabled them to cover the retreat of the wounded, but we lost a thousand men killed and eight hundred prisoners, of which number not more than a hundred and fifty were disabled.

In these almost desperate circumstances, Junot assembled Generals Loison, Laborde, Kellermann and Thiébault to consult upon the next steps to be taken. To retreat, even by forced marches, across Spain was impossible; one chance only afforded a ray of hope. I have not yet mentioned the Russian squadron which Junot found in the Tagus on his arrival at Lisbon, and which had ever since been treated by the French army as belonging to a nation, whose chief was the brother of our Emperor's heart. Junot then had a right to expect that the co-operation of Admiral Siniavin, who commanded eight vessels, would be of the utmost value to him in this extremity. He had yet to learn that the assistance of an ally is only to be reckoned upon in the time of success. Siniavin was an unsociable animal, and it may be observed that when the Russians are savage it is not by halves. The father of this admiral was probably one of the number of those who preferred losing their heads to surrendering their beards; at all events, he belonged to a barbarous race.

In relating the events of this memorable period I have adhered strictly to the papers left by the

Duke d'Abrantes, and to the details communicated to me by the Duke de Valmy and Generals Thiébault and de Laborde. The result of the conference called by the Duke was to send General Kellermann furnished with full powers to the English camp to see what could be done in the way of negociation. The English General was Sir Hugh Dalrymple and next under him was Sir Arthur Wellesley, now Lord Wellington.

At eleven o'clock in the morning of the 22nd, General Kellermann took the road to Vimiera, and was astonished not to meet with any station; for a moment he believed the enemy was in retreat, and he has himself related to me a circumstance which proves the accuracy and acuteness of his judgment.

"In proportion as I advanced," said he, "without meeting a single English cockade my confidence revived, and recovered by degrees a self-consequence, which was complete when, on my arrival at the English head-quarters, I found myself admitted to treat on terms of perfect equality."

It was not till three in the afternoon, that General Kellerman found himself in front of the English out-posts, which were precisely in their position of the preceding day; and so great was the uneasiness of the English, that notwithstanding he had attached his white handkerchief to the end of his sabre, he had to face about thirty musket shots before he was recognised as a negociator. At length he was conducted to Sir

Hugh Dalrymple who had arrived that very morning to supercede Sir Arthur Wellesley; just to sign the convention of Cintra—Truly it was hardly worth while!

General Kellermann understands the English as perfectly as the French language; but he took care to conceal his knowledge: in war, stratagem is justifiable, but in the existing situation of the French army, every possible advantage was fair play, and the General made no scruple of using this. This *ruse* proved extremely useful to him, for after he had opened the basis of his proposition, the two Generals retired to the embrasure of a window and he heard one of them observe in a low tone, "We are not in a very good position; let us hear what he has to say."

At this moment dinner was announced, and General Kellermann having been invited by Sir Hugh Dalrymple, sat down with the English officers. The dinner was gay, but so extremely frugal as to satisfy the General that what he had heard of the scarcity of provisions in the English camp, was true. While the party continued at table, an officer returned who had been sent to Figuera; nothing having yet transpired to shew that the Duke de Valmy understood English, Sir Arthur and Sir Hugh enquired eagerly of the officer, in English, what news he brought. To which he replied: "Sir John Moore has not yet arrived at Figuera." This was the same Sir John Moore whom the Emperor afterwards so effectually drove into the sea at Corunna. He was to bring

an additional force of fourteen thousand men, the absence or presence of which was of the utmost importance at this crisis.

Again, in drawing up the preliminary articles, the interests of our allies were stipulated for; "What," exclaimed Sir Arthur Wellesley, "do you pretend to include the Russian fleet in your treaty?"

"Russia is our ally," replied the Duke of Valmy, "and it is impossible for us to abandon her fleet. But I shall not be sorry if you reject this article, as in that case the Admiral, in his own defence, will be obliged to disembark his crews, we shall be enabled to recall our garrisons, and shall thus obtain a reinforcement of ten thousand fresh and veteran troops which will enable us to deliver Portugal in three weeks."

The two English Generals again withdrew to the window, and General Kellermann overheard the words, "That would be very well, but the ten thousand Russians!" It is manifest, that without intending it, the Russians were very useful to us.

At length the preliminaries were concluded, and General Kellermann returned to the French head quarters, accompanied to the outposts by Lord Burghersh, and overwhelmed with civilities by the English officers, who, having previously entertained a high opinion of his military character, had now received sufficient proof of his diplomatic abilities.

An anecdote related by General Kellermann will prove how generous and noble in social and private

life are those same Englishmen, whom in public affairs we find so little worthy of esteem. Colonel Taylor, a much esteemed English officer, possessed a remarkable fine horse ; its colour was dark bay, its figure perfect ; but its qualities were even more excellent than its beauty ; it obeyed a word or a sign, and performed all the little services of a dog. The Colonel was killed at Vimiera in an engagement between the troops under his command, and those of the Duke de Valmy. His horse was taken, and brought to the Duke. As soon as the English learned that it was in his possession, they requested General Kellermann to set any ransom he pleased upon it, that it might be restored to his regiment, which was anxious to preserve and take charge of it in memory of its master. The General refused the ransom, and courteously returned the noble charger ; but the English officers chose a horse of the first quality, and presented it to the French General, through the hands of Sir Arthur Wellesley, with that peculiar graciousness with which an English gentleman so well knows how to adorn his private transactions.

" Ah !" exclaimed Junot, " if this Russian admiral would but second us with six thousand additional men, and such coadjutors as you, I would not quit Portugal !" Nothing was yet signed.

General Kellermann undertook this new mission ; he proceeded to Admiral Siniavin ; requested of him five thousand men from his crews, undertook

to furnish them with arms, and to place them in the forts, whence he would thus be enabled to withdraw a similar number of French troops. The Russian was overpersuaded and promised—but after the lapse of a few hours, this man, whom his sovereign ought to have exiled to Siberia for his baseness, retracted, and wrote to Junot, that he could not land a single man, and that, moreover, he should make his own terms with Sir Charles Cotton, the English admiral. This resolution was as injurious to the Russians as it was to the French, and was moreover disgraceful to the former.

Junot has told me that he suffered more in receiving this letter of Siniavin's, than in the loss of the battle of Vimiera; a deceived hope is, in fact, more distressing than the confirmation of an expected misfortune. Then this violation of a pledged word—this perfidy to an ally! He perceived in the conduct of Siniavin a sort of presage for the Emperor—perhaps a warning for the Czar might have been equally seen in it. To me it has always been inexplicable that a proceeding, not only so injurious to Junot, but so indefensible in a military point of view, had not procured for its perpetrator the reward of a journey to Tobolsk; such inconsistency in the conduct of Alexander, at the very moment of the conference of Erfurth, is perplexing.

I here insert the letter which Junot wrote to the admiral on receiving information of the treacherous resolution by which that man blasted his hopes.

Head-quarters, Lisbon, August 9, July 28, 1808.*

" Monsieur l'Amiral,

" As my situation becomes daily more difficult, " my duty and my honour equally demand that I " should learn positively whether I am not to " expect any assistance from you, and what are " your intentions.

" It is my duty, because the Emperor, my " master, believes that a considerable squadron " placed at his disposal by the Emperor of Russia, " must necessarily, in such critical circumstances, " second his army by every means in its power, " the land force being equally bound to support " the squadron, which it has done up to this " moment.

" My honour demands it, because if the fate of " arms should prove unfavourable to me, in " addition to the resources actually under my " command, will be reckoned those which an " allied squadron of nine ships of the line, in a " port inaccessible to the vessels of an enemy, " must naturally present.

" It is necessary, then, that my master and " your's should know that the Russian squadron " refuses me the smallest assistance. It is ne- " cessary that military men, who will pass judg-

* By this date it will appear, though somewhat inconsistent with the foregoing narrative that this letter was written a fortnight before General Kellermann opened his negociations with the English officers on the 22nd of August.—*Translator's Note.*

" ment upon the result of my present measures,
" should know, that not only was I surrounded on
" all sides by avowed enemies, but that the fleet
" of a power, in alliance with France, and at war
" with England, declares itself neutral under the
" most decisive circumstances, in the face of a hos-
" tile squadron, and at the moment of a powerful
" invasion by British troops, and thus becomes
" much more injurious to me than if ranged in
" avowed hostility without the bar, on account of
" the important effect such a line of conduct is
" calculated to have upon public opinion. If
" Admiral Siniavin is at war with the English, can
" he doubt for a moment that his fleet will fall
" into their hands as soon as they become masters
" of Lisbon? If the admiral has entered into
" some arrangements with Sir Charles Cotton, if
" the safety of his fleet is guaranteed, can he
" honorably abandon his ally without giving him
" notice? Between men of honour, a state of
" warfare is only an additional claim to estimation,
" but an abandonment of a common cause in the
" moment of danger is an act of which I cannot
" possibly believe M. de Siniavin capable, as it
" would be equally unworthy of the two Em-
" perors, Alexander and Napoleon, and of the
" valour and glory of the Russian and French
" nations.

" This, *M. l'Amiral*, is then what *I* have the
" honor for the last time, of proposing to you.
" Being obliged to oppose my whole army to a
" hostile force of much greater numerical strength,

" I shall probably be compelled to evacuate the " forts which defend the post ; I therefore propose " that you shall occupy them with your troops. The " Russian squadron having no occasion to ma- " nœuvre under sail, may very well spare a fourth " part of its crews ; and even with six or seven " ships, to which I could add the Vasco de Gama, " anchored under the protection of the batteries of " Torre Velha and Belem, no hostile fleet could " attempt an attack ; the crews of the other " vessels, who might be armed and landed, would " be sufficient with the French troops remaining " at Lisbon to protect the city, and secure the " fleet, while a powerful reinforcement would thus " be gained for the French army.

" The zeal with which I have furnished every as- " sistance, which the Russian fleet has even stood in " need of from me, is an unquestionable guarantee " of my good intentions towards it. Those of " your Excellency, with regard to my army, are " at the present moment in question, and under " present circumstances, facts only can prove " them. All the military men of Europe will be " witnesses to my conduct, and if they find any " thing in it to reproach me with, it shall rather " be that I have permitted myself to be deceived " than that I have admitted a suspicion of being so.

" I have the honor to be, &c. &c.,

" THE DUKE D'ABRANTÈS."

Junot finding himself, by the Russian Admiral's proceedings, left at liberty to treat separately for

himself; nominated General Kellermann to act for him. Sir George Murray was the representative of the English General, and a convention was concluded upon the bases already agreed upon, although the arrival of Sir John Moore, with the troops under his command, had materially changed the respective positions of the two armies. It is just to acknowledge that honor and good faith characterized the dealings of the English officers.

Notwithstanding the ability of General Kellermann many difficulties arose; upon which Junot observed: "I ask no favor. If I am refused what I demand for my army, I retire upon Lisbon, blow up the forts, burn the arsenal and the fleet, and master of both banks of the Tagus, I retreat upon Spain, leaving behind me terrible monuments of my passage."

I have heard him lament that he had not executed this resolution:—and yet he would add, "I must have starved my army, which would much more certainly have experienced that fate, than on its march into Portugal. Under such circumstances, every alternative was disastrous."

General Thiébault considered the plan to be impracticable, and his opinion, as chief of the staff, necessarily had great weight in the ultimate decision. With respect to blowing up the forts, and burning the fleet and the city, I believe Junot to have been capable of doing it.

At length M. de la Grave, aide-de-camp to the Duke d'Abrantès, quitted Lisbon, and arrived at Paris, after a voyage rendered tedious by dreadful

weather, early in October, bringing to the Emperor the definitive convention which had been signed by the two generals-in-chief on the 30th of August ; upon which Colonel Duncan had been sent as an hostage to the Duke d'Abrantès, who gave up the adjudant-commandant Desroches to the English general in the same capacity.

Having opened the letter which the same aide-de-camp brought to me from Junot, I read with unbounded joy the copy it enclosed of this glorious convention, the stamp of perhaps the finest military achievements, which the annals of our revolution record. Let its merits be judged of by a comparison with that of Baylen ! I shall cite only some of its articles, but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of placing them here ; the pride I take in them is so allowable, and the name my sons glory in, demands it of me.

ARTICLE II.

The French troops shall evacuate Portugal with their arms and baggage ; they shall not be considered as prisoners of war, and on their arrival in France they shall be at liberty to serve.

ARTICLE IV.

The French army shall carry with it all its artillery of French calibre, with the horses belonging to it, and the tumbrils supplied with sixty rounds per gun. All other artillery, arms, and ammunition, as also the military and naval arsenals, shall be given up to the British army and

navy, in the state in which they may be at the period of the ratification of the convention.

ARTICLE V.

The French army shall carry with it all its equipments, and all that is comprehended under the name of property of the army ; that is to say, its military chest, and carriages attached to the field-commissariat and field-hospitals ; or shall be allowed to dispose of such part of the same, on its account, as the commander-in-chief may judge it unnecessary to embark. In like manner all individuals of the army shall be at liberty to dispose of their private property, of every description, with full security hereafter for the purchasers.

ARTICLE IX.

All the sick and wounded who cannot be embarked with the troops are entrusted to the British army. They are to be taken care of whilst they remain in this country at the expense of the British government, under the condition of the same being reimbursed by France, when the final evacuation is effected. The English government will provide for their return to France, which shall take place by detachments of about one hundred and fifty, or two hundred men at a time. A sufficient number of French medical officers shall be left behind to attend them.

This article appears to me to do equal honor to the party which proposed, and that which acceded to it.

ARTICLE XIV.

Should there arise doubts as to the meaning of any article, it will be explained favorably to the French army.

Such was this admirable convention, which produced so great an effect in England, as to give rise to Lord Byron's two beautiful stanzas of Childe Harold, and for which Sir Hugh Dalrymple and Sir Arthur Wellesley were brought before a court of inquiry : they replied to the charges made against them, that the well-known character of Junot had been the principal cause of their determination, because they considered it advisable to obtain possession of Portugal at all events, and that a resolution on his part, which might be fatal to the country, was to be feared. Junot was placed in an elevated position by this convention of Cintra ; but his character gained more by it abroad than in his own country ; the Emperor would have victories, and nothing but victories, whatever was not a triumph, he looked upon as a defeat ; and like Augustus he demanded back his legion, even from those to whom he had confided but youths barely past the age of childhood.

ARTICLE XVI.

All subjects of France, or of powers in friend-

ship or alliance with France, domiciliated in Portugal, or accidentally in this country, shall be protected: their property of every kind, moveable and immoveable, shall be respected; and they shall be at liberty either to accompany the French army, or to remain in Portugal. In either case, their property is guaranteed to them, with the liberty of retaining it, or of disposing of it, and passing the produce of the sale thereof into France, or any other country, where they may fix their residence, the space of one year being allowed them for that purpose. It is fully understood that shipping is excepted from this arrangement, only, however, in so far as regards leaving the port; and that none of the stipulations abovementioned, can be made the pretext of any commercial speculation.

ARTICLE XVII.

No native of Portugal shall be rendered accountable for his political conduct during the period of the occupation of this country by the French army; and all those who have continued in the exercise of their employments, or have accepted situations under the French government, are placed under the protection of the British commanders; they shall sustain no injury in their persons or property; it not having been at their option to be obedient or not to the French government.

ARTICLE XVIII.

The Spanish troops detained on board ship in

the port of Lisbon, shall be given up to the commander-in-chief of the British army, who engages to obtain of the Spaniards to restore such French subjects, either military or civil, as may have been detained in Spain, without being taken in battle, or in consequence of military operations, but on occasion of the occurrences of the 29th of May last, and the days immediately following.

CHAPTER XIII.

Departure for Rochelle—Junot's *seraglio*—Singular part played by a husband—Road from Blois to Tours—Drunken postillion —My anxiety—It is happily dissipated—I embrace my husband—Montgaillard's opinion of the Convention of Cintra —Arrest of M. de Bourmont—He is almost immediately released—His second arrest—Junot's rage—Obtains a commission for him on the staff, with the title of adjutant-general—Messrs. de Viomesnil and de Saint Mezart—Junot returns to Spain after having seen his son—*The friendship of a great man is a gift of the gods*—Austrian and Prussian projects of vengeance—The Arch-Chancellor's fête—M. d'Aigrefeuille and his sky-blue coat made of his grand-mother's court dress—M. de Cadore—M. de Metternich—Curious and false intelligence in the Moniteur—Madame de Metternich with her children detained in Paris—War with Austria—Moore and his soldiers—The Emperor mistaken in the Spanish character—Capitulation of Madrid—The Duke de Conegliano—Saragossa—Savary and the bag of diamonds—Wine glass made of a diamond—The truth respecting my diamonds from Portugal—The golden shower—The Empress's drawing-room.

JUNOT was expected to land at Rochelle or some neighbouring port, I therefore set out for that place on the 4th of October, the day after M. de Grave's arrival, taking with me Madame de Grandsaigne wife of the first aide-de-camp to

the Duke of Abrantes; but leaving my children in Paris, as I concluded my husband would return with me. Alas! I knew not that the Emperor viewed matters through a medium quite at variance with mine.

My travelling suite consisted of Josephine and another waiting-maid, who preceded me in a calèche, my valet-de-chambre as courier, and two footmen on my coach-box, well armed as the roads were not perfectly safe; the interior of the country being so drained of men for the military service as to resemble a desert and leave the province of Poitou a prey to the ravages of a band of daring robbers.

Glorious as was the Convention, I knew Junot well enough to conceive the bitterness of his feelings on finding himself again a prisoner to the English; and, in haste to meet him, I travelled night and day.

An English journal facetiously observed, it seems our fate always to provide convoy for the seraglio of General Junot, whenever we have the good fortune to capture him. The Emperor pointed out this article to my attention, enquiring, at the same time, whether I had ever met the female in question, whose name has since become notorious. Sensible that this paragraph would be distressing to Junot, I was impatient to meet him, to receive his confidence, listen to his complaints, and offer him consolation; an office which I understood better than one who, forgetting how easily a married man may be disgusted by his mistress, once sought to injure me.

At Lisbon Junot frequently visited this person on horseback, attended by a great part of his staff; as her apartments were too small for so brilliant a suite, the husband whose rank placed him on a par with the superior staff-officers entertained them all in his garden, while the Duke remained with the lady;—a little woman with a warm hand, a cold heart, and a flighty head. This husband has since acquired a high reputation, which I leave to the judgment of those who are conversant with the world and know how to designate such accommodating personages.

Madame de Grandsaigne and I travelled in silence, interrupted only by an occasional remark on either side, and we had already advanced fifty leagues, when on the second night of our journey, between Blois and Tours, the carriage suddenly stopped, and on my putting my head out of the window, one of my servants shewed me the postillion of the calèche lying across the road. At this part there is no parapet on either side, which is raised to a great height above the surrounding country on the one hand, and the river on the other. I shuddered for the fate of my poor maids, especially of Josephine, (to whom, as I have before had occasion to mention, I was much attached on account of her having been my mother's maid, and her having been present at my birth,) when on interrogating the postillion, we found him in a state of such absolute intoxication as rendered him quite incapable of answering our enquiries.

I had him placed against a heap of stones by

the road side and in great anxiety I wandered along the bank of the river calling on Josephine and Mariette, but without reply. Below me flowed the serene and beautiful Loire, reflecting in a line of glittering silver the mild lustre of a bright moon, but its waters, limpid and tranquil as they appeared, might have engulphed the calèche with its living freight. The whole country was wrapped in the most solemn quiet, and considering the death of my maids as certain, I seated myself at the foot of a tree and burst into tears. When by this seasonable relief to my feelings, I had recovered judgment enough to act under such fearful circumstances, I ordered one of the postillions to take a horse and push on in search of the calèche, but too impatient to await his return, I resumed my seat in the carriage, made them set the drunken postillion as well as they could upon a horse, and again drive on with the utmost expedition. On reaching the post-house we found the calèche standing before the stable door, and the two maids sleeping like dormice—quite insensible of the alarm we had suffered.

At eight o'clock, on the following morning, I had embraced Junot, and by eleven was comfortably established in a charming apartment, where I found a bath prepared and every thing arranged with true Parisian taste, and withal a friendly and cordial reception from Madame Chézeray, my hostess, well known for her grace and beauty as Sophie Sermet.

Junot opened his heart to me, describing all

that he had suffered and was suffering. The Emperor had written him some letters, excessively short, as usual, and in the last had told him, he must never re-enter Paris without victory, to *efface the remembrance of Lisbon.* The tears stood in his eyes as he repeated this expression.

" I believe," said he with bitterness, " that all Europe will judge me differently. What could I do?"

Junot then unveiled a part of the intrigues devised to injure him in the Emperor's estimation. It was clear that the same persons, who afterwards contributed to their master's ruin, were already paving the way to it, by detaching him from his truest friends. Bessières had been so repeatedly offended that he was almost tempted to retire to his estates. So had Marshal Lannes. Duroc began to be sensible of dependence ; and Berthier to feel its full force.

In my opinion this Convention of Cintra, obtained solely by the moral force of the character Junot had acquired, was the counterpart of the battle of Nazareth, in Palestine, fought on the 8th of April 1799, in which Junot, with three hundred Frenchmen, defeated the advanced guard of the grand vizier, killed with his own hand Ayoub-Bey, surnamed Abou-Seff (father of the sabre) and produced an incalculable moral effect on the two armies of the East, and I may fortify my own opinion by that of Montgaillard, who assuredly bore him no favour and detests all that relates to the Empire.

" It is surprising," says Montgaillard, " that a force of only twenty thousand men, the principal corps of which had been worsted on the 21st, could on the 22nd obtain such favorable terms from an army just reinforced with fresh troops, by means of which it amounted to at least eighty thousand men, well armed and supported by a general and well organized insurrection. The advantages of the Convention were owing almost solely to the terror inspired by the French arms, and to the firmness of the General-in-Chief Junot, as distinguished by his valour on this occasion as at Nazareth, and to the address of General Kellermann to whom Junot entrusted the first negociations. In England, where this treaty was strongly disapproved, it gave rise to special commissions of enquiry and to stormy parliamentary debates. The second in command of this immense though insufficient army, Sir Arthur Wellesley (Wellington) was justly censured, and the English generals, in their defence before the court of enquiry, alleged that by granting the Convention, they spared Lisbon the disasters inseparable from the succession of offensive operations necessary to compel the capitulation of a commander so resolute as Junot."

The French army landed at Rochelle and various other points of the coast. Junot arrived in the Nymph frigate, Captain Percy, who treated him with great attention. The fortune of war subsequently afforded me an opportunity of discharging the debt in behalf of my husband towards a rela-

tion of Captain Percy's (an aide-de-camp I believe to the Duke of Wellington,) who was prisoner in Spain.

Owing to the opinion thus expressed by the Emperor, our joy on this re-union was overclouded; our intercourse had not its usual freedom;—the future lowered, we talked not of home. When I spoke of the alterations in our hotel, Junot answered with bitterness:

"What is it to me? I shall never see it."

If I unluckily mentioned my country-house of Neuilly;

"Really," said he, "you were prudent in hiring it on your own account; if some one take umbrage at it, at least I shall not be compelled to annul the contract of sale."

Junot was evidently cut to the heart, and to a disposition like his, such suffering was death...., certain though not immediate.

We were one day at table, when he received a letter from Nantes, announcing the arrest of M. de Bourmont; upon reading which with a countenance inflamed with rage, he uttered a terrible oath.

"And I had pledged him my word of honor, that he might land in perfect safety!" exclaimed he, rising in fury, "this is a trick of M. Fouché's. But we will see who gains the day."

Accordingly he wrote, and M. de Bourmont was released, but arrested again a few days afterwards; on hearing which all my ascendancy over

Junot was insufficient to appease him; he immediately set out full speed for Angoulême, through which town he had learned that the Emperor was to pass on his return from Erfurth. I knew that Savary would be there, and though Duroc, Rapp, and Berthier, were indeed also of the party, yet knowing Junot, I feared his violence of character and dreaded the Emperor. Nothing could detain him; my entreaties were of no avail. Alas! Napoleon ill understood that strong yet tender spirit, so full of energy, yet as affectionate as that of an enamoured woman.

On his return to Rochelle, the gloom of his brow had increased, though he had obtained M. de Bourmont's admission into the military staff of the army of Naples with the title of adjutant-general, the Count de Novion's retirement on a pension of six thousand francs; nearly all he desired. For instance M. de Viomesnil, M. de St. Mezard, and a number of officers of the old regime, who remembering that they were Frenchmen refused to bear arms against their country, though they had fled from France, when her scaffolds were thirsting for their blood, were indebted to Junot's interposition for the termination of a fifteen years' exile.

"Why then," I asked, "are you sad? Was the Emperor unkind to you?"

"No," said he with a forced smile, "but he was not kind."

He was not to enter Paris, the Emperor had repeated to him, but must first return to Lisbon.

I was then obliged to send for my children. Junot had as yet seen his son only in a miniature taken at six weeks old. They were all three brought under the care of M. de Cavagnari and remained with us a month, after which their father set out for Spain, and we returned mournfully to Paris.

The Empress also was much dejected. The Spanish affairs did not please her. Her benevolent hospitality, if I may so express myself, had softened the rigours of adversity to the aged sovereigns, but they still were much to be pitied, and, the French were beginning to pity them. They were even ill at ease in a pecuniary sense, and what is most singular, the Emperor defended this want of liberality as a matter of policy.

This extraordinary man is unparalleled in history, for to those who before him have filled the world with their renown, a route of popularity or glory was ready traced; Charlemagne's strength was in his father's memory, Alexander's in his royalty, Cæsar's in the names of all the Julii, but Napoleon's in his personal achievements. Without extrinsic support, he was himself the architect of his fame.

The star of Napoleon Bonaparte was at this time shining in the zenith of its splendour. Alas! its radiance blinded him.

The interview at Erfurth, in which the Emperor of Russia gave him so many proofs of fraternal friendship, was a snare of destiny to lure him to his ruin.

One anecdote of this meeting is well known, but is too apposite to this subject, to be omitted here. When Talma in the part of Philoctetes pronounced the line:

"The friendship of a great man is a gift of the gods."

The Emperor Alexander rising from his seat threw himself into the arms of Napoleon, with an emotion so manifest and sincere, that no one could doubt the sentiment which excited it.

I can guarantee the truth of another, and there are Memoirs in existence which will perhaps one day appear and will confirm it.

When Count Nicholas Romanzoff came about this time to Paris, he was assailed on the way both by Austria and Prussia with arguments and inducements to join the famous alliance, to which Sweden was already pledged; but the Russians, M. de Romanzoff and before him M. de Tolstoy were inviolable in their fidelity, and turned a deaf ear to all such remonstrances.

Another fact apparently indifferent, perhaps eventually decided the destiny of Napoleon.

Being one day in company with the Emperor Alexander at Erfurth and conversing confidentially with him, as with a brother, Napoleon mentioned

Ferdinand VII, spoke of the uneasiness he occasioned him, of the trouble of detaining him in captivity; of his intrigues with dairy-maids (such kind of amours being always odious to Napoleon, he alluded to them in disgust.) The Russian Emperor looked significantly at him for some moments, then smiling, turned away his head in a very eloquent silence.

"Do you then possess a talisman for mastering this evil genius?" said Napoleon laughing, observing that Alexander shrugged his shoulders with contemptuous impatience.

"Why really, replied the other, "when the captivity of an enemy is as inconvenient to the conqueror, as it must be annoying and wearisome to the conquered, the best thing that can be done for both is, faith, to put an end to it."

Napoleon stood for a moment motionless, but made no reply. It is certain that he did not adopt the counsel, and that when in 1815 he had to choose an asylum, this sentence of Alexander's recurred to his memory; and probably he likewise reverted to it when in 1814, I sent him a message through the Duke de Rovigo, in consequence of a long conversation that I had held with the Emperor of Russia, at my hotel in the street of the Champs Elysées, which at that time I still occupied.

Unfortunately in 1808 and 1809, Napoleon was too much the dupe of Alexander's friendship, and afterwards he had not sufficient confidence in it.

But such was the constitution of his mind, that neither his sentiments nor actions could ever accord with those of other men.

After several weeks passed at Erfurth in discussing the destinies and most serious interests of Europe, amidst the gayest and most brilliant fêtes, Napoleon crossed France, only to march upon Spain, and the Empress returned to Paris, to celebrate the commencement of the new-year. The arch-chancellor gave her a ball in his gloomy mansion of the Carousel, formerly the Hotel d'Elbeuf. I never knew a fête given by Cambacérès to be gay, not even a fancy ball, however inexplicable the cause; but the present surpassed all its predecessors in dullness; although d'Aigrefeuille, who acted as great chamberlain and grand master of the ceremonies, was in himself, with his little sparkling eyes, short round and singularly attired figure, a sufficient provocation of laughter to all who beheld him. The arch-chancellor's coronation robes had been made with a train, much longer than the Emperor chose to permit, and was consequently shortened. Cambacérès, who as every one knows loved economy, and had no objection to dispense the munificence required by his accession to the title of grand-dignitary without paying too dearly for it, made d'Aigrefeuille a present of the velvet and ermine clippings from the curtailed mantle. D'Aigrefeuille was enchanted, but as the parings of violet velvet, would have required too much seaming for a coat, he laid the fur,

which unfortunately coming from the extremity of the garment afforded no ermine tails, in numerous bands upon an old court dress of sky blue velvet, which had belonged to his grand-mother. This grotesque habiliment with its uniform whiteness resembled that of a cat or a rabbit, and, with the round, red, and jovial face of the fat little man peering above it, was altogether irresistibly ludicrous. The amusements were sombre, the Empress was serious, there was a scarcity of ladies, war with Austria was talked of and Count Metternich, lately returned from Vienna, notwithstanding his habitual courtesy, wore an air of constraint, which his perfect politeness could not entirely subdue.

Count Metternich had made a journey to Vienna towards the end of November, under pretence, (though in reality on affairs of the utmost importance), announcing previously to leaving Paris, that he should not be more than two or three weeks absent. The Duke de Cadore, forgetting that M. de Metternich was no way accountable to him for his proceedings, thought fit, at this assembly, to rally him in a half angry tone, on his long procrastinated return.

" Do you know Sir," said he, " that we may reasonably take exception at this delay; and, indeed, though you still protest that your intentions are pacific, we may justly construe it as a confirmation of the rumours promulgated by the English journals."

" I can only repeat to your excellency," replied M. de Metternich, " what I have frequently told you on that head, that the Emperor my master, desires to continue at peace with France. As for the delay of my return, I assure you it had no other cause, than the obstacle which the entrance of General Oudinot's corps into Germany presents to the free egress by the roads of Bavaria."

The acuteness and fine tact of this reply, bears the stamp of the school of the Prince de Ligne. I afterwards asked M. de Metternich, if he had really made it; he laughed but gave me no answer.

" Did you say so ?" I again asked.

" Should I have done amiss if I had ?" said he still laughing.

" Certainly not."

" Then probably I said so, but I do not remember it."

The words, however, were actually his ; and the Duke de Cadore had not capacity to contend with this model of all that the high aristocracy can furnish of elegance and exquisite polish, combined with the most perfect and unembarrassed assurance.

M. de Metternich must have stood high in the estimation of the Count de Stadion, then at the head of the Austrian counsels, to be selected as ambassador to Napoleon in the then circumstances of Austria ; and already did the fair haired am-

bassador display symptoms of that talent which gives him his present supremacy amongst the steersmen of the European state vessel. The Emperor Napoleon's opinion of him at first erroneous, was corrected; but it was then too late, the mischief was irreparably done. He had been treated at court with a coldness that shewed no friendly intentions. As an instance amongst others of the disrespect he experienced, his Countess was once, on a grand court day, neither invited to sup with the Empress nor with either of the Princesses; to complete this insult, an article was inserted in the Moniteur, under diplomatic auspices, detailing an imaginary conversation between the ambassador and the Duke de Cadore, which certainly never occurred, in the former demanding the cause of the slight offered to his lady, is made to appear in a most ridiculous light.

M. de Metternich thus publicly humiliated; annoyed in his domestic privacy; attacked in his most valuable privileges; deceived in all he had a right to expect from the justice of a sovereign, whom he approached under a title sacred even amongst savages; wounded in his dearest affections when his wife and children were detained as hostages in Paris; his very life menaced; constrained to fly like a criminal in a carriage with closed blinds; must have been more or less than man, could he have excluded resentment from his bosom. He became the irreconcileable enemy of France; whereas dazzled by Napoleon's ascen-

dant genius, he might have been irresistibly impelled by the same charm which inthralled the Emperor Alexander.

Austria declared war against us at that sinister moment, when our political horizon was darkening on the side of Italy, and the Emperor was seeking victory in the mountains of the Asturias.

Napoleon's parting words to the legislative body, when joining his army in eager pursuit of the English were, *they have at length invaded the continent.*

His anticipations of victory were justified by the event; he saw the leopards of England fly before him the moment he appeared. Moore and his troops were destroyed by his all conquering legions, as dry straw is consumed by fire.

Why then did he not stay to complete the conquest of Spain?

When such questions introduce strange doubts to the mind, it would seem that Napoleon spoke truly when he disclaimed any inclination to go to war in the north, at the period of the campaign of Wagram; and this declaration, coupled with the attempt on the part of Austria to seduce Russia into the league she had already formed with Prussia and Sweden, almost produces conviction in justification of Napoleon. It is easy to cast stones upon a tomb, it may resound, but cannot retaliate.

The Emperor's encounter with the English had indeed proved that his martial star was still in the

ascendant, but this last smile of fortune was more fatal to him than the deceptive poison of flattery itself could have proved.

" You have quite misjudged the Spaniards," said he, some time afterwards to Junot; " they are after all, what I always believed them, a degenerate race, totally destitute of courage."

Junot made an inclination, wisely without reply; for on this subject Napoleon was possessed with a mania, and would listen to no reasoning.

It is well known that he entered Madrid after a slight resistance, and having the capitulation before me, I shall copy here such articles as appear most interesting. The original, one of the papers of the Duke of Abrantes, will be deposited with my editor. The preamble is particularly remarkable.

" The military Junta of Madrid, in conformity " with the proposition made to them to terminate " the misfortunes which threaten the city of " Madrid, and compromise the safety of so many " of its citizens, have appointed his Excellency " Don Thomas Morla, Captain General of Anda- " lusia, Councillor of State, Director General of " the Artillery, etc. etc. and Don Fernando de la " Verra, Field Marshal of the royal armies, and " Governor of the Fortress of Madrid, etc. etc. to " conclude and sign with his Serene Highness the " Prince of Neufchâtel, conditions of capitulations " for the city of Madrid."

The Emperor was quite dissatisfied with the

word *fortress*; "Do they really," said he, "believe themselves in a defensible city?"

CAPITULATION

WHICH THE POLITICAL AND MILITARY JUNTA OF MADRID, PROPOSE TO HIS IMPERIAL AND ROYAL MAJESTY THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

ART. 1.

The maintenance of the roman catholic and apostolic religion, without toleration of any other, according to the laws.—*Granted.*

ART. 2.

Liberty and security of life and property to all the inhabitants of Madrid and to all public functionaries. Also the lives, rights, and estates of all ecclesiastics regular, or secular, of both sexes, with the respect due to churches, conformably to our laws and customs.—*Granted.*

ART. 3.

The lives and properties of the military of all ranks shall be assured.—*Granted.*

ART. 4.

No one shall be prosecuted for political opinions.—*Granted.*

ART. 5.

No contributions shall be exacted beyond the ordinary taxes now paid by government.—*Granted, till the definitive organization of the kingdom.*

ART. 6.

Our laws, customs and tribunals shall be protected as at present constituted.—*Granted, till the definitive organization of the kingdom.*

ART. 7.

The French officers and troops shall not be quartered in private houses; but in barracks and tents; not in convents nor monasteries; which shall be protected in the privileges granted by the laws to their several orders.—*Granted; it being understood that barracks and tents shall be provided for the officers and soldiers, and furnished conformably with military regulations. But, in case of a deficiency of such buildings, recourse will be had to other means of procuring lodging.*

This article I have inserted, because I have heard Spaniards repeatedly assert, that after a promise to the contrary, the Emperor had quartered his troops in convents. Here it is plain, that the convents were only conditionally exempted.

ART. 8.

The troops shall march out of the town with the honors of war, and retire wherever they please.

The troops shall march out with the honors of war, defile this day 4th December at 2 o'clock P.M. and surrender their arms and artillery. The armed citizens, shall in like manner, surrender their arms and artillery, after which *the* inhabitants shall return to their homes, and the peasants to their villages. All persons

enrolled within the last four months, are discharged from their enrolment and shall return home. All others shall be considered as prisoners of war, till their exchange, which may be effected immediately upon an equality of numbers and ranks.

ART. 9.

The public debt and all other obligations of the state shall be regularly and faithfully acquitted.—*This is a political object belonging to, and dependant on the general administration of the kingdom.*

ART. 10.

Such generals as choose to remain in Madrid, shall retain their employments, and such as desire it, shall be suffered to quit the kingdom.—*Granted, if not employment, at least their usual emoluments, till the definitive organization of the kingdom.*

ART. 11.—ADDITIONAL.

A detachment of the imperial guard shall take possession this day at noon of the gates of the palace. Likewise this day at noon, all the defences of the city shall be surrendered to the French army; at the same hour all the ordnance magazines shall be delivered up to the French artillery and engineer corps.

The barricades shall be destroyed and the streets repaved. (From this it would appear that they anticipated us in the discovery, that upon emergency, paving will serve for bullets, that a fifth

story commands a wide aim, and that paving stones are a sort of projectile that will seldom fail.)

The French officer, appointed to command the city of Madrid, will repair at noon to the Hôtel-de-Ville accompanied by a guard, to concert measures with the authorities, etc.

We the undersigned, furnished with full powers, etc.

Done at the imperial camp before Madrid the 4th of December 1808.

Signed, ALEXANDER,

THOMAS MORLA, DON FERNAND DE LA VERRA.

As a duplicate. ALEXANDER.

This document is curious; is it credible that it is the capitulation of a capital city, whose King was the captive of its conqueror!—and not mentioned!—not a word even of interest on his behalf!—nor a clause in favor of the aged sovereign who had so long ruled them, if not with honor, at least with mildness.

The capitulation was sent to all commanders of divisions, and amongst them to Marshal Moncey, Duke de Conegliano, before Saragossa, which he had been ordered to take as a matter of no difficulty. Here follows the copy of a letter sent to him, dated 8th December, and which he transmitted to Junot, when the latter superceded him

in the command of the siege of Saragossa, together with a copy of Moncey's letter.

" Monsieur le Maréchal,

" The capture of Madrid, and the defeat of the " several insurgent armies must at length decide " the fate of Saragossa. As soon as you have " invested the citadel and driven in the enemy, " you will sound a parley and enter upon nego- " ciations; offer the same capitulation as at " Madrid. You will find a copy annexed.

" ALEXANDER."

" A true copy.

" The Marshal Duke de Conegliano, MONCEY."

Alagon, January 2, 1809.

" Concluding, Monsieur le Duc, that you will " be glad to learn the instructions addressed to " me by his Serene Highness the Major General, " relative to my conduct towards the town of " Saragossa, I send you a copy of his dispatch of " the 8th ultimo, and of the capitulation of Ma- " drid, which perhaps his Serene Highness may " not have forwarded to you.

" The exterior works of the citadel were at- " tacked on the 21st and 22nd at nine in the " morning. I summoned it to capitulate, but " the answer of General Palafox was in the nega- " tive.

" I avail myself with pleasure of this opportu-

" nity, Monsieur le Duc, to renew to you my " assurance of high consideration."

The last line is written in the Marshal's own hand.

" *I embrace you with all my heart, my very dear* " *Duke.*

" The Marshal Duke of Conegliano, MONCEY."

The brave Duke de Conegliano, whom I had learned from Junot to respect and love, was at this time the oldest general in the army, and esteemed by every one for his probity, his military conduct, and patriotic virtues.

It is extraordinary that the Emperor should not have known the nature of the defence of Saragossa. How could Berthier write to Marshal Moncey, "*Offer them the same capitulation that has been granted to Madrid,*" when the two cases were so diametrically opposed? the capitulation of Madrid offered to Saragossa! where every house was a fortress, every inhabitant of either sex, from tender childhood to decrepit age, a hero. Saragossa filled with the most fanatic monks in Spain, and commanded by a man who had been stimulated by the personal orders of his sovereign! Saragossa, whose noble resolution recalls the most marvellous, even fabulous sieges of antiquity, only to surpass them all by the pure and loyal blood of her citizens, which streamed in her defence! Saragossa is indeed great and illustrious!

CHAPTER XIV.

Drawing-room at the Tuileries—The diamond and rose-buds—Madame de Vandemont—Supper with the Empress—The court-dress embroidered in brilliants—Breakfast at the Tuileries—Calumny—The Portugal diamond—The Memorial from St. Helena—The King and Queen of Spain destitute of money—The Escurial and St. Helena—Madame de Ega—The Marquis of Marialva—Count Sabugal—The Marquis of Alorna—Portuguese Society—Junot's seraglio—The doggrel stanza—*If I pledge you my faith*—Reduction of Madrid—M. de Flahault and Mademoiselle de Saint Simon—The father's pardon, and the daughter's virtue—Injustice repaired—The eagles of Lisbon—The Emperor's promise—Berthier's letter—Marshal Soult—Berthier's second letter—Junot takes the command in Arragon and Navarre.

I WENT to court in my diamonds on the following day, in compliment to Madame de Remusat; and was dressed in a white tulle mantle, embroidered in silver lama, the petticoat and train bordered with wreaths of rose buds, a few similar buds being placed between my diamond wreath and comb.

The Marshal's hall was filled, and supper was laid in the gallery of Diana. I was amongst the last arrivals in the throne room, and very inconveniently seated, a circumstance, however, to

which I was indebted for the choice of a seat in the concert room. Madame de Remusat smiled as she recognized me, and the direction of her eye led me to observe that the Empress was giving an order to M. de Beaumont, who, a few moments before the concert concluded, announced to me her Imperial Majesty's invitation to supper.

Scarcely had I paid my respects, on approaching the Empress, when her Majesty motioned me to sit down beside her, and fixed her eyes with an inquisitorial expression upon the rose of yellow diamonds, in the centre of my wreath. I have since learned that this was at the instigation of the Emperor, who was very curious to know the truth respecting this wonderful rose, *formed of a single brilliant*. A smile of intelligence shewed that she detected, at the second glance, both the absurdity and malignity of the reports that had reached the Emperor.

The Empress was sometimes thoughtless, but her nature was kind, and in this instance she shewed it. Leaning towards me, she whispered:

"Do you know you have been ridiculously misrepresented to the Emperor; and Junot must needs give color to the rumours by talking nonsense. He knows very well diamonds cannot be hollowed; then why should he have said any thing so absurd? The consequence is, that your court-yard is reported to be paved with gold, that your diamonds are too heavy to be worn, and that you have a court dress embroidered with brilliants.

Here I could not suppress an exclamation, but the Empress, by a sign, imposed silence, and whispered to me :—

" Come and breakfast with me to-morrow, you can then explain all."

The next morning I breakfasted at the Tuileries, and the Empress told me all the absurdities she had heard, amongst others, that Junot had carried off the famous Portugal diamond ; that my jewels were much finer than her own ; and that my unfortunate rose of yellow brilliants was formed from a single stone, which, if it had been, the Regent, the Czarina, the Portugal, the Sancy and Great Mogul diamonds, must have hidden their diminished heads before the superior splendor of this newly discovered rival.

I have already accounted for the history of the gold rolling about my court-yard, and for the value which rumour thought fit to attach to my jewel case ; neither was the reference in these reports to the Portugal diamonds so wholly destitute of foundation, but that it also might be traced to its origin, as in vindication of my husband's honor I feel myself called on to explain.

The principal, or at least the most valuable part of the Prince Regent's baggage, when he quitted Lisbon for Brazil, was composed of all the jewels and other treasures of the crown. He was desirous also to have taken away the church plate and jewels ; this, however, M. d'Araujo, though his influence was declining, found means to prevent ;

but all the treasure the Prince could obtain possession of, he transported with himself, including the Brazilian ingots of gold.

But the cabinet of Natural History at Lisbon was furnished with a fac-simile of the famous Portugal diamond, as large as an apricot, cut in white wood, and inscribed with the exact weight of the original stone. This Junot brought away; and considering the general renown of the diamond, I thought it might be amusing to the learned of Paris to examine its portrait, or more properly its statue, which I accordingly shewed to Millin, and afterwards to Devois, my jeweller; not that I made any secret of it, but it never occurred to me as an object of curiosity, except as connected with science. One night, however, I exhibited it openly in my drawing-room, and not a fortnight had elapsed before all Paris, and even the provinces rang with the news, that the Portugal diamond was in my possession; and that the fact was incontrovertible, as I had myself exhibited it.

All this I stated to the Empress, who was easily convinced, but I shall hereafter have occasion to return to the subject, in describing a strange interview with the Emperor, which he himself has verified in the *Memorial from St. Helena.*

The Spanish royal family were at this time at Marseilles, where my brother had resided about ten years, and he wrote to me concerning the restraint they suffered, and the mischievous effects produced by the violation of a treaty which his honorable mind deemed should have been faithfully

executed. The Prince of the Peace captivated him, and on that subject I have letters still by me, which prove how greatly even a superior mind may be deceived.

The Count and Countess Thibeaudeau did the honors of Marseilles to the exiles, in a manner worthy of royalty ; but alas ! they had ample opportunity to perceive that they were no longer even at the gloomy Escurial.

There was no hunting—none of that perpetual activity which was the essence of life to Charles IV. Ah ! when I reflect on the moral and physical sufferings experienced by that unhappy Prince, and compare them with those that awaited another illustrious captive, whose griefs, like the vultures of Prometheus, gnawed his very heart, I tremble at the visitations of Providence, the Dispenser indeed of every blessing, but also of every misery.

On my return from Rochelle to Paris, I found much of the former society in Lisbon assembled there : the Countess of Ega, and her three step-daughters, (one of whom Donna Violante, now Madame de Choiseul, was older than herself) ; the Marquis d'Alorna, the Count of Sabugal, the Marquis of Marialva, the Marquis Ponte de Lima, the Marquis de Valença, and others.

" Be friendly to all these exiles," said Junot, " and do not believe all the absurd reports that are current, about my connections at Lisbon."

" O dear no !" I replied, laughing ; " I will be content with the English article."

"Which is false, like every thing else they have said of me;" and he laughed again.

"Now look you, I am not jealous; we have been too long married for that; but is there no truth in the stanza attributed to M. de Nisas?"

"The stanza is not his."

"Ah, you confess then that there is such a stanza?"

"Is such a one? I suppose there is—but who the author is, God knows, or perhaps the devil. I should like to discover him." It was M. Soucy, aide-de-camp to General Kellermann.

"But the English journals affirm that you had a triad of Sultanas. Were you really in love with all three?"

"Not with either."

"Oh! as to that I will not believe a word of it."

"Not if I pledge you my faith."

The expression was so singularly chosen, that I could not forbear laughing. Junot was at first unconscious of the cause, but a glimmering of the truth, at last breaking in upon him, he answered my laughter by a paroxysm, that brought the tears to his eyes.

"Well," added he at last, "I swear then by thyself, to my veracity. When I have been seduced from the straight path, my dear Laura, I have deplored the cause far more than I have ever loved the object." This phrase he frequently repeated in his subsequent letters, purposely to recal this conversation to my mind.

Madame Ega, one of the three, a pretty, lively,

genteel woman of ingratiating manners, and remarkably well-informed mind, I received with the cordiality doubly due to an exile, and an agreeable woman; placed my houses and horses at her disposal, and introduced her to my friends; willing to convince her that the tattle of the world made no impression on me. With the other two I never had any concern.

No sooner did the Emperor appear in Spain than his very name was sufficient to spread terror there as elsewhere; and both Spaniards and English yielded to his genius.

Madrid was under a spell; and all Spain to appearance, subdued, without the smallest indication of the flame bursting out with redoubled violence the moment the *master-mind* was removed from the focus of a danger he was himself unconsciously augmenting, for his ideas were sometimes founded on false principles, and consequently erroneously applied. Before I quit the subject of the Emperor's expedition to Spain, I cannot refrain from relating the following trifling but affecting incident.

The French army had been three days in Madrid, when M. Charles de Flahault, then aide-de-camp to the prince of Neufchatel, and one of the most fascinating young men of the French court, if not eminently the most so, in turning the corner of a lonely street, saw at a short distance before him a tall and elegant looking female, who appeared to walk in pain, and occasionally rested against the wall. M. de Flahault attracted by the small well

shod foot, (an attribute, by the bye, common enough to the Spanish ladies, but very seducing to a Frenchman newly arrived in Madrid) and by the beautiful flaxen locks which escaped the muffling of her black mantle, pursued the track. The street was solitary, he drew nearer, and finding the advance gave no alarm continued the pursuit. Suddenly he heard sighs and stifled sobs, and perfectly appreciating his own charms, imagined this affliction designed to allure him; determined, therefore, to follow up the adventure, he pressed forward and addressed the lady, not probably with especial decorum; and taking her hand, offered to pass it through his arm. This action provoked a shriek from the fair one, and at the same time caused the loosening of her veil, which dropped and displayed to M. de Flahault a lovely countenance covered with tears, and pale with the alarm he had occasioned. His delusion instantly vanishing, he stammered out apologies and offers of service. The lady, however, disengaged herself from him, and without listening to his excuses, or uttering a single word she escaped and left M. de Flahault to dream at leisure of his transitory vision, which accordingly occupied all his thoughts through the night and the following morning. But he could institute no search after his incognita, for he was in attendance on the Vice Constable, and the Emperor held a review that very morning. He repaired then to his duty, but was out of humour, which I, who have known him from his infancy, may aver,

was by no means captivating,—for pouting does not at all become him.

What was his surprise when, in the exemplary and beautiful Mademoiselle de St. Simon who prostrated herself in front of the Emperor's horse, crying, "Pardon, pardon for my father," he recognised the object of his recent pursuit. That father who had left his son to perish of wounds in the snow, and was a tyrant to this incomparable daughter, who, when her filial eloquence had effected the commutation of his sentence of death for that of perpetual imprisonment, shared his dungeon. M. de Flahault felt that he had insulted a woman, and a woman under the pressure of misfortune: and with all the chivalry of his nature, resolved to attempt no apology, but from that moment to watch over her destiny as a brother and a disinterested friend. To him she was indebted for much of the consolation that sustained her through the cruel trial which was still reserved for her.

The Emperor fancied himself performing an extraordinary act of clemency in granting M. de Saint-Simon's life,—but he was mistaken. The 5th article of the Capitulation of Madrid exempted from prosecution all who had been concerned in the political troubles. The condemnation of M. de Saint-Simon had a very injurious effect, its repeal made no impression; for the redress of injustice is no favour.

To return to Junot. In the momentary opportunity that he had to converse with the Emperor at Angouleme, he said to him:

"Sire, the only favour that I solicit from your Majesty is to send me again to Lisbon. Let me replace with glory on its walls those eagles which I brought thence undisgraced. I entreat you, Sire, suffer me to return to Lisbon."

The Emperor promised, and appointed him to the command of the 8th division, formed of the same troops which had evacuated Portugal in consequence of the Convention, and were inflamed with desire to reconquer their lost title of the army of Portugal; while Junot himself, not humiliated, but sensibly distressed by his retreat, had never so ardently longed, as he expressed it, *to draw a trigger*.

He hastened his departure; and the Prince of Neufchatel wrote to him on the 16th from the Emperor's head quarters at Chamartin, a league distant from Madrid, an order to repair to Burgos, there to collect and organize his forces and supplies with all expedition; and, in case of need, to support Soult at Saldana: concluding with,

"You will not, however, M. le Duc, march to "the support of the Marshal unless you yourself "consider such a movement absolutely necessary. "Your first care will be to disarm the country, "and to maintain its tranquillity," etc.

This letter was despatched in duplicate,—a precaution already rendered necessary by the frequent capture of couriers by the Guerilla chiefs, Don Julian the capuchin, and the elder Mina.

The following is a second letter received by Junot, dated also from Chamartin the very next day, and beneath the date is inserted, in the autograph of Berthier, the word noon.

Chamartin, 17 December, 1808
Noon.

" The Emperor commands, M. le General, Duke " of Abrantès, that you set out personally, in- " stantly on the receipt of this letter, attended only " by your aide-de-camp, and repair to Saragossa, " where you will take the chief command of the " 3rd division, now under the command of the " Duke of Conegliano, His Majesty having thought " proper to summon that Marshal to the imperial " head quarters, in order to appoint him to an- " other destination. The chief of your staff of " of the 8th division will remain with that divi- " sion, and General Harispe will remain with the " 3rd. The Duke of Congeliano has orders to " bring with him only his aides-de-camp; you will " therefore, find the staff, commissariat, artillery " and engineer department of that army complete. " You will leave the provisional command of the " 8th division to the Senior General. You will " likewise leave all the staff officers, the engineers, " artillery and commissariat in their present state. " *Before you advance to Portugal Saragossa must* " *fall.* His Majesty, M. le Duc, confers on you " the command of Navarre, Pampeluna, and the " 3rd division. The Duke de Treviso is at this " moment before Saragossa. He is specially

" instructed to cover the siege of that city on the "-side of Barcelona, and of Catalonia. You, M. " le Duc, are directed with the 3rd division, now " placed under your command, to besiege Sara- " gossa, and reduce it. I give you notice that " General Guillemont, and Adjutant General Lou- " cet are marching with four thousand *miquelets* " or mountain chasseurs by the valley of Arragon " upon Jaca. This corps is at your disposal. His " Majesty recommends you to leave in Pampeluna " no more than the garrison absolutely requisite for " the defence of the town and citadel, in order to " strengthen, as much as possible, the besieging " corps before Saragossa.

" You will find herewith the order to the Duke " of Conegliano to surrender into your hands the " command of the 3rd division, of which he is to " be informed only by yourself, and in person; you " will see the importance of this necessary disposi- " tion to prevent a moment's lapse or uncertainty in " the command.

" Press the siege of Saragossa vigourously. You " will find General Lacoste, the Emperor's aide- " de-camp very useful; he is well acquainted " with the country.

" The Prince of Neufchatel, Vice Constable,
" Major General to the Emperor,
" ALEXANDER."

" P. S. You need not take any gendarme of " the 8th division; set out with your aides-de- " camp only."

The style of this letter is worthy of remark. It was dictated by the Emperor himself; he alone could thus mask his breach of promise under this *necessity of reducing Saragossa.* The glory thrown in as a bait to one who loved it to distraction—then the command of Navarre and Pampeluna—this letter is ingeniously devised.

Junot set out for Saragossa with an oppressed heart; but I will venture to say the Emperor was in error in not sending him to Portugal with the 8th division: that army was recruited by him and attached to its chief, and every member of it regarded Lisbon as an Eden. The displeasure of some generals, provoked by the pitiful conduct of two or three individuals, would have vanished before the opportunity of chastening those persons, by the return of the French army. That news alone would have sufficed to bring the Marquis of Anjeja on his knees, supplicating a general, a captain, or even a private soldier, to accept the three or four worthless mosaics which he pretended had been stolen from him by the French army; for the Marquis was notorious for pressing his tokens of remembrance on the acceptance of French officers, and for the convenient talents he possessed of recovering his presents. When the English entered Lisbon he complained of having lost four pictures, which he reclaimed, and Marshal Beresford, who has not given evidence of so much wit as Sancho Panza when he decided in the island of Batararia that women are robbed of nothing ~~but what~~ they are willing to yield, took the opportunity to make a violent clamour about virtue and probity. I am

not fond of men who so loudly condemn their neighbours; men of upright hearts and honourable conduct are not so clear sighted to the sins of others, and are even willing to throw a charitable veil over them, when forced upon their notice.

CHAPTER XV.

Siege of Saragossa—Its horrors—The pain of Junot's wounds—His griefs—Temptation to suicide—The Emperor's unkindness—Reduction of San Joseph—Death of my cousin George—My aunt's letter—Ingratitude—Death of General Lacoste—The Count of Fuentes a prisoner—Mines—Letter from Junot to Berthier—Answer—Do you know I have a tribunal which can inflict death—The Emperor's return to Paris—Sinister forebodings—Exile of Mesdames de Stael and Recamier—She refuses to be the Emperor's FRIEND—Fouché's interposition—Extraordinary note—Fouché a second Père Lachaise.

JUNOT'S letters from the siege of Saragossa, if the successive attack of every house can be called a siege, were truly distressing. While the plague which raged within the city extended its ravages also beyond the walls, and continually forced upon the commander the heart-breaking spectacle of his soldiers perishing at his feet from a disease more mortal than the balls of the enemy, a fresh house was every day assaulted, which the Spaniards defended from room to room; and every foot of ground conquered was the grave of a Frenchman or a Spaniard.

"I cannot endure this sight," wrote Junot, "I want a heart of stone, or rather I should have no heart."

Armand of Fuentes, one of our most intimate friends, was a prisoner in Saragossa; and Palafox, to whom he was related, had closely confined him to shelter him from the popular fury: the melancholy tone of the letter, in which Junot informed that he had acquired this information, shewed me how much he dreaded the idea of springing a mine under the feet of his friend. He had undertaken this siege against his will, and with a disinclination that pervaded every act and event connected with it, and affected his health; he suffered acutely from his wounds, especially from that which graced his left cheek and those in his head generally.

In the month of January he wrote to me:

"There are moments in which I am tempted to "blow out my brains. If my hand was not with- "held by a remembrance of thee and of my chil- "dren, one touch of the trigger would terminate "my sufferings."

This letter terrified me but I did not yet know all.

The Emperor would not endure an hour's delay in the execution of his commands, and he had said: "Go to Saragossa, *and take the city.*" Saragossa then was at any price to be reduced; but it had not yet fallen, and each conquered stone of the fortified houses was purchased with a portion of the best blood of France.

The short, dry tone of the Emperor's letters speedily intimated his dissatisfaction at the delay; yet Junot had taken the convent of Saint Joseph,

transformed by the Spaniards into a terrible redoubt. Alas! to me this was no victory, it cost the life of my young cousin George de St. Ange, at the age of nineteen, full of life and ardour, dreaming only of the future and of glory. Madame de St. Ange cousin or rather sister to my mother who led a retired life in Languedoc with her four daughters, sent her two sons to me when quite children with a letter from which the following is an extract:

"Laurette, I send you your two cousins; you "are rich and influential at the court of Napoleon. "I might challenge his recollection of me as a "play-fellow in his childhood, but it might also "happen that his memory failed him; and I should "frankly tell him that such forgetfulness was "blameable. Let him then rest in his greatness, "I in my insignificance. I will be under obligation "to you alone, my Laurette, and to your husband, "if he will accept the friendship of a true and "warm-hearted relative. I send you therefore "George and Alexander; make what you will of "them or what they choose."

I established them accordingly at my house. Alexander the eldest, notwithstanding the care and skill of M. Desgenettes, died of a putrid fever at the age of seventeen. George's studies were directed by my uncle the Abbé de Comnène. Junot who loved and valued him placed him on his staff, as soon as he had attained a proper age.

The death of this amiable youth was a severe

blow to him; for, surrounded as he was by ingratitude, it was a consolation to have one heart in which he could entirely confide. General Lacoste, another of his deserving friends and aide-de-camp to the Emperor, was also killed at his side.

Yet did the Emperor with the reports before him addressed directly to himself, detailing the result of every operation, shewing that the troops were daily led against putrified corpses, or against houses whence under safe cover showers of balls chafe, complain that this siege was not at once brought to a close. Oh! it is painful to reflect on the misery thus inconsiderately inflicted on an ardent and affectionate heart like Junot's, which was as much grieved as revolted by such injustice.

He felt the danger of despondency, and summoned all his vigour to contend against it, representing at the same time all his feelings to Berthier in a most affecting letter. I enter into these particulars because they are important to the true colouring of the Emperor's portrait.

Berthier read the letter to Napoleon; what his instructions were thereupon I cannot presume to decide but *certain* I am that the terms of the following answer *to his old friend* were not dictated by him. This letter has acquired a mournful value in my eyes since I am positively convinced that it was the origin of Junot's fatal malady.

"Paris, 5 February, 1809.

"His Majesty commands me to acquaint you, "M. le Duc, that he is satisfied with the conduct

" of your troops and recognizes a beneficial change " in the operations of the siege since your arrival " before Saragossa.

" The reduction of Saint Joseph is equally " satisfactory to his Majesty, who ascribes it " entirely to your judicious measures.

" Accept, M. le Duc, the assurance of my " distinguished consideration.

" The Vice Constable of the Empire,
" ALEXANDER."

Junot confessed to my brother all the bitterness of his feelings on reading this letter, and I was powerfully affected by the portion Albert communicated to me. Duroc also, whose friendships never varied with the tide of favor, was offended, and reproved Berthier in terms little congenial with the airs the latter assumed towards his former friends,—though the last man in the world whose early relations with them entitled him to superiority.

But he possessed the petty state of Neufchatel.

" Do you know that I have a tribunal which can inflict death and which gives me the prerogative of mercy. Ah!—ah!—yes—yes—the prerogative of mercy."

A recital of this scene, by that admirable mimic the Baron Desgenettes, is worth hearing.

Berthier's words bore testimony to the genuine goodness of his heart, but they were not the less ridiculous. Sovereignty had turned his head, which was sufficiently manifested in 1814 and 1815.

Having defeated Sir John Moore, taken Madrid and as he believed chastised the Spaniards, the Emperor once more returned to Paris, where the brilliancy of his court was even more clouded by fears and anxieties than the preceding year. War, war for ever.

Cardinal Maury, M. de Cheval, Count Louis de Narmy, the physician Halley, Millin, all my friends conversed on coming events with an anxiety that alarmed me. All agreed that the dangers of the northern war would be increased tenfold by that of Spain. Alas! I knew it but too well! and to public sources of uneasiness had the troubles of many immediate friends to regret.

Junot was also, on his own account, interested in the exile of Madame de Staël and Madame Recamier, because at the request of the former, and convinced that the Emperor might by mildness have converted her into a partizan as useful as her enmity would be dangerous, he had made every effort to soften him in her favour, till Napoleon in a rage, broke out with:

"So! you too are going to ally yourself with my enemies."

"It is extraordinary," said Junot, "that the Emperor who knows enough of my heart to be assured that my blood and life are at his service, will reproach me, as well as you, with his enemies! His enemies are mine, with only this difference, that I desire no vengeance on my own, while I would exterminate his."

I had the discretion not to repeat to him what

the Emperor had said to me in my memorable conference at St. Cloud.

Madame Recamier's exile for her visit to Coppet, which shortly followed, occasioned sensations to Junot, such as he doubtless little expected to have experienced from any of the Emperor's acts; yet such was, at this moment, the delicacy of his situation that he dared not, or only dared tremblingly to question so unjust a proceeding.

"Laura," he once wrote to me, "my heart is "oppressed and sick, when I think of the exile "of Madame Recamier. I told you long ago that "I had once passionately loved her: my friendship "is now only that of a brother, but united with a "sentiment of respectful admiration. She is so "superior a being! I thank you for appreciating "her. You know she does you equal justice and "cherishes for you the attachment I should have "so much rejoiced in. I had hoped to bring you "together next spring! and how are my wishes "frustrated? alas! by a blow which renders "desolate the future existence of an unfortunate "woman, who deserves the hommage of all who "pronounce her name. My Laura, I conjure you "to see the Empress—see Queen Hortense—see "the Emperor—but no, you must not speak to "him. Alas! how can he who is so just, so great, "so remarkable for goodness—how can he voluntarily oppress a feeble woman," etc. etc.

Madame Recamier deserved all the eulogies Junot poured upon her; not he only, but Murat, Eugene, Bernadotte, Massena, and many other

brave and loyal French patriots regarded her with real friendship, and proclaimed her the best as well as the most beautiful of women. My own friendship is founded on the conviction that the most noble and generous sentiments animated her pure heart.

There are circumstances of her history, the importance of which her almost infantine innocence was perhaps incapable of fully discerning.

M. Recamier, before his reverse of fortune, wishing his wife to enjoy all the pleasures natural to her age, gave her a country house at Clichy, to which the best society of Paris immediately flocked, and Madame Recamier in the full blaze of beauty,—young, gay and happy, thought only of benevolence and amusement.

But the serpent found access to this Eden, and to its pure and beautiful Eve. Fouché presented himself, and his station ensured his admission. He soon invited her to accept the post of lady of honor to the Empress.

"I have no inclination for it," she replied in a soft and insinuating tone, as though fearful by too positive a refusal to provoke the vengeance of covert power,—for she did not suppose the Emperor a stranger to the intrigue.

"That is the answer of a child," rejoined Fouché, "consider the Emperor's situation; he wants a guide, a female friend—and where can he find one? Amongst the wives of his generals? That is impossible, it would excite scandal."

"And why are you so obliging as to imagine that scandal would spare me?"

"The case is quite different. You are, to be sure, as young as any of them; but your marriage and the station in which it places you, has established your reputation; it is pure and unblemished. You are privileged to be the Emperor's friend, for it is a friend and not a mistress that he wants;" and so saying his little twinkling eyes ran over the figure of the young Psyche and her countenance beaming with native modesty, intelligence and sweetness.

"I know the cravings of the Emperor's heart," he added, "I know he is unhappy at not being understood, and that he would gladly exchange hours of victory and noisy acclamations which play round the ear without reaching the heart, for a few minutes of social and confidential converse. He is weary too of daily encountering scenes of jealousy, from which the pure and sacred connexion I wish to see established between you and him would be exempt."

"But," objected Madame Recamier, quite unconvinced by these profound arguments, "how can I ascertain that it would be agreeable to the Emperor, that I should accept this situation; but especially how would it please the Empress, whose whole household is named, that I should displace either her niece or her friend, Madame de Larochefoucauld. But moreover, shall I tell you, I love my liberty."

"I recommend nothing to you, that will interfere with your liberty; you are not requested to undertake any burdensome duty. Your post in the household will be that of the Empress's friend, but particularly the Emperor's. The friend of Napoleon! the friend of the Emperor! consider a little! reflect on my proposition, and I am certain, if you are not prejudiced, your noble and generous soul will accept it with delight."

Madame Recamier was a mortal; and it must be acknowledged that the friendship of Napoleon was at that time an ignus fatuus capable of dazzling any being not wholly etherial, even to ruin. The idea of swaying, with a kindly influence the destinies of so many millions of men.... of sometimes arresting a devastating torrent.... might well extort a smile! Seduction is ingenious.... the serpent, like that of Paradise, displayed his shining scales of purple, azure and gold. His syren voice spoke music; and never was temptation more cunningly presented to the female heart.

While these discussions were agitating, Madame Recamier received an invitation from one of the Emperor's sisters to breakfast at her hotel. There the conversation turned on friendship, and the charms of such a sentiment between a man and a pure and virtuous woman.

"The Emperor is worthy of such happiness," said the Princess, "and fully capable of appreciating it; but he has no such friend. And how is

one to be selected. for him from amongst the multitude of our court ladies ?"

Shortly afterwards the Princess enquired whether Madame Recamier liked the theatres, and which she preferred. She was partial, she replied, to the French Comedy.

" Oh ! then," said the Princess, " my box is at your service, it is in the lower tier, therefore requires no ceremony of dress ; promise me to make use of it."

Madame Recamier promised, and the next morning received the following note :

The Managers of the French Comedy are informed that her Imperial Highness the Princess ..... gives Madame Recamier admission to her box. They are likewise informed that when Madame Recamier uses the box she is to chose her own company ; and that no person is to be admitted, even though a member of the Princess's or the G..... D.....'s household, without Madame Recamier's special permission.

L .....PS.

Secretary of Her Imperial Highness the Princess.

Madame Recamier's unsuspecting mind received a new light from the perusal of this billet ; she returned thanks, but never made use of it. The box faced the Emperor's.

Will it now be said that men take no revenge ? I hope and would fain believe that the Emperor was unconcerned in all this. But Fouché by pro-

noting her exile, revenged the overthrow of many ambitious projects. He would gladly have restored the halcyon days of Louis XIV or of Louis XIII and Mademoiselle de la Fayette; and himself by retracing one step only, might have enacted a second Père Lachaise, though I believe the red satin would have been more agreeable to his inclinations.

CHAPTER XVI.

General Thiébault is summoned to head-quarters—Meets General Legendre—Unlucky prognostic—His audience of the Emperor—Napoleon avoids naming Junot respecting the affairs of Portugal—Details relating to the battle of Vimiera—The Emperor knew by heart a report of 110 pages—General Wellesley at Peniche—Elvas—Almeida—Junot expected to be reinforced in his Portuguese campaign—The passage of the largest rivers preferable to that of the *Tras os Montes*—M. Desgenettes—Dedication to the memory of the Duke of Abrantes—M. de Hermann—M. de T————.

After the Emperor had dispatched Junot to Saragossa, he summoned to the imperial head-quarters all the general officers who had belonged to the army of Portugal. The following account of General Thiébault's audience was written by himself for these Memoirs.

"Having been ordered to repair to the head-
"quarters at Valladolid, I arrived there at the
"moment the Emperor was going to the parade,
"and followed him thither. General Legendre, ex-
"chief of General Dupont's staff, was also present,
"and it was there that the Emperor asked him:
"'How is it that your hand did not wither in thus

" signing the disgrace of France ?' There seemed " to be a fatality in the coincidence of our arrival, " since there was an analogy, though no identity " in our situations. I knew I could be reproached " with sacrificing nothing to the preservation of " waggon loads of corrupt gold ; but still I was " the ex-chief of the staff of an army, which in " yielding to the enemy a country, it was entrusted " to defend, had saved only appearances. I con- " gratulated myself, therefore, on receiving no " order during this parade, and was walking con- " tentedly to my lodgings, when General Savary " overtook me, and said :

" ' The Emperor orders you to be at his quar- " ters in a quarter of an hour.'

" While preparing to appear before Napoleon, " under circumstances of moment, although I had " nothing on my own part to justify, it was im- " possible to wave the question, how am I to act " with regard to the Duke of Abrantes ?

" I could not deceive myself so far as to deny " that in military matters there had been mistakes " in Portugal, which, however, could not all be " imputed to him ;—while his devotion to the " Emperor and the service was unbounded. He " was calumniated and denounced by such men as " Loison, Hermann, etc. etc., whom he had loaded " with riches. Napoleon, even at Valladolid, was " surrounded by the Duke's enemies, amongst " whom Savary must be numbered.

" I should have gratified numbers by contri-

" buting my mite of calumny against him, but in " so doing, I must have disgraced myself; for " besides, it is always dishonorable to inculpate " one's commander, in the opinion of the sove- " reign. I loved the Duke of Abrantes, and was " under obligations to him; but could I have " cancelled both these considerations, my re- " solution would have been the same,—to undertake " his defence.

" When I entered the great hall of the Palace " of the Inquisition, of which the Emperor occu- " pied the first floor, Napoleon was traversing it " in the width between the fire-place and the " middle window; and as he stood, till I ap- " proached him, and then resumed his pro- " menade, I walked beside him during the hundred " minutes of a conversation, of which I here give " some fragments.

" ' Well,' said he, prefaced only by *Good morn-* " *ing, Sir*, ' so you capitulated with the English, " and evacuated Portugal?'

" ' Sire, the Duke of Abrantes yielded only to " necessity, and forced an honorable treaty from " men, who, if commanded by him, would have " granted us no capitulation.'

" ' The events of Lisbon were the necessary " result of the affair of Vimiera. It was there, " Sir, that you should have defeated the enemy, " and that you would have triumphed—but for " serious errors.' (Napoleon's delicacy in never mentioning the name of Junot, during the whole

course of this conference, and of his reproaches to General Thiébault, surprises me, and would have sensibly affected my husband.)

"I comprehended, that the Emperor was resolved not to name the Duke of Abrantes, and that I must not regard the *you* under which he chose to shelter this reserve; on the other hand, aware that the tactics of that battle could not be defended, I felt it better to be silent, than to enter into discussion with him. He continued:

"'And pray, Sir, where did you learn to attack in front an enemy, who occupies a formidable position? You might as well take a bull by the horns, or knock your head against a wall. Did Marshal Soult proceed that way at Corunna? No! he turned the enemy,—and drove him out of the Peninsula.'

"'Sire, Marshal Soult, at Corunna, was opposed to an enemy, who, incapable of maintaining himself in Spain, was hastening to embark; and whose forces continually diminished, while those of the Marshal were increasing by the successive arrival of fresh corps. The Duke of Abrantes, on the other hand, unable to retain Portugal, engaged at Vimiera, an enemy who, during the battle, and beyond the possibility of such an event being anticipated, was reinforced by five thousand men, who were disembarked within sight of his camp. And if the Duke of Abrantes could not force the position of Vimiera, neither did Marshal Soult prevent the embarkation of

" the English army.' " (Above all he could not prevent its return; and the second campaign of Portugal should be considered in conjunction with this conversation, in order to the justification of my husband, from the imputations which it might be supposed to cast upon him.).

" ' As for the manœuvre you have done me the " honor to point out, Sire, new examples are " unnecessary to the demonstration of that great " maxim, for ever established by your Majesty's " immortal campaigns:—that an enemy is anni- " hilated by force, but defeated by skill.'

" A short silence ensued, the Emperor looking " at me:

" ' Besides, Sir, is it with fragments of your " army, that you should meet an enemy? You " had twenty-six thousand men, and fought with " ten thousand! And that, because you had scat- " tered more than twelve thousand men at Peniche, " at Almeida, at Elvas, at Santarem, at Lisbon, " in the Fleet, and on both banks of the " Tagus.' "

General Thiébault declares he was confounded to find that the Emperor knew this report by heart, though contained in more than a hundred pages.

" ' I am entirely mistaken, Sire, or the detach- " ment of nearly the whole of these brigades and " garrisons, from the main army, was inevitable; " and if your Majesty will suffer me to submit a

" few observations to your consideration, I pre-
" sume to believe that you will find in them a
" justification of the Duke of Abrantes.'

" His silence authorizing me to proceed, I
" added :—

" 'The English army once removed from the
" coast had no place of refuge, and, on the loss of
" a single battle, would be under the necessity of
" abandoning their baggage and wounded. So
" situated, the acquisition of Peniche was im-
" portant to General Wellesley ; and for the same
" reason it was incumbent on General Junot to
" prevent their taking it, more especially as that
" Peninsula is as easy of defence, as difficult of
" attack ; and Peniche lost, Sire, it is evident
" that all must have been over with us in the
" north of Portugal. It was to such considerations
" that the Duke of Abrantes yielded, in leaving
" eight hundred Swiss there.

" 'Your Majesty had ordered that all vessels in
" sea-worthy condition, should be repaired and
" armed. We had already under sail one of eighty
" guns, a second ready to join the squadron, two
" frigates of fifty guns, and a third on the stocks,
" besides a few brigs and corvettes. These vessels,
" Sire, were necessary not only for defending the
" mouth of the Tagus, and supporting the Russian
" fleet against any enterprize of the English
" blockading squadron, but also to guard the
" pontoons occupied by the Spanish troops we
" had disarmed, and to keep Lisbon in check. In

" such critical circumstances, the ships could not
" be left to their crews. I will say nothing of the
" forts.'

" ' The forts must be defended. But what
" necessity was there for pushing two thousand
" men to the left bank of the Tagus ?'

" ' Sire, that measure was suggested by con-
" siderations of equal delicacy and importance.
" Eight Russian vessels, under the command of
" Admiral Siniavin, were blockaded in the Tagus.
" The only good anchorage in that road is near the
" left bank, which was covered with insurgents,
" increasing daily in numbers and hardihood, who,
" had that bank been evacuated by us, would soon
" have been reinforced by detachments from the
" English vessels ; and as they could have lost no
" time in bringing guns to bear, the situation of
" the Russian fleet must have been untenable, and
" the difficulties of our own situation in conse-
" quence greatly aggravated. What complaints,
" Sire, would that Admiral, in such a case, have
" addressed to his court ? An Admiral, who,
" moreover, only sought an excuse to make
" common cause with the English. May he not
" have speculated on surrendering and imputing
" that step to a wilful desertion ? And how much
" would the Duke of Abrantes have been distressed
" to have furnished him with such a pretext, or to
" have occasioned any grievance to the Emperor
" Alexander. Political motives, therefore, de-
" cided our military arrangements.'

"To this the Emperor made no reply; and "walked for sometime in silence.

(This openness to conviction, when pressed upon him by the force of truth, is an important trait in his character.)

"At length he said:

"'And Santarem?'

"I could find no excuse for the thousand left "there, and was silent in my turn, wishing only to "defend, where I could incontestibly convince.

"'And Lisbon?'

"'Our position, our resources, our security, "Sire, all depended on the possession of that city.'

"'Capitals, Sir, are always guided by events. "Conquerors at Vimiera, you would on the field "of battle, have secured the tranquillity of Lisbon.'

"'That may be the case, Sire, in regular, but "not in popular wars.'

(*Another look.*)

"'In the latter, Sire, the capital is always the "most dangerous and most difficult to restrain. "And when, like Lisbon, it constitutes an im- "portant part of the state, to abandon it is to lose "all its resources, and every other dependence "with it.'

"Again he fixed his eyes on me in silence. "Then advanced a few steps; and at length said:

"'But Elvas, Sir,—and Almeida,—what need "of garrisoning them?'

"'We expected succour, Sire; General Du- "pont's division appeared to be marching on

" Lisbon, either to secure the possession of Por-
" tugal, to open a retreat for us, or to command
" the west of Spain. This division could reach us
" only through Almeida or Elvas. To abandon
" these fortresses, therefore, comprised the aban-
" donment of the entire provinces in which they
" are situated. So at least the Duke of Abrantes
" judged.'

" These reasons being admitted, and other
" questions or subjects furnishing me with an
" opportunity of enlightening the Emperor, with
" regard to the Duke of Abrantes, I described the
" distress he suffered, under the fear of displeasing
" or grieving his Majesty, and perceived that the
" Emperor listened with satisfaction; and, as if
" pleased with the part I had acted, was thence-
" forward much more unreserved.

" The new campaign which the Emperor was
" about to open in Portugal, under the auspices
" of Marshal Soult, served as a theme for con-
" tinuing the conversation. In describing the
" itinerary, the Marshal was to follow, his Majesty
" observed :—

" ' It is substituting the crossing of rivers for
" that of mountains.'

" In fact, the line of Gallicia embraces the
" crossing of the Minho, the Douro, the Vouga,
" and the Mondego.

" ' Sire,' I answered, " the passage of the most
" formidable rivers is preferable to that of the
" mountains in Beira, and the *Tras os Montes*,

" The difficulties of the passage of rivers, and the " means of surmounting those difficulties are " equally well known. But those which these " mountains present, are incalculable. And let " me have the honor to add, that Marshal Soult, " in following the itinerary your Majesty is " pleased to point out, will always march by prac- " ticable and beaten roads ; that he will be sur- " rounded by abundance, in a country where he " has ample room for manœuvring ; and in " crossing the three principal rivers, will be " supported by three strong cities ; Tuy, Oporto, " and Coimbra.'

" He was pleased with a reply so entirely in " accordance with the plans he had traced, " and on the whole, appeared satisfied with the " interview."

General Thiébault made no merit with Junot of this proof of his attachment; but he has earned by it my most sincere and cordial friendship for life.

A similar unalterable sentiment is due to M. Desgenettes, for the dedication of his Eastern History, to the memory of the Duke of Abrantes. Five years ago, the Baron dedicated a new edition of his history, to the memories of Kleber and Junot ! — A noble alliance ! My children owe to this good and excellent friend the respect and affection due to a father.

Not so M. Hermann, and some others I could name, but forbear for my own sake ; though one

of them, who affects to play the diplomatist, while his whole skill lies in intrigue, would do well to remember, that even amongst sovereigns, serious provocations will annul an alliance.

M. Hermann seriously injured my husband, by underhand accusations, that were false and wicked. He was much patronised by M. de T....., and I can conceive the reason. He has plenty of invention and malignity....he sees every thing askew....a property very convenient to those who do not walk straight.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Duchess de Cadaval—The old domestic—The open escritoire and the letter—Lisbon and its reminiscence—Junot unhappy—Inclination to suicide—Lannes at Saragossa—The *bad comrade*—Deep grief of Junot—Dreadful situation of Armand de Fuentès—His death a week after his deliverance—Strange destiny of two brothers—The monks in sacks—The treasures of our Lady of the Pillar—Copy of the catalogue given by the first chaplain—The Emperor's ill-humour—My mother—The Emperor's enemies — Singular question put to Duroc — Junot's opinion of Marshal Suchet—Count Hunebourg's letter to Junot—Astonishing activity of the Emperor—Death of Visconti—What difference did it make to him whether he died two months sooner or later?—A new sort of marriage—My journey to Cauterêts.

REVERTING to Lisbon, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of relating an interesting trait of the Duchess de Cadaval, and an ingenious method of awakening the memory of a friendly enemy. The Duchess, whose sweetness and intellectual graces acquired our warm regard, was a Frenchwoman, and daughter of the Duke of Luxembourg. Junot not only offered her personally in Lisbon every proof of friendship within his power, but afterwards in writing renewed his assurance of devotedness. When the royal family emigrated to

Brazil, the Duchess accompanied them, because a court equally stupid and suspicious, would not leave her two sons behind. Thus compelled to abandon one of the best ordered houses in Lisbon, without protection, she was much concerned for its fate, being unable, under such circumstances, to recommend it in writing to Junot's care, or to confide a message for him to any one. But an old servant whom she had left behind, begged to speak with the Duke immediately on his arrival, and requested that he would visit the Hotel de Cadaval. He complied, and the aged valet led him into a small parlour habitually occupied by the Duchess. Here every thing was in the neatest order, an escritoire purposely left open, contained nothing but the very letter in which Junot protested his friendship and desire to prove it. He was thus furnished with the means of testifying his sincerity.

How much must the Duchess now suffer on account of the war which devastates her adopted country. I knew her amiable and excellent son, now the victim of popular odium, when he was the joy and happiness of his mother and family. His sister Adelaide older than himself, was diseased and could not walk; but her two young brothers would lift her by the shoulders and pass whole hours in assisting her to take exercise, —never suffering a domestic to relieve them of their fraternal duty.

I love the recollection of dear Lisbon! of her blue sky!—her perfume of the orange!—her cool

and luxurious shades—her savoury fruits—her life of love and idleness, and her easy indifference, a hundred times preferable to the ravening and objectless activity which consumes us under our leaden sky, where we have heat without sun, flowers without odour, fruits without flavor, and where the road of life is destitute on all hands of those powerful resources which lighten its fatigues.

Still was Junot detained at Saragossa; my brother-in-law, who arrived from thence at Paris, gave some dreadful details of the siege, and another letter of Junot's still increased my anxiety.

"When man is in a state of suffering," he wrote, "he must possess a legitimate power to arrest his suffering, and suicide is his most natural and rational course."

I mentioned this letter to Duroc, who desired to see it, and having read it, struck his forehead in sorrowful apprehension; for that excellent friend knew, that three days before, Marshal Lannes had been ordered to Saragossa with the direction in chief of the siege, in which he was to be assisted by the Duke of Treviso and Junot.

I never perfectly understood the Emperor's conduct on this occasion. Perhaps, he never formed clear judgment of the siege of Saragossa, and expected by deputing Marshal Lannes there, to accomplish, by one vigorous effort, the capture of the town. But Lannes did no more than Mortier, Junot, or a thousand others might have done without him. *The town will be taken on*

such a day, there are so many houses left, was now become a matter of mere arithmetical calculation; and the arrival of Lannes to snatch from him the fruits of his long and barren toils, was a severe blow to my husband.

General Rapp, one of the best of created beings, refused the command of the 6th division in Russia, when Junot having offended, Napoleon would have superseded him. Yet in Russia appearances were against Junot, whereas, at Saragossa they, as well as the reality, were in his favor Lannes was indisputably the bravest of all our generals, and Junot always did him justice, but in this instance, he performed the part, in the military phrase, of a *bad comrade*. That Junot so regarded the act is evident because he told me the following spring:

"I ordered my horses, and was on the point of departing, when I heard the sound of the cannon and was riveted to the spot....Otherwise...."

He had conducted the siege, or rather the reduction of houses and convents erected into redoubts, from the 20th of December, to the month of February, when Lannes undertook the easy task of overwhelming the ruined remnants. To avoid useless repetition I will only add that a final attack was directed against that heroic city through the Corso; moving batteries were brought to bear; and at length, utterly exhausted, it fell. Junot courted death on that sanguinary day; marching through and over fire; but strange to say, he who in every former collision with an

enemy had been wounded, escaped unharmed the fury of this struggle.

He wrote to me on the morrow that Marshal Lannes had contrived to make even success irksome to him, by taking no more notice of him in the report than if he had been meanwhile engaged in the siege of Seringapatam, except, by merely saying: "At this time the Duke of Abrantes was crossing the Corso."

A few days before the final assault, Junot learnt, by means of spies, that Armand de Fuentès was in one of the houses appointed to be undermined, but the particular house could not be ascertained; this information, therefore, afforded him new anxiety, but no means of dissipating it.

His first care, on the reduction of the city, was to seek his unhappy friend, and he found him alive. But deliverance, after four months' confinement in a damp vault, without warm clothing, almost without nutriment;—deliverance by the hand of a friend,—restoration to life, to light and happiness,—to the enjoyment of the azure sky and the pure breeze; all these joys were too much for his poor head. He was enjoined strict abstinence,—promised compliance, and was at first obedient, but afterwards became intractable; fell ill, and died at the end of a week, in cruel agonies, at the age of thirty-nine. His brother, Alphonzo Pignatelli died also far from his home, in the arms of servants at an inn, on his road to the *Eaux-Bonnes*. Both expired amid riches, esteem,

affection, happiness, with a lengthened and smiling futurity in prospect.

Saragossa taken, the fifty thousand infectious corpses which this fatal siege had created, thrown into the Ebro, or the trenches, and a sort of hollow tranquillity established, the conduct of the monks was enquired into for the purpose of making *an example*;—a measure deemed necessary; but necessary as it might be, was likely to operate at least, as injuriously as beneficially, especially in the manner in which it was effected.

Several monks were tied up in sacks and thrown into the Ebro; but the river rejecting fish of such unusual species, cast them on its banks; and the horror and detestation of the French, which the people evinced on discovering their monks strangled and drowned, was beyond all bounds.

The other monks, it is true, were terrified; and one morning a deputation from the Chapter of Saragossa, presented themselves on their knees before Marshal Lannes, entreating the favor of his accepting the small present they brought him, a third of the treasure of their cathedral of our Lady of the Pillar; the other two thirds they destined for the Dukes of Abrantes and Treviso.

The Marshal angrily told the deputed canons that they should first have offered to the Dukes of Abrantes and Treviso the shares intended for them.

In Junot's state of mind, his reception of the deputation may be conceived. Demanding whether

they meant to make game of him, he drove them out almost by the shoulders.

The Duke of Treviso, who had not the same excuse for ill-humour, was rather more polite, but he also declined acceptance. The canons restored the jewels to their church, enchanted that our Lady had protected herself from the misfortune of foregoing a single diamond.

The very same evening, however, Marshal Lannes sent one of his officers to demand the treasure, and carried it to Paris.

I have too sincere a regard for the Marshal to exaggerate facts, or even to relate them with any intention of traducing him, but the truth must be told.

Junot, seeing the turn affairs had taken, resolved to provide himself with an attestation from the first chaplain and guardian of the reliquary of our Lady of the Pillar, that the treasure had been delivered up to Marshal Lannes. This document, with many others, he left to me with the evident intention that I should avail myself of them in case I should enter upon his public vindication. Its perusal is of some interest at the distance we now live from those days of superstition, when kings senselessly enriched the church at the expense of starving provinces.

Enumeration, or note of the jewels and gold and silver ornaments of the reliquary and image, belonging to the sacristy, in the holy chapel of our Lady of the Pillar presented to his Excellency, the illustrious Marshal Lannes, Duke of Montebello.

1.

A piece of jewellery in the form of a heart, having in the centre a holy dove with extended wings; the whole composed of thirteen hundred diamonds, amongst which, are nine of singular magnitude and extraordinary value; it was bequeathed to our Lady of the Pillar by the last testament of the Senhora Donna Barbara of Portugal, Queen of Spain; valued at 230,000 francs.

2.

A sprig of pinks, composed of rubies, diamonds and topazes, with stalk and leaves of pure and clear oriental emeralds; given by the most excellent Lady Donna Maria Theresa Vallabriga, wife of the most excellent Senhor, Infant of Spain, Don Louis de Bourbon, in the year 1778; estimated at 30,000 francs.

3.

A crown of pure gold set with diamonds, rubies and topazes. Also a breast-plate of magnificent topaz, with a chrysolete in the centre. All the

gift of the most illustrious Senhor Don John Saenz de Burnaga, Archbishop of Saragossa, in the year 1775; estimated at 14,000 francs.

4.

Another crown made at the expense of the same Lord Archbishop in the year 1780. It is entirely of gold and is surmounted by a cross, enriched with brilliants and fine rubies, at the foot of which is a circle of gold, set with a row of diamonds; estimated at 23,000 francs.

5.

The portrait of the King of Portugal covered with crystal and surrounded by sixty brilliants of various sizes. Given by the King of Portugal to the Marquis de la Compuerta, and bequeathed by the Marquis to our Lady of the Pillar; estimated at 37,000 francs.

7.

A pair of ear-rings composed of twenty-eight rose diamonds, set in gold, to which are appended two small pearl drops finely polished and beautifully white. The gift of the Senhora Donna Maria Ignacia Azlon y Cheverz, in the month of March, 1742; estimated at 7,820 francs.

8.

A large cross of the order of Calatrava, enamelled on gold with fifty two diamonds of various sizes, etc.; estimated at 15,062 francs.

9.

A piece of jewellery, composed of a hundred and sixty-two rose diamonds of a fine water and very clear; in the middle is a cross of gold enamelled black and white, with a rosary, etc. etc.; given to our Lady by the most illustrious Don John of Austria on Lady Day, in the year 1669; valued 31,036 francs.

10.

A cross of St. Jago with sixty-two diamonds set in gold, which from their transparency, regularity and the fineness of their water, have the appearance of a single stone.

Then follow some articles of no consequence.

14.

Two portraits set in brilliants, of the Emperor Francis 1st and the Empress Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, his wife; bequeathed by a codicil to the will of the most excellent Senhor Don Antonio de Aslon, on the 18th of July 1773; estimated at 72,000 francs.

15.

A spray, called that of the Duchess de Villahermosa, composed of various flowers in precious stones, many of them rose diamonds and rubies, with one amethyst, and eight emeralds. Given by the most excellent Senhora the Marchioness de Camarosa. Valued at 35,873 francs.

16.

A piece of jewellery, composed of fifty-seven diamonds set in silver, the reverse enamelled in black, white, and purple. Given to our lady by the Queen of Spain, Maria Isabella, of Savoy Estimated at 24,190 francs

The total value of these jewels is 1,245,236 pesos of Spanish currency, as is certified in the book preserved in the Sacristy under my care, to which I appeal for its accuracy. Given by order of the President, in this church of Saragossa. 3 April, 1809.

PASQUAL ERRANZ.

Chaplain of Our Lady of the Pillar.

At the foot of the original is written in the autograph of the Duke of Abrantès.

Making 4,687,949 francs, French.

It is averred then, on good authority, that the treasure of our Lady of the Pillar was rare and valuable. Marshal Lannes, having brought it to Paris, said to the Emperor:

"I have brought from yonder some trumpery coloured stones of no value, which I will place in any hands you may appoint. Junot and Mortier were too proud to accept them, but I blame them both; and if you are pleased to bestow them on me, I shall be glad."

The Emperor accordingly gave them to him, in utter ignorance of their value; yet Junot when

most calumniated, and loaded with imaginary riches, never shewed the catalogue I have here transcribed. Amongst the treasures he brought from Portugal there was one article which he pressingly solicited of the Emperor: it was the fine Lisbon Bible, which Louis XVIII afterwards liberally purchased from me.

War was now declared in Germany, and Junot was in a distant quarter, neglected, forgotten, left as sentinel over a desolate city, peopled only by corpses and fanatics. All the fatigues of the siege, followed up by so many annoyances, seriously affected his health. His letters so alarmed me that I determined to seek an audience of the Emperor.

"What does she want?" he querelously inquired of Duroc.

"I believe she wishes to speak to you of Junot, who I have reason to know from a letter of his which I saw yesterday, is dangerously ill.

The Emperor was thoughtful for a moment, but his countenance shewed more of sadness than displeasure.

"Is not Madame Junot also very ill?" said he with an expression of interest which did not escape Duroc, who mentioned it to me.

"Very ill, Sire! she is to go to a watering place as soon as the season will permit."

This time the Emperor's gesture shewed impatience.

"What ails her?" said he, "these women are always either ill or quarrelsome. Besides, why

does she wear so many and such large diamonds? *It is absurd.*"

Duroc, notwithstanding his excessive attachment to the Emperor, could not suppress an exclamation, of which Napoleon took no notice, but continued:

"She wants an audience to talk to me about Junot, and I have something to say to her. I am very partial to Madame Junot, I loved her mother much, very much," with emphasis, "and I feel a paternal interest in her. You often see her, Duroc, you had better tell her from me that she ought to conduct herself more like a person attached to me, and not choose her most intimate friends from amongst my enemies.

"I do not visit Madame Junot of an evening, replied Duroc, but when I go there in the morning I meet no one in any respect deserving of that title. Your majesty knows me well enough to be assured that otherwise I should not have waited your commands to testify, I dare not say my dissatisfaction, but my regret, to Madame Junot."

"Oh! I know you are not one of those whom I have loaded with favours to be repaid with ingratitude."

"Your Majesty, I hope, does not include Junot in that number." said Duroc with warmth.

"He? oh! no, but let that rest; he asks his recal, he must be recalled; I will not have my old friend aggrieved. Tell madame Junot her husband shall be replaced in a fortnight. I will send Bessieres there; he is conciliating in his manners, he will do his best to reclaim those enraged Aragonese.

But Duroc! you take great interest in Madame Junot! Now, tell me like an honest fellow, were you ever in love with her?"

Duroc laughed outrageously.

"This is not answering," said the Emperor impatiently, "were you ever in love with Madame Junot?"

Duroc, at length composing himself, replied:

"Never, Sire, I may even say the idea of such a possibility never entered my head. The truth is, neither she nor I ever thought of such a thing."

There was a seriousness in his tone which the Emperor understood; and taking a few pinches of snuff with more than usual celerity, for he was not fond of being obliged to give up his notions, he stepped a few paces, looked over the bridge, into the garden, and at last said:

"Well! it is very singular."

On this subject his own ideas were very singular; and I think he seldom gave women credit for any good qualities.

Duroc repeated to me the whole scene, and his confidence, as I frankly told him, was very ill timed, for my nervous irritation had encreased to excess, and I was at the same time suffering from a complaint of the liver, and internal inflammation. I thought myself at the point of death. But alas! both pain and grief are strangers to that assuager of evil; —they seem to possess a peculiar tenacity to life.

Junot, was no sooner informed that his letter of

recal would be dispatched as soon as he could be replaced, than he wrote to the Emperor, Duroc, and Berthier that all Spain could not produce a man more capable of governing Arragon than General Suchet, for whom he had a great regard. Suchet amply justified his commendation; he was eminently brave, and moreover was nephew to the King of Spain; thus being, on many accounts, peculiarly suited to the command Junot requested for him.

Junot received in reply the following letter from the Count of Huneburg, (Clark) minister of war, dictated by the Emperor himself.

Paris, 7 April, 1809.

"MONSIEUR LE DUC,

"I have the honour to inform your excellency "that, having received his Majesty's instructions "relative to the letter you addressed to me by a "courier the day before yesterday, (5 April,) His "Majesty has commissioned me to authorise your "return to France. General Suchet will replace "you in command of the 3rd division of the "army of Spain.

"His Majesty however desires, M. le Duc, that "before quitting Arragon, you devote your atten-"tion to three important points.

"1st. Determining with the commandant of "engineers, (General Rogniat, since married to "a daughter of Marshal Perignon) the plan of a "fortress at Tudela, and a redoubt on the heights, "with two detached bastions to defend the com-

" munications with the river. These works are to " be originally constructed of earth, but in such a " manner as to be capable of successive completion " in a more solid form, and of becoming a strong " fortification.

" 2ndly. To put the fortress of Saragossa into a " state of siege, and plant ten mortars there to " command the city.

" 3rdly. To order the evacuation of all the ar- " tillery, and its transportation to France.

" The commandant of artillery is charged to " take your excellency's orders for the evacuation " of his force, and to submit to you the necessary " measures for insuring its safe transport.

" His Majesty likewise wishes the fort of Jaca " to be, with all possible dispatch, put into a state " of defence, and enabled to preserve the commu- " nications with France by way of Paco, etc. etc.

" Accept, M. le Duc, the assurance of my high " consideration.

The minister of War,
" COUNT DE HUNEBURG."

Such was the active superintendence of the Emperor. At the moment of quitting Paris for the campaign of Wagram, he is giving directions for the erection of a fortress at Tudela, for strengthening those of Jaca, and Saragossa, and furnishing the latter with ten mortars to command the city.

Junot executed these orders; and while awaiting others he wrote to the Emperor a letter of the highest interest upon the situation of Spain, containing

information so much the more valuable that the Emperor was at that time but imperfectly acquainted with the occurrences in Catalonia and Arragon. I have no room here for this letter, which shall be inserted in the next volume.

Suchet's nomination was expedited, and Junot returned to France with the command of a division in the grand army. Thus in a few days joy was again diffused around him, and his letters changed their tone,—he no longer talked of dying.

Berthier, however, was then in the tragics,—almost to that extremity! He had been but a few weeks married when M. de Visconti died; and although death and buffoonery have but little sympathy, poor Berthier brought them into curious contact.

"Hem!—hem!—Madame Junot!—Madame Junot!—what do you think of that?—hem!—hem!—I was always unlucky!—always!—the deuce was in the man!—hem!—hem!—to betake himself to dying, what the devil! just as I am married.—If he had died but two months sooner!—what difference did it make to him?—I just ask you?"

The pauses in this eloquent oration were filled up by fuming and biting his nails; and it was only interrupted to be repeated to another auditor. The M. de Visconti be it observed was known only by Berthier's report. As for the beautiful widow she married secondly—whom do you think? not Berthier, he was already married, but his wife. An odd compact it must be confessed.

The prerogatives of rank and favor were here

tolerably manifest. The Emperor's corrective rod struck without mercy when young hands were uplifted to supplicate his clemency for an error perhaps venial; but he was all indulgence for arrangements revoltingly scandalous. The widow, without disturbance, almost inhabited the house of the married man.

Junot at length arrived, and though himself very ill was struck by the change in my appearance; for my inflammation had increased to such a degree that I could take no nourishment. The wound in his face was very painful and affected the optic nerve, and his vertigo was also more frequent. Three weeks use of the baths of Barèges enabled him to proceed to Germany; but he insisted on first seeing me on the road to the Pyrenees, where my physicians ordered me. M. Labbat, the physician of Cauterets, an old friend of my mother's, took charge of me on the journey, and accompanied by two intimate friends Madame Lallemand and M. de Cherval, I accomplished it lying in my carriage and almost dying. But I reached Cauterêts, and there, as at the waters of Caldas da Raynha in Portugal, scarcely had I drunk the first glass before I was sensible of amendment; at the end of a week I eat as heartily as a labourer, and before a fortnight had elapsed was running about the mountains at the risk of breaking my neck.

Cauterêts is a charming spot, at that time little known; for the painter's eye and susceptible heart of Queen Hortense, when in search rather of con-

solation than health the preceding year, had first discovered that its neighbourhood possessed unrivalled beauties.

She was the first female who had ascended the Vignemale, the highest of the French Pyrenees, for mount Perdu is in the Spanish range; the mountain is 1776 fathoms above the level of the sea, and so perilous did the journey appear, that she gave Clement and Martin her two chief guides from Cauterêts a medal inscribed:

Journey to the Vignemale, 1808.

attaching to it a pension sufficient for their maintenance.

I could not observe the setting sun night after night tinting the snows of the Vignemale with all the colors of the rainbow, without an eager desire to emulate her enterprize; to seat myself on the triangular stone at the mountain's summit, to tread her virgin snow, and overlook her eternal plains. Clement assured me that I was a much better pedestrian than Queen Hortense, and in a better condition to endure long continued fatigue.

I was therefore resolved, and ordered him to make immediate preparations, as it was already the 20th of August, and from the beginning of September, the frequent fall of avalanches render the ascent dangerous.

But the press of events more important than any thing personal to myself, leaves me no space for a narrative of this excursion—which I shall defer to a subsequent volume.

CHAPTER XVIII.

New campaign in Germany—Bravery of Massena—The Emperor during the campaign of Wagram—Our victories followed by mourning—*March! die!*—The 46th regiment of the line—Bombardment of Vienna—Plan for uniting the Roman states to the French Empire—Bull of excommunication—Its terms—Battle of Essling—Death of Marshal Lannes—Horrible butchery—The enemy's report of killed and wounded—Junot's letter upon Lannes's death—Suchet's success in Spain—Singular *adventure*—Marshal Soult determines on *accepting the attributes of* ROYALTY—Second version—That of Colonel Napier—The Marshal's biography by one of his friends—*Nicholas the 1st*, otherwise John; *ah! ah! King of Portugal!* NICHOLAS? It should rather have been NICODEMUS—New disasters in Portugal—The Parisian fashionable in the most frightful solitudes of Spain—New lights—Story of the Countess of W.....

WHILE I was wandering amongst the lovely vallies of the Pyrenees, the plains of Germany were again ensanguined with war; her furrows visited with those disastrous scourges, whose aggravated wounds were reserved with fearful usury for us.

Massena was crossing the Inn, burning Schard-ing and reviving in our memories the hero of Genoa and Rivoli. Napoleon himself sowed the

laurel seed before all his generals, leaving them only the trouble of stretching out their hands to reap the harvest.

The Emperor was a thunderbolt of war at the commencement of that campaign. Enraged that the enemy had the audacity, though, tremblingly to forestal him, he rushed upon them with the fury of a lion, and if I may use the expression, *sawed* the Austrian army asunder; compelling it to retreat precipitately and in confusion amongst the defiles of the Bohemian mountains; where incessantly harrassed by the swift succeeding strokes of that ponderous club which the fair and delicate hand of Napoleon so efficiently wielded, they could scarcely for ten days recover breath to fly, before him who again commanded the ancient ramparts of Vienna to bow down.

This campaign, however, was not like that of Austerlitz, crowned with laurels interspersed with flowers:—mourning followed in the train of triumph, —and every bulletin plunged a thousand families in tears! for Napoleon's puissant voice could still command the soldier to march! and he marched—to die! and he died.

The forty sixth regiment of the line marched from Scharding to Ebensberg a distance of twenty six leagues in five and thirty hours.

We frequently received letters from head quarters; and the army was still advancing. Vienna resolved on defence, and sustained a severe bombardment for thirty hours; but the attention of the Aulic council was directed less to fortifying than

provisioning the capital, for when taken, she furnished supplies sufficient, as one of our inspectors declared, for a whole campaign.

The Archduke Charles met Napoleon at the battle of Essling; and death was rife in both armies; our's lost its bravest chief in Marshal Lannes. The butchery was horrible. The Archduke proclaimed a loss on his own side of four thousand three hundred killed and twelve thousand wounded. From this admission of the enemy, generally below the truth, our loss may be estimated.

Poor Lannes! how much was he regretted in the army and in France! Junot's letter to me announces his death as an event bringing mourning into the great military family. "You will have a mourning dress made for my son," he adds, "and let him wear it two days with a crape upon his little arm. I myself shall wear it eight days."

Such were the noble and generous feelings of Junot on the loss of a brother in arms, against whom but a few weeks previously he had just cause of complaint.

From Vienna was issued the Imperial decree for annexing the Roman states to the French Empire; leaving to the Pope the choice of residing at Rome and a revenue of two millions of francs.

The Emperor had long vehemently declaimed against the danger of a foreign Prince exercising spiritual authority in France. Besides it was argued that the Roman states were bestowed by Charlemagne and only resumed by Napoleon.

Pius VII, forgetting that himself had consecrated the head he now devoted to perdition, fulminated a Bull of excommunication. "Let monarchs "once more learn that by the law of Jesus Christ "they are subjected to our throne, and owe "obedience to our commands; for we also bear "sovereign sway, but it is a far more noble "sovereignty, etc.," etc."

Alas! the avenging blow which at last too surely struck him, came in a more substantial shape than this impotent bull.

It is inexplicable, or to be explained only by the dizziness which such stupendous and still extending power produced, that the Emperor aware of the situation of Spain should at such a time have courted new difficulties, by violating the domicile of St. Peter, for the futile ambition of appointing prefects of the Tiber and the Rhine! Ah! how dearly did he pay for that pale and melancholy glory! How are his laurels soiled, how gloomy is their verdure! Policy must not be arrested in its course! True! neither could that fatality which swept onwards to his destruction, when in 1814 an unequal struggle, against overwhelming numbers, too sadly convinced him how costly was the sacrifice of four hundred thousand men to the demon of fanaticism in Spain.

Meanwhile the French army in Arragon, thanks to the condition in which Junot had left it, obtained some success. General Suchet who fully justified Junot's expectations, completely defeated General Blake at Belchitte.

The *adventure* of the second expedition to Portugal happened about the same time; I call it an adventure, because the facts were perfectly romantic. That gleam of ambition, the undefined shadow of which was thrown across his path by one of his captains, was one of the most extraordinary incidents of Napoleon's reign.

A member of the English parliament justly observed, that it was the policy of the English government to support, or even to incite the inclinations of Soult; to place in his hand and on his head the attributes he refers to in his circular to the generals of division, informing them that, the Emperor having enjoined him to retain Portugal at all hazards, he had at length determined on accepting the attributes of royalty.

In the English work of Colonel Napier, this important affair is passed over in one line, just declaring that there is no truth in it. The Colonel, I am persuaded drew his materials from an authentic source; and had he condescended to communicate them, they would doubtless have proved as satisfactory to his readers as to himself: but he will excuse my objecting, that a single line is inadequate to such an affair; had he dedicated but one to the crown, one to the sceptre, and another to the throne, three at least would have been required,—and the demand is moderate.

There exists a biography of Marshal Soult, published at Brussels, under the fictitious name of Julien, though its real author is an eminently gifted friend of the Marshal's, which gives a totally different

version of the story, asserting that the Emperor in delivering his final intructions told the Marshal:

"*Monsieur le Maréchal, the Duke of Abrantes by my order, has declared that the house of Braganza had ceased to reign. Repeat the proclamation; and if for the preservation of Portugal it is necessary to give her a new dynasty, I shall see your's with pleasure.*"

This version may be correct, and is even plausible, but it should either have been suppressed or supported by substantial proof.

Those, however, who were about the Emperor at Schoenbrunn, when Loison arrived and related, with the venom of a serpent, the whole disastrous history of Soult's army, well know the effect, the news produced upon him; he turned pale and was seized with one of those nervous affections to which he was occasionally subject. Subsequently, in the course of the same day, he spoke of the affair in a tone of raillery which he certainly could not have adopted had he been its instigator; and said laughing, but with that bitter laugh, that was far from embellishing his expressive countenance:

"*Ah! ah!—King of Portugal!—yes—King of Portugal, truly!—Nicholas 1st—Is not his name Nicholas?—Nicholas!—it should rather have been Nicodemus.*"

Some people have affected to deny this whole scene, because the Emperor could not call Soult Nicholas, when his real name was John. Did he really believe the name to be Nicholas, or did

he merely choose it to place in juxtaposition with that of Nicodemus. This question I cannot resolve, but I can positively vouch for the words.

Alas! we had not yet done with that unhappy Portugal; another army was yet to be engulphed in that all devouring abyss.

Poor Peninsula! I shall soon return to it, to shew in my own person the young fashionable of Paris, penetrating the most frightful wildernesses, and enduring privations of every kind; proving that woman is not always a feeble being, compounded only of grace and easy indolence; that under every diversity of human exterior, whether graceful or difformed vigorous or infirm, the soul may be always alike elevated and powerful, and that whatever the heart wills, the hand can execute.

Casting off old prejudices and substituting for them the new lights inculcated by that most wonderful of all instructors—experience, I acquired a high idea of the potency of the female will, when accompanying my husband into Spain. There the evidence of my own senses confirmed the frightful disasters of Soult's retreat, which one of my best friends, then Colonel of a cavalry regiment, had painted to me in colors, which made me shudder and weep with pity and indignation. This retreat contrasted well with the convention of Cintra, and shewed the relative abilities of our chiefs under their respective circumstances.

It is indeed boasted that we did not negociate the second time—but the alternative is something like

that of the Countess W.....g, in the campaign of Sobieski, who being young and beautiful, the Turks waylaid her on her road to Bavaria with the design of presenting her to the Grand Vizier.

"But I escaped them," said she triumphantly, "the Turks did not even see me."

"And how did you manage it?"

"I encountered Captain Schiller who detained me six weeks with him."

This famous Captain of pandours made little distinction between friends and enemies in affairs of gallantry.

CHAPTER XIX

Deaths,—Regrets—General Danube—Prince Eugene at Leoben—Macdonald a great Officer of the Empire—Marmont's haughtiness—Unjustly disliked for it—*You have manœuvred like an oyster*—Marmont obtains the Marshal's baton—A key to the mystery of his destiny—The battle of Wagram—Junot's operations on the borders of Hungary—A letter from the King of Wurtemberg to Junot—Junot military governor of Saxony—two letters from the King of Saxony.

THE death of Marshal Lannes created universal mourning. Alas! he was the leader of that troop of friends, that Napoleon was to see descend before him to the tomb. Duroc followed Lannes, then Bessières—and then....Ah! from henceforth all is grief, lamentation and tears. Every document is enveloped in crape;—every paper when unfolded, presents an obituary. And poor Lauriston also! He was another good and excellent friend; my children found in him a true brother-in-arms of their father!. and where is he now? Dead!....All are dead!—Now is the time in reviewing my subsequent misfortunes to exercise that strength of mind, of which I have so recently been boasting.

The death of Marshal Lannes created a great impression, not only in the army, but throughout Europe. But in France, probably this misfortune was less felt than it would have been, had it occurred at any other time. The battle of Essling was one of those fatal occasions, in which death strikes with such multiplied, and indiscriminate blows, that in the universality of private grief, a public loss, such as that of Marshal Lannes, makes less impression. The Emperor had been warmly attached to Lannes, but he had also been often offended by him: and now perhaps involuntarily shewed that his regret was that of the sovereign, for a man of talent, and that as a friend, he was little affected. He even jested upon the battle of Essling; observing, that the Austrians had this day met with an ally, they had not reckoned upon: and that *General Danube*, had proved himself the best officer of this army. It was to the destruction of the bridges that the Emperor referred; but I knew not why, I never could accustom myself to his forced laugh; there was no mirth in it, neither was there any thing ridiculous.—I feel, in the recollection of it, as in an unnatural atmosphere, breathe with difficulty, and only recover from the oppression, by looking up and contemplating him, on the summit of that column, forged from the hostile cannons, which he threw so lavishly into the furnace.

Still victory was faithful to our arms. Prince Eugene beat Fellachich at Leoben, a place equally memorable to Austria and Napoleon. The conse-

quence of this victory was the easy junction of the armies of Germany and Italy. The Arch Duke John who opposed the latter, retreated upon Hungary; and though but two months had elapsed since the opening of the campaign, our troops already covered Carniola, the Frioul, Styria, Istria, and the Vocalberg. It must however, be remarked that the operations of this campaign, did not proceed with the rapidity of those of Austerlitz and Tilsit. The Imperial family, however were in full retreat; and as in the former campaign, fell back upon Bohemia and Moravia: from whence they held out to us that fatal olive branch which proved the fruitful source of every evil.

In France great uneasiness was felt, respecting the grand army. The Emperor suffered nothing to arrive but what it was his pleasure to send; and every one knew that the words of the bulletins were not to be taken for gospel. I was at the time in the Pyrenees, and had more authentic information than was generally possessed, because my letters came direct from Germany, and I read no newspaper. I had regular communications from Junot, who commanded the Saxon and Bavarian troops, but I kept them to myself, when they did not agree with the bulletins; as in the case of the battle of Essling. Prince Eugene's victory, over the Arch Duke John, at Raab in Hungary, is one of the events of this campaign, in which the Emperor had the greatest cause to rejoice, but he spoke of it merely as an ordinary affair; its consequences however, were immense. Macdonald,

who (to the shame be it spoken, of several marshals who did not very well know, to what they owed their bee besprinkled batons), was not yet reckoned in the list of the great officers, of the Empire, took his place amongst them, in recompense of his conduct in this campaign of 1809; as did Marmont, to whose promotion a curious anecdote is attached.

At the formation of the Empire, Marmont received no appointment; Junot was grieved, and so expressed himself to Berthier and Duroc, but found neither of them very well disposed towards his friend. The Emperor had pronounced by his silence, and for Berthier that was sufficient. Duroc had been offended by the assuming manners of Marmont who, though the most noble, generous, and kind hearted of men, made himself more enemies by the haughty bearing he adopted, than he acquired friends by his excellent qualities. Still as his manner offered no real offence to any one, it was childish to be angry about it, and I have often remarked, to those who spoke coldly of him, for so insufficient a cause, that such testiness was more ridiculous than Marmont's over estimation, of his own dignity. In short, he had enemies, and that their prejudices were unjust, I may unhesitatingly assert, fearless that even my acknowledged friendship, should in this instance, lay me open to a charge of partiality.

At the coronation, Marmont was nothing. The lesson was bitter; perhaps it was long re-

membered, for I believe the heart of man will retain the impression of injury. He longed however, for this well merited distinction and believed that he had merited it; when on one occasion in this campaign, he was fortunate enough to execute at the critical moment an important evolution, which at present I do not remember, but of the value of which he was fully conscious, and concluding the Emperor would be so likewise, he presented himself before him at the close of the battle, to receive the expected meed of approbation. The Emperor regarded him with bent brows, and abruptly passing him said: "You have manœuvred like an oyster."

The sentence was terrible, and the more so, as all those who had had the means of judging of Marmont's conduct during this day knew that he had particularly distinguished himself. He returned to his quarters in despair.

"My friend," said he, to his General of Division Clausel, to whom he was much attached, "I am lost, disgraced! Good Heavens! What inconceivable ingratitude! When I have made superhuman exertions in his service, when, by my zeal alone, I have succeeded in bringing up the troops, which in all probability, decided the fate of the battle—after such a sentence, I have nothing to expect but exile or at least disgrace." And this man usually so cold and calm, strode across the room with alarming vehemence; it was not the loss of favor which so affected him: it was the presumed ingratitude of one, whom like

Junot, he loved with all the ardour of this heart.

General Clausel knew not what to answer; he was confounded by this apostrophe of Napoleon; but endeavoured to console his general by putting the only construction upon it, which in his opinion the really successful manœuvre of Marmont, would allow it to bear. "The Emperor," said he, "is seeking to elude his promise; he has some destination for the baton, more advantageous to his interests, and you of whose attachment he is certain, may wait."

Marmont started, General Clausel had unveiled a mystery which he had himself feared to face: A deception practised upon us by a person beloved is more bitter than if encountered in our ordinary intercourse with the world. To be unable to depend upon Napoleon! No longer to recognise in him the General Bonaparte he had adored and trusted! The idea brought on an attack almost of delirium.

In the midst of this violent agitation, an officer from the Prince of Neufchatel came to seek the Duke of Ragusa. The Duke looked at General Causel, who loved him, and after what he had heard, believing his disgrace to be certain; said to him with a melancholy smile:—"Go, and support yourself like a man; you have nothing to reproach yourself with, a good conscience is a powerful auxiliary; go then, with confidence.

General Clausel, who felt that at this moment the consolations of friendship were due to his

General, waited his return. He was not absent more than half an hour, and when he re-appeared, his usually stern and serious countenance, was lighted up with such an expression of joy and gaiety, that the General scarcely thought him in his right mind. His raised hand displayed a paper, but his voice was so stifled with emotion, that he could only exclaim, " My friend! my friend! I am a Marshal."

This fact, like many others which relate to his connection with the Emperor, would serve for a text to comment upon, and might furnish a key to the mystery of Marmont's destiny. No doubt he thought himself very happy in holding that parchment, which added not one ray to his glory; but did that moment make amends for the many sleepless nights that preceded it! for the disappointments he had felt, and the neglect, with which he not unjustly conceived his merits to have been treated? I believe not.

Again, at this period, a great portion of Europe was thrown into mourning by the battle of Wagram. The news reached me in the Pyrenees, and I own that I felt almost as proud as of the victory of Austerlitz, except that Junot was not there. Massena, Prince Eugene, Oudinot and Davoust were chiefly distinguished. This battle was perhaps the most dramatic, and the most sanguinary of our long wars. Death thundering forth at once, from the thousand mouths of the artillery, presented a magnificent spectacle to the guests invited to this banquet, and who played

with their cannons, as though their ammunition was as harmless as snow-balls. But the horror of that field of carnage, when the excitement of action was over, no pen can describe, nor can imagination conceive it! it is too frightful a subject to be dwelt upon!

While the hostile armies were fighting with such fury on the borders of Hungary, Junot commanded a division opposed to Kielmayer; he was in want of troops, which the King of Westphalia had been directed to bring up. With a very accurate foresight, Junot wrote to the King of Wurtemburg to support him. I here transcribe that Prince's answer not on account of any special interest attaching to it, but as a specimen of the zeal, with which at that period the Kings of the Confederation affected to unite in the views of Napoleon.

" My Cousin,

" I have received your letter from Amberg, on " the 12th, and have already written to you from " Ellwangen on the 4th, that I expected to be " obliged to oppose all my disposable troops, to " the invasion of the insurgents from the Tyrol " and Voralberg. You will consequently under- " stand that the same cause, which prevented my " sending you the reinforcement you wrote to me " at Ellwangen to request, still continuing, and " being moreover at a distance of forty leagues " from you, it would be very difficult to arrive " time enough to assist you against an enemy,

" who is within a march and a half of you. Ac-
" cording to my official reports, the head-quarters
" of the King of Westphalia are but fourteen
" leagues distance, consequently he will be in the
" rear of Kielmayer's corps; I conceive that, under
" these circumstances, there is little reason to
" apprehend that General's advance to any dis-
" tance from the frontiers of Bohemia, especially
" since the brilliant victory of the 5th and 6th,*
" the more so, as the most recent intelligence
" from Nuremberg, makes no mention of his ap-
" proach. With this, I pray God, my cousin,
" to take you into his holy and powerful keeping.

" Your good cousin,

" FREDERICK."

Weimgarten, 15 July 1809.

I do not rightly know what had happened to the King of Westphalia, but he did not arrive in time, I even believe he did not arrive at all. Junot would not report this to the Emperor, but Napoleon heard of it, and was violently angry with Jerome. How deeply must the Emperor have suffered sometimes!

Junot was almost immediately afterwards invested with the military government of Saxony. He had before been Governor of the Principality of Bayreuth, and commanded the troops of the King of Bavaria; all these Kings, more submissive than the feudatories of our kings in the middle age,

* Wagram.

were obsequious even to the generals of the Emperor. The following will shew how the King of Saxony addressed one of them.

" My Cousin,

" I have learnt with satisfaction, by the letter " which you addressed to me on the 17th of this " month, that his imperial and royal Majesty has " confided to you the military government of " Saxony. I shall have much pleasure in your " arrival here, which will afford me an opportu- " nity of renewing my acquaintance with so justly " distinguished a general. Be assured that your " high reputation has already secured my esteem, " and that I shall be happy to prove it to you by " the confidence with which I shall promote all " your views for the welfare of the service, and of " the common cause, to which I am resolved to " devote all my resources. With thanks for the " obliging sentiments you express towards me, " I pray God, my cousin, to take you into his " holy and powerful keeping.

" Your affectionate,

" FREDERICK AUGUSTUS."

Dresden, 19 August 1809.

Another letter runs thus:

" You are sufficiently acquainted with the un- " limited confidence I place in the Emperor, my " august ally, and with the zeal with which I for- " ward his views, to be assured I shall do my

" utmost to execute what may be required of me.
" I have given orders to the commissioners for the
" superintendance of the highways and paths,
" that the road from Hof to Reimhenbach should
" be forthwith repaired, and I shall take all ne-
" cessary measures with respect to the other
" recommendations contained in your letter, etc."

Observe his anxiety to fulfil even the recommendations of Junot, and his fear of exciting the smallest displeasure; all this forms a curious subject for reflection.

CHAPTER XX.

The interest of England in prolonging the war in Spain—Lord Castlereagh—Peace with Austria—The Emperor's return—Opinion at Paris—The Emperor struck by a spent ball—Approaching divorce—A conversation with the Empress—Sterility—A fête at the Hôtel-de-Ville—The ladies appointed to receive the Empress countermanded—Embarrassment—Say that you have the tooth-ache—Sufferings of the Empress at this ball—The Emperor and the Queen of Naples—Berthier—M. de Ponte—My illness—Recovery of my diamonds—Great hunt at Grosbois—Disagreeable excursion—The comedy—The divorce pronounced—Dramatic incident—Josephine at Malmaison—The Rhenish deputation—A Pasquinade—Discussion with Cardinal Maury—Mademoiselle Massena—The Faubourg St. Germain.

I RECEIVED frequent letters from Spain; independently of my necessary intercourse, with such of my friends as the war detained there, I kept up an active correspondence with some Spaniards, who supplied me with constant news. I knew that Spain was not quiet, and would not be so for a long period; for England had too great an interest in feeding the flame of war to suffer it to expire. Spain, whether saved or lost, was for the moment the sheet anchor of England, whose situation was dreadful; it was at this period that Lord

Castlereagh uttered in parliament, these remarkable words: "The country must never lose sight of the imminent danger in which she stands, and of the measures necessary for her protection. The organization of the regular troops is above all things important; and until the force amounts to two hundred thousand men, England can never be in safety."

This danger to England, recognised by herself, convinced Napoleon, that since the rest of Europe had wholly abandoned her, she would throw herself into the arms of Spain for support; that she would cling to her in the struggle, with all her remaining strength, taking advantage of her naval and military forces, which the insurrection had quintupled, and thus by a powerful diversion, transfer to the Peninsula the dangers which threatened her own island. The English ministers were too acute to lose such an opportunity; and if they had even overlooked it, Prince Metternich was both able and willing to prompt them in the line of their true interests.

The connection between Spain and England had many phases, some of which the Moniteur has failed to develope, though they well deserve the light I shall hereafter throw upon them.

At length the Emperor made peace with Austria. The treaty was signed by the Duke of Cadore and Prince Metternich, father of the present chancellor. This peace was a terrible stroke to Austria, but she signed it without murmuring! vengeance was not far distant!

The Emperor, who only stopped a few days at Munich on his journey, re-entered Paris amidst the first burst of joy at the return of peace, yet he might easily perceive a change of sentiment in his capital.

The campaign had been so murderous, the victory so obstinately disputed, that France began to consider her laurels too dearly purchased: then for the first time a hostile ball found its way to Napoleon's person. It was at Ratisbon, the ball was a spent one, and it struck his heel,—but the heel was Napoleon's and the ball came from the enemy. The whisper arose: *what if the ball had struck two feet higher!* Then the death of Lannes—that of Lasalle by assassination from the hand of a young fanatic. Death thus roaming, under different forms, about the person of the Emperor, seemed, though it dared not touch him, to say, take care of thyself! All gave sinister augury.'

Another interest blended itself with politics, with which it was closely combined: the divorce of the Emperor, though no one dared speak openly of it, was nevertheless a very general subject of confidential discussion. The drawing-rooms of Paris were then in a singular state of restraint, which men even of thirty years of age, cannot now understand, for as they were dismissed to the nursery or their beds before the hour of assembly, they are not aware that politics was an interdicted subject, except when spoken aside or mysteriously,

to a trusted friend; but so many private interests were bound up in this divorce, that they were too strong for the restriction, and it was talked of—in a low voice, it is true,—but still it was talked of.

The next interview I had with the Empress was at Malmaison; I went thither to breakfast, by invitation, accompanied by my eldest daughter, one of Josephine's god-daughters, to whom she was much attached. I had sent her a plant from the Pyrenees. It was a species of rhododendron resembling the rose of the Alps, but very finely scented and deeply colored, and she wished me to see them in the hot-house. But, in vain she attempted to employ herself with those objects which pleased her the most, her eyes were frequently visibly suffused with tears; she was pale, and her whole manner marked indisposition. "It is very cold!" she repeated, drawing her shawl about her; but alas! it was the chill of grief creeping about her heart, like the cold hand of death. I looked at her silently, for respect prevented my opening such a subject of conversation. It was my duty to wait till she spoke first; which she soon did.

We were in the hot-house; the child running through its galleries of flowers, and the Empress and I following slowly in silence. She suddenly stopped, gathered some leaves of a shrub near her, and looking at me with a most melancholy expression of countenance, said:

"Do you know that the Queen of Naples is coming?"

It was now my turn to look pale, but I answered immediately, "No, Madam."

"She will be here in a week."

Another pause.

"And Madame-Mère, have you seen her since your return?"

"Certainly, Madam, I have already been in waiting."

Upon this the Empress drew closer to me, though she was already very near, and taking both my hands, said in a tone of grief, which is still present to my mind, after an interval of four and twenty years:

"Madame Junot, I entreat you to tell me all you have heard relating to me. I ask it as an especial favor—you know that they all desire to ruin me, my Hortense and my Eugene. Madame Junot, I again entreat as a favor, that you will tell me all you know."

She spoke with the greatest vehemence, her lips trembled and her hands were damp and cold. In point of fact, she was right. There could be no more direct means of knowing what was passing relative to her, than by learning what was said in the house of Madame-Mère. But there was not common sense in asking these questions of me; in the first place I should not have repeated the most insignificant sentence, which I had heard in Madame's drawing-room; in the second, I was quite at ease upon the subject, for

since my return from the Pyrenees, I had not heard one single word, respecting the Empress, pronounced by Madame. I gave her this assurance upon my honor; she looked at me with a doubtful expression: I repeated my assurances and added, that I might positively affirm, that since my return, I had not heard the word divorce, uttered by Madame or the Princesses.

The strength of mind of the unfortunate wife failed totally, on hearing the dreaded word pronounced; she leant upon my arm and wept bitterly. "Madame Junot," she said, "remember what I say to you this day, here—in this hothouse—this place which is now a paradise, but which may soon become a hell to me—remember that this separation will be my death, and that they will have killed me."

She sobbed. My little Josephine running to her, pulled her by the shawl to shew her some flowers she had plucked—for the Empress was so fond of her as even to permit her to gather flowers in her green house. She took her in her arms, and pressed her to her bosom, with an almost convulsive emotion. The child appeared frightened; but presently raising her head, and shaking the forest of light silken curls which clustered round her face, she fixed her large blue eyes upon the agitated countenance of her godmother, and said, "I do not like you to cry."

The Empress again embraced her tenderly, and setting her down, said to me: "You can have little idea how much I have suffered when any one

of you has brought a child to me! Heaven knows that I am not envious, but in this one case I have felt as if a deadly poison were creeping through my veins, as I have looked upon the fresh and rosy cheek of a beautiful child, the joy of its mother, but above all, the hope of its father! and I! struck with barrenness, shall be driven in disgrace from the bed of him who has given me a crown. Yet God is my witness that I love him more than my life, and much more than that throne, that crown which he has given me!" The Empress may have appeared more beautiful, but never more attractive than at that moment. If Napoleon had seen her then, surely he could never have divorced her.—Ah! in summing up the misfortunes of this fatal year, that divorce must be added to render them complete.

This conversation, of which I have only reported the principal features, made a deep impression upon me. On my return to Paris an hour afterwards I repeated it to Junot, and I still wept in painting to him that deep but gentle grief, so affecting to the feelings. I also told Junot that the Empress desired to see him at the Tuileries at noon the following day.

It was now the 25th of November, and every thing was prepared for celebrating the double anniversary of the coronation and the battle of Austerlitz. The city of Paris determined to take the lead in the rejoicings, and Count Frochot had made the most sumptuous preparations for the entertainment at the Hotel-de-Ville. The court was to be as

usual transformed into an immense ball-room, to which the gallery formed a superb avenue. Though indisposed, I prepared to fulfil my duty, and on the 2nd December arrived amidst a general sadness which affected the whole court. The Emperor, himself, while he put on a show of gaiety, set an example of constraint;—a misfortune was foreseen, and, in truth, the separation of Napoleon Bonaparte from Josephine was a very great one.

I had, on the preceding evening, given to the Grand Marshal a list of the ladies who were to assist me in doing the honours to the Empress, that they might be known and rejected, in case of any objection against them. This, however, was in fact my office; the Count de Ségur looked over the list for form's sake, although I had done the honors of as many as eight fêtes at the Hotel-de-Ville, with Count de Frochot and my husband. It is here to be observed that no other person ever held the office of Governor of Paris in the ample manner in which it was conferred on Junot, as a mark of private favor: my example, therefore, cannot be pleaded as any precedent with respect to the etiquette of the Hotel-de-Ville; where, at the present time no other authority can claim an equality with the prefect, who alone, with the Countess de Rambuteau, has the right of receiving the Queen.

The Emperor had expressed a wish that the ball should commence early, because it was his desire to see every one, and especially as few court

dresses as possible; he repeated: "I see them daily at the Tuileries; the city of Paris gives me a fête, and the city of Paris I wish to meet."

I left home at three o'clock, because I had been told that the Emperor and Empress would dine at the Hotel-de-Ville, and that if so, I was to wait upon the Empress. Count Frochot had, therefore, entreated me to be early, and Frederic had crowned me with diamonds and feathers the first thing in the morning.

At the Hotel-de-Ville I found every thing in the most admirable order, but had not much opportunity of inspecting the preparations, as the rooms were already filled with the ladies invited. I proceeded to the small saloon beside the staircase, where I found the ladies assembled, whose names had been sent in to me. They were mostly young, pretty and very elegant,—or at least, very polite and pleasing.

We remained in the saloon, and time drew on. I knew that the Queen of Naples had arrived in the morning, bnt I knew nothing more. Junot, whom I questioned above ten times, did not know what answer to make; he was in the condition of a man, who, having had a very agreeable dream, awakes and wishes to continue dreaming. I was therefore, quite ignorant of any change of plan when M. de Ségur came into the room.

He called me into the recess of one of the windows, which in this ancient building are as deep as a small room; and in a low voice said: "The face of affairs is changed; your hive must take its flight to the upper regions, and yourself also, our fair go-

verness.—You have nothing farther to do here.—The Empress," he continued in a still lower tone, "is to be received by Frochot only. Do you hear what I have been saying?"

He had reason to ask the question, for I stood like a statue. "And why this prohibition?"

"I know not,—or rather I do know, but I do not choose to say."

He laughed,—but I could not join the laugh; this strange command sounded in my ears like a bell tolling the knell of the unfortunate Empress. Napoleon, while he braved public opinion, was always desirous of sounding it, and though he did not suffer it to direct his proceedings, it had its weight in their decision. He seized the opportunity, therefore, of this popular fête to infuse the idea that the divorce was contemplated; he wished it to be entertained as a doubtful opinion to be commented upon in whispers, and not as an authenticated event admitting of no revocation. Such were the impressions which passed rapidly through my mind, and I believe they are correct.

I was withdrawing in some embarrassment respecting the notice I had to deliver to my companions, when M. de Ségur detained me. "The Emperor does not choose you to say that this counter order comes from him; take care what you are doing."

"Good heavens! what would you have me say?" I exclaimed, "am I to go and tell these ladies that it is a vagary of mine to decline meeting the Empress?"

"And why not? pretty women think themselves at liberty to do just as they please."

I shrugged up my shoulders with pettish vexation, for the compliment did not appease me, and I knew not how to act. "I wish I could see M. de Narbonne," said I, thinking aloud.

"Ah! why so? Do you think I am not as good a counsellor as that fool Narbonne? It was I who gave him what little sénse he has."

"I suppose that is the reason that you have so little left. But come, give me some assistance, for I have no idea what I am to do."

M. de Ségur was as good hearted as he was agreeable. He was the sort of man one would wish for a father, a brother, or a husband. He took both my hands and said to me with an air of interest: "Are you so very much affected? come, cheer up! this affair has been long hanging by a thread—the crown I mean,—not the great one, God forbid! that is firm enough; but I mean that little crown, so coquettish and so light, which our dear Empress has suffered to drop too much over her ears,—it will fall! but what can you or I do? we have but to obey orders and be quiet.—Come, return to the ladies, and tell them—faith, tell them—that you have the tooth-ache; and if they should take it into their heads to wonder that such teeth as yours can ache, tell them you had a mind to bring fine teeth in fashion, and therefore, have put your pearl necklace into your mouth."

I could not help laughing.

"But you must not laugh, that will never do;

come, assume your gravity, be the *Gouvernante de Paris*. What would Madame de T——d say? Really you must put on your hoop,—and in my office of master of ceremonies—"

"Do pray, my good friend, let me act like a reasonable being; this nonsense oversets me. Answer me without jesting; is it true that the Queen of Naples is arrived?"

"Have you not made that discovery yet?"

"Is she coming here?"

"No doubt. I believe she will come with the Emperor. The Empress is to precede them alone, with her usual suite."

I stamped upon the ground. "This is too bad," I exclaimed: "the Emperor had no such plans yesterday! But, tell me, what am I to do; what am I to say?"

"Listen to me," said M. de Ségur, seriously, seeing my agitation; "it is certain that the Emperor does not require you to make the ladies believe that you, of your own accord, have altered the plan of their proceedings. The master is concerned in the transaction; so much the worse for those who do not understand it. But I must go.... Am I to send Narbonne to you?"

"But what would you have me do? You have given me advice, but no directions."

"Do you know who we resemble? Mademoiselle, your waiting-maid, and Monsieur my valet. Our language is more polished, to be sure, but the gossip is the same."

"Yes, yes," said I, "and so is the indifference."

He shrugged his shoulders, and again taking my hand, looked at me with an indefinable expression, which was the more striking, as it overspread a countenance, which only the moment before had sparkled with gaiety. "What a child you are! Can you really be so simple as to reckon upon pity, if a similar event should occur in your own family? Poor young woman! in such a case you must look only to curiosity, if you have fortitude enough to keep your feelings to yourself, and ill-natured observations if you have not."

So saying, he turned away, as if oppressed by some distressing reflection. Alas! the unhappy father knew but too well what kind of sympathy such griefs produced; and for myself, but few weeks were to elapse before I should acquire ample experience of the value of that interest we may flatter ourselves with having secured in royal hearts.

I was returning to my companions, to explain to them the necessity of our immediately taking the places reserved for us in the throne room, when Junot and M. Frochot entered together.

"What can be the matter?" said Frochot, addressing me; "you are perfectly blue; are you cold?"

On the contrary, I was burning hot. I explained to them the whole affair, and both were thunderstruck; but at the same moment we heard a movement out of doors, and Junot observed: "You have not a moment to lose; if you should follow the Empress into the throne-room, although

you had not gone to meet her, the Emperor will consider it the same thing, and will be angry. You, and these ladies must therefore proceed immediately to your places.

I know not what Frochot said to them, but they were content, and I was excused interfering. We went up to the throne-room, and had scarcely taken our seats, before the drums announced the Empress's arrival.

Never shall I forget her appearance on that day! The costume which so admirably became her; her countenance always gentle, but on that occasion veiled in grief. It was evident that she had not expected the solitude she had encountered on the staircase; Junot, however, met her, and there, at the risk of displeasing the Emperor, and so, by his contrivance, did some ladies, who did not know for what purpose they were there. The Empress was not deceived; and when she entered the grand saloon, when she approached that throne, upon which she was about to take her station in presence of the great city, perhaps for the last time, her legs failed her, her eyes filled with tears, and she seated herself immediately. No wonder that she did so; for after passing through that long gallery, and all the preceding apartments, in the state of mind, which every thing, since she alighted from her carriage, was calculated to produce, she must have felt ready to sink; yet her face was clothed in smiles! Oh, the tortures of a crown!

She was followed by Madame de la Rochefou-

'cauld, her lady of honor, and two ladies of the palace, whose names I do not remember, for on that day I saw only her. I sought her eyes the moment she sat down, and would willingly have fallen at her feet, to tell her how much I felt for her. She understood me, and cast upon me a look of the deepest melancholy, which perhaps her eyes had never expressed since that crown, now robbed of its roses, had been placed upon her head.

Junot was beside her.—"Were you not afraid," I afterwards asked him, "of the wrath of Jupiter?"

"No," said he, with an air of gloom that affected me, "I never fear him when he is wrong."

The drums beat again, and in a few moments the Emperor appeared, advancing with a hasty step, and accompanied by the Queen of Naples, and the King of Westphalia.

I have already said that a change of sentiment, respecting the Emperor, pervaded the capital. He had conquered indeed a hostile monarchy, but tottering and mutilated as that monarchy was, it had risen against us with such tremendous might, that France was covered with ensigns of mourning. His laurels then were not quite green.

Again the establishment of eight fortresses, which should serve as state prisoners was talked of—a divorce was in agitation; Josephine was beloved, and the good citizens of Paris murmured at the proposition. The Emperor's countenance, as he entered the Hotel-de-Ville, very plainly expressed that he was aware of all this.

The Queen of Naples, whose gracious and condescending smile seemed to demand from the Parisians a welcome on her return amongst them, spoke to every one with extreme affability. The Emperor, desirous also of being agreeable, walked round the ball-room, conversing, asking questions, and followed by Berthier, who, dangling after his master, filled the office of chamberlain, rather than of grand constable. A slight circumstance, in which Berthier was an actor, in the course of that evening contributed to give me pain. The Emperor rose from his chair of state, and descended the steps of his throne, to make a last visit to the ball-room; at the moment of rising I saw him incline towards the Empress, probably to desire she would follow his example. He stood up first, and Berthier, in his precipitation to follow him, entangled his foot in the Empress's train as she rose. He narrowly escaped falling himself, and though he caused the Empress to stumble, hurried on to join the Emperor, without one word of apology. Certainly Berthier had no intention of being disrespectful to her, but it was carelessly done; he was in the secret, and knew the drama that was about to be represented; certainly he would have had more consideration a year earlier. The Empress stood for a moment with remarkable dignity; smiling at his awkwardness, while her eyes filled with tears, and her lips trembled.

Though the weather was bitterly cold, the heat in these thronged apartments was excessive. The

Emperor made the tour of the grand gallery, talking to persons on the one side, while the Empress took the other. I was beside her at the moment when the press was greatest; and endeavoured to reach a window, for I felt a swelling of my throat, that threatened me with hæmorrhage or suffocation. I had nearly succeeded, when one of the Emperor's chamberlains, who was on duty that day, M. de Ponte, above six feet high, and about four in width, was borne upon me by the crowd; I felt myself dying; my sight failed, and I had only strength enough to call Junot. At this moment M. de Ponte, who saw me no more than if I had been a Lilliputian, leant his whole weight upon me, and gave me the *coup de grace*. I knew nothing more; but Junot, who had heard my call, raised me in his arms, and carried me to Frochot's chamber, the only unoccupied room in the hotel, pulled off my necklace, tore open my gown and corset, broke my strings and laces, and thanks to his truly anxious cares, I breathed again. He then wrapped me in my shawl, and without considering any other duty, lifted me into the carriage, and conveyed me home. Thus ended this fête, which had so melancholy a commencement.

The next morning a young man, belonging to Count Frochot's household, asked to speak to me. My shutters had just been opened; and I was in a sort of dreaming reverie. The Empress, and above a hundred other persons, had sent to enquire after my health. I concluded Frochot's messenger came for the same purpose; but he insisted upon

seeing me, and put into my hands a box, containing all my diamonds! That unlucky Junot, in carrying me off, never gave them a thought; and I was not in a state to take care of them. My maid supposed the Duke to have them, so that if Frochot's people had been dishonest, my jewels would have been irretrievably lost; but for the credit of all the inhabitants of the Hotel-de-Ville, it ought to be known that every one of my diamonds, even to some loose stones that had been broken off, were scrupulously returned. I have ever since reproached myself for not having asked the name of the young man who brought them; my sudden departure for Spain, immediately after, is my excuse, and if this volume should reach his hands, he will here find my thanks renewed.

I cannot tell whether it was before or after this entertainment at the Hotel-de-Ville, that Berthier gave us a grand hunt at Gros-bois; all I remember is the extreme cold of the weather, and the tiresomeness of the party. When I received my note of invitation, I was so severely indisposed, that I was desirous of refusing, but Junot would not consent: he liked Berthier, so indeed did I, and we had reason to do so; then it was the Emperor who named the guests, or at least who approved the lists. So that it was not etiquette to refuse. I suppose the ladies of the palace, and the ladies companions have not forgotten the delights of those hurried journies, in which one waiting maid between three or even four ladies, was the utmost we could expect. To me the announcement of

one of them was terrific ; and this to Gros-bois was about the worst of all. When our destination was one of the Imperial palaces, it was tolerable,—but not so the present excursion. For example, seven or eight females were put into one bed-room, and that a chamber which I should not choose for the lodging of a menial servant ; but we were young, and could laugh at inconveniences, even at that greatest of all inconveniences to a lady, the want of a glass to dress by,—for a glass between eight persons was much the same as having none.

The Empress was very melancholy at this hunt ; and as the cause was easily guessed, every one grieved,—for she was generally beloved. During the hunt it was not observed, because the cold does sometimes swell the eye-lids and redden the eyes ; but at dinner time, and in the evening, when it was necessary to dress, and to laugh, then her grief appeared in its reality. Poor woman ! what stifled sighs swelled her heart ! what bitter tears was she forced to conceal !

The dinner was sad, though every one endeavoured to be gay. The Emperor said : " *I wish the company to amuse themselves :*" every one knows what is the effect of such orders. Berthier, who really intended an entertainment, and was particularly desirous that the Emperor should enjoy himself, had ordered violins and a comedy, in much the same style that *la grande Mademoiselle* or Madame de Motteville might have done. But even in their time, I apprehend it would have been

thought right to take into consideration what airs the violinists might choose to play, and with what description of wit the royal majesty should be enlivened, who had condescended to come and laugh under a subject's roof. Berthier, however, thought he had done enough, when good intentions and Brunet were comprehended in his arrangements. We repaired then to the temporary theatre, a pretty little saloon, well contrived, and well lighted, and which lacked nothing but a well selected entertainment. Strange that the repertory of Brunet and Tiercelin contained nothing better than *Cadet-Roussel, maître de déclamation !* A drama, in which the hero is bent upon a divorce to obtain *Ancestors*. It would be futile to attempt describing the embarrassment of the company; it may be imagined however....But Berthier's ! I see him still, standing to the right of the scene, biting his nails till they bled, and muttering between his teeth, I cannot tell what, but to a certainty it was at least the condemnation to death, and perdition of Brunet and his accomplices. I have no recollection more perfect than that of the countenances of Napoleon and the Empress. The latter could scarcely support herself; the Emperor was thoughtful, angry, and no way disposed to participate in the hilarity of Berthier, who wishing probably to persuade the audience that his comedy was very amusing, burst at intervals into loud fits of laughter, which contrasted singularly with the consternation displayed in his countenance.

At length the divorce was announced—and though expected, the effect which the news produced in France baffles description;—amongst the populace and the middle class especially. It was their guardian genius deserting them. The upper class were for the most part indifferent, but still there reigned even here a sentiment, a sympathising melancholy; the ladies of the court, whose life of ceremony is apt to deaden the affections, were actuated at least by their personal interests, and did not know how these might be affected by the new comer. Already Josephine's goodness was regretted; for her kindness none can ever attempt to deny; and indulgence, the only objection to be made against her in this respect, being the too general extension of her goodness and recommendations. The effect of all these varying shades of feeling, whether of affection or self-interest, was to produce a certain degree of stupor in society. I was profoundly afflicted, and went the very next day to Malmaison.

One incident in particular, gave a still more dramatic effect to the melancholy close of a career, so distinguished by the favors of fortune. Prince Eugene, whose affection for his mother is well known, being at the time in Paris, found himself necessitated by his office of Archchancellor of State, to carry to the Senate the message which announced his mother's divorce: "The tears of the Emperor," said that noble young man, "do honour to my mother." And his own which

flowed profusely through this dreadful day, were a consolation in the midst of her sufferings.

The Empress received at Malmaison, all who chose to pay their respects to her. The drawing room, the billiard room, and the gallery were full of company. The Empress never appeared to greater advantage. She sat at the right of the chimney, beneath Girodet's fine picture, simply dressed; with a large green capote upon her head, which served to conceal her tears, when they were more than usually unruly,—which would occur whenever any one came in, who particularly reminded her of the happy hours of Malmaison, and the consulate. It was impossible to see without emotion, the strong impression of grief which marked her countenance. She raised her eyes to every one who approached, even smiled at them; but if the visitor was one of her old associates the tears immediately stole down her cheeks: but quietly and without any of those contractions of the features, which make weeping inimical to beauty. No doubt Josephine's despair, must have been painful to the Emperor; whether he could have resisted her mute expression of mental agony, I know not.

When the rooms were a little thinner, I ventured to approach her; she took my hand, pressed it, and said, "I thank you."

"Ah, Madame!" and I kissed her hand, that single word went to my heart; yet I had done but my duty in going to Malmaison, and it signified very little to me whether a smile should sit upon

royal and imperial lips, in token of acknowledgement. My mind is in this respect superior to female weakness, and I consider all flattery to power as baseness.

I went again to Malmaison, a few days afterwards with Josephine, whom her godmother had desired me to bring: this time, as I was alone with her, she did not scruple to open all the sorrows of her heart, and she spoke of her grief, with an energy of truth quite distressing. She regretted all that she had lost; but it is justice to say, that far above all she regretted the Emperor. The attentions of her children, in those days of suffering, were admirable.

At this time of painful feeling to the Emperor—for he loved Josephine—Napoleon received visits from the whole Rhenish confederation; the King of Saxony, the King and Queen of Bavaria, the King of Wurtemberg, all, in short, who wore the closed crown, came to Paris, to make him a visit, which would scarcely admit of more than one construction—for not only was the divorce in process, but the official authorities, had pronounced his marriage null. The wits of Paris made merry at the expense of these recent royalties; amongst other specimens of the light in which they regarded them, was a placard affixed one night to the railing of the Tuileries on which was written: *Fabrique de Cires:* manufactory of waxwork; or with a slight change of orthography and none of sound, manufactory of *sires.*

The imperial divorce produced some terrible

disputes between Cardinal Maury and myself. It had long been the desire, I will not say of his heart, for his heart had no concern with the matter, but of his reason or rather his ambition; wherefore, I never could imagine. In the whole court besides, I will undertake to say, though the Empress's partialities more or less ill founded, and her too extensive good nature, may have afforded some quarrel or complaint, no individual was to be found who wished her removal. On the contrary, regret, when the event did take place, was universal. I did not attempt to conceal mine, though my duty frequently led me to the only place where no such regret was felt, for the family of the Emperor must be excepted from the remark I have just made; there it was viewed with unmixed satisfaction.

Cardinal Maury, as every one knows, spoke loud and decisively; one day after I had answered him in an under tone, as long as possible, I began to grow angry also, for he averred that we should be but too happy, if Russia would send us one of her Grand-duchesses.... at the same time, that a report was current of the Empress Mother having declared, she would prefer throwing her daughter into the Neva to giving her to Napoleon. I thought it ridiculous to cringe, and go begging cap in hand, for what might be had at home, and would be given with gratitude; and I expressed this opinion to the Cardinal.

"All that is very well," said he, "but how will you find what we want in France?"

"Close beside you." He looked incredulous. "Let the Emperor," said I, "marry Mademoiselle Massena; he would have a young wife, pretty, blooming, and perfectly well brought up; he would recompense the glorious services of a veteran soldier, he would unite the army to himself by indissoluble ties; and he would be under no obligations to those kings whom he has three times dethroned, and who will still believe that they do him a favor in giving him a wife—educated in hatred to his name and ours.

When I held this argument, Mademoiselle Massena was still free: my reasoning was good; would to Heaven, the Emperor had followed it in all points! The Cardinal repeated it to him one day; he listened very attentively to the end, and then replied:

"What can Madame Junot mean by meddling with such questions? Recommend her to take care that she do not burn her fingers."

The Cardinal was not a man to give up a subject he had once broached. But the Emperor assumed a serious tone, and said:

"The thing is impossible."

I did not think so, however, and I still maintain, that it was the best thing he could have done. He might however have adopted another alternative; that of taking a wife from one of the families of the Faubourg St. Germain. At this moment there was not one of them, but would have chaunted a Te Deum in thanksgiving for such an honor. He would then have made an

Empress of a beautiful girl of his own choice, and his system of fusion, would have been perfected. My idea was a good one, and its execution would have saved the life as well as the crown of the Emperor. It could not be listened to however. . . . and what has been the result?

CHAPTER XXI.

The Parisian winter very dull—The German Kings at Paris—The Queen of Naples at the Tuileries—Her parties unsociable—Private concerts—Duets with the Grand-Duke of Wurtzburg—The Kings visit Josephine at Malmaison—Magnificence of the Queen of Naples—The carnival—Count Marescalchi's masked ball—The dancing chess-men—Female Tawns—Egyptian mummies—Centaurs—The Tower of London—The quadrille The carriage thrown out of line—The sergeant and the fools-cap—The Governor of Paris forsooth!—The chess-board—Spectators amused.

I KNOW not whether this unlucky divorce influenced our tempers, but Paris was never so dull as at that moment,—amidst the finest fêtes the empire witnessed, except those of the marriage and the coronation. All those kings who encumbered the avenues of the palace froze our spirits without inspiring the distant respect which should be the attribute of royalty. In our ill-humour, we found fault with all of them. The court was disunited; there was no central point of union. In vain the Queen of Naples lodged in the Tuileries; the household of her brother did not like her; and though pre-eminent as

flatterers, we make but sorry hypocrites. Queen Hortense was really loved; all was freedom in her society: she set every one at ease. Music, conversation, drawing, billiards, whatever each person liked best, in short, every one was amused, —which never happened under the auspices of the Queen of Napies, except on occasion of a ball; and except indeed, when she sang duets with the Grand-Duke of Wurtzburg. Never in my life have I heard any thing so ridiculous, as the combination of their voices; neither of them had the smallest notion of diffidence, nor the smallest notion of singing; yet they sang on, both together as if they really had voices! They were princely voices at best. It was said of la Forest, one of the opera singers, that he must have a wooden voice; this would not been amiss applied to the royal duettists. Oh! those concerts of her Imperial Highness the Princess were odd affairs! yet she had some ladies in her household who might have taught her what good music was. I have often for example, wondered how it happened that Madame Lambert did not belong to the establishment of Queen Hortense, where her talents for music and painting, her love of the arts, in short, would have been justly appreciated.

All the crowned heads, majesties and highnesses assembled at Paris at the commencement of the year 1810, paid their respects to the Empress at Malmaison; and while consolatory, as indicating the Emperor's will that she should be respected as the wife of his choice, yet these visits were

oppressive to her,—such at least they appeared to me to be. In my visits to Malmaison, the Queen of Naples was always the subject of our conversations. Her conduct since her return to Paris, evinced a great desire to please; she made superb presents to all the ladies of the court. My daughters, though young children, received from her, each a suit of coral ornaments, one of which wrought in relief, was very beautiful. It was in this visit that she presented to the Emperor, the well-known superb set of chess-men, in Vesuvian-lava and coral.

The carnival approached; the Emperor commanded that it should be gay and brilliant; the authorities of Paris prepared to obey the imperial mandate; and ball succeeded ball without intermission. But how different was the winter from its predecessor! Mourning was universal, and every one entered into society to divert the feelings from melancholy retrospection. Nothing was real, and no pleasing remembrances remain of the forced festivities of this spring; almost every one with whom I have conversed upon the subject agrees in the same recollection of it. One fête, however, was distinguished by so eccentric a fancy, that I cannot refuse it a place in these pages.

Count Marescalchi, minister of foreign affairs for the kingdom of Italy had long requested the favor of the Emperor's presence at an entertainment at his house: the Emperor had promised compliance, but had not fixed his time. Meanwhile

Marescalchi, in preparation, had thrown out an immense temporary erection into the Champs Elysées, in communication with the principal apartments of his mansion, the same now occupied by Count Flahault. Seeing from the road this collection of planks, the unsightliness of which alone was visible, the Emperor asked him laughingly when his den of wild beasts would be completed, because he wanted a ball, and a masked ball, more magnificent than Venice herself, that sovereign of pleasures and fêtes, had ever seen upon the borders of her canals. Marescalchi took the Emperor's orders, the day was fixed and the invitations sent out time enough to permit the completion of the most splendid costumes.

The Queen of Naples determined not to miss such an opportunity of distinguishing herself in the most striking manner, by the contrivance of a quadrille of extraordinary splendor and taste. I had brought from Madrid two volumes containing all the Spanish costumes—a very rare work, which *en passant*, be it observed, her Majesty having honored on this occasion, never returned to me. However, she found nothing in it to suit her purpose, nothing extraordinary. At length Despréaux, the director in chief of the court ballets proposed a quadrille, not to be danced, but played, upon an oil cloth of colored squares, for this good reason, because it should represent a game of chess. The words were no sooner pronounced than approved; the quadrille was regulated, the costume settled, the parts distributed

and the dramatis personæ invited to rehearse every morning in the great gallery of the palace Elysée, whither the Queen of Naples had by this time removed from the Tuileries. Sixteen ladies of the same height, among whom I remember the Queen of Naples, the Princess of Neufchâtel, Madame Regnauld, Madame Duchâtel, Madame de Rovigo, Madame de Colbert, Madame de Canisy and myself, were chosen to represent the pawns, and were disfigured by an odious Egyptian costume in imitation of the mummies, composed of a very scanty petticoat of white gros-de-naples, surmounted by a short wrapper in stripes of blue and silver or red and gold, drawn close round the body, with tight sleeves of white gros-de-Naples. The head dress was that of the sphinx as represented in sculpture,—tolerably becoming to such of us who had regular features, but in which the Queen of Naples looked remarkable ill. The Duchess de Rovigo placed the bandeau forward upon her forehead and looked extremely well in it. For my own part, I was very indifferent as to the effect of the head-dress, for the whole costume was so frightful that I could not endure to think of it. The two queens, Madame de Bassano and Madame de Barral, were sumptuously attired in theatrical majesty and both looked very handsome. The head-dress of the knights was like ours, but they were furnished in the fashion of tails, with the hinder parts of a horse made of wicker work, with which appendage they performed the centaur's part to admiration. The fools, (bishops in

the English game), were the best of the party; their fool's caps were trimmed with silver bells and silk tassels of the color of their side, and each held a pretty bauble belled like the cap. Messieurs Anatole and Eugene de Montesquiou, Jules and Ernest de Canouville, de Septeuil, de Curneux, and Fritz-Portales, were among the representatives of the bishops, knights, and kings. The places of the rooks were taken by four gentlemen, one of whom was the same M. de Ponte who had nearly trodden me down, at the Hotel-de-Ville, and who was himself a tolerable representative of the Tower of London without the addition of the wicker tower, covered with painted cloth, in which the lower part of his person and those of his colleagues were ensconced. Two magicians armed with long wands were mounted on raised platforms as players of the game; it was said that the Emperor took this disguise, but I cannot answer for the fact.

The game or rather the ballet was not long; the Queen of Naples, as the blue king's pawn made a chassé forward, and was met by the red queen's pawn with a similar manœuvre; the second move on our side was danced by me, who having been placed beside the Queen of Naples advanced to support her; the red pawn did the same. Then to the tune of the Zephyr succeeded a very vulgar one, in high favor just then in the streets of Paris, and the first pawn taking her adversary, by a swing round with one hand led her prisoner to the boundary of the exchequer and

was herself captured by her opponent. The blue magician then touched a knight, the red one a fool, each advanced with his appropriate step, the blue knight moved again, and a few foolish steps on the part of the red, with a chassé of the blue queen, speedily ended the game by the scholar's mate*.

Would any one believe that this stupid ballet was rehearsed for a fortnight! At length the great day arrived, and we all repaired to the Elysée to form under the banner of our leading pawn. Here we passed in review before the King of Naples, who to his habitual gasconade, adding now the Neapolitan *patois* which he had learnt in his conversations with the *lazzaroni*, was become an incomparable buffoon. He possessed, however, so many excellent qualities that we could not but overlook a few absurdities.

We set out by fours in a carriage to M. Marescalchi's, except the rooks,—and how they got there I never learnt. My companions were Madame Duchâtel, Eugène de Montesquiou and one of the Messieurs de Canouville. On entering the street Faubourg-St.-Honoré, my coachman suffered himself to be thrown out of the line which followed the Queen's carriage, and had little chance of breaking into it again. We applied for assis-

* This is not exactly our scholar's mate; as the blue knight is made to preform the part we assign to the bishop, but the effect is the same.—*Translator's Note.*

tance to a blockhead of a sentinel who knew nothing but his pass-word, and understood no more about the Queen of Naples than he would of a Greek oration; at length, M. de Montesquiou, quite out of patience, and not without cause, for the quadrille would certainly be waiting for us, perceived a sergeant, and hoping for better success with him, called to him, with some difficulty thrust his head out of the carriage window, and said to him with as much authority as if he had been in uniform: "Sir, will you see that an opening is made in the line for this carriage, it belongs to the Governor of Paris. The sergeant approached; by the light of the lamps and torches distinguished a high pointed cap of beautiful sky blue, surrounded with a multitude of little silver bells, which, kept in continual motion by poor Eugene's suppressed anger, produced in concert with those of the bauble that he extended by way of assisting his gesticulation,—the prettiest ding-dong imaginable. The sergeant looked all amazement, listened, and looked again, then turning his bridle, exclaimed with a loud laugh, "the Governor of Paris, forsooth! so, this merry Andrew wants to make a fool of me!"

It was only on drawing his head back into the carriage, where we were all laughing extravagantly, that M. Eugene de Montesquiou discovered that his fool's cap was not exactly the sort of helmet likely to ensure the obedience of a sergeant in charge of the pass-word; and we were obliged to

leave the care of recovering his place to the coachman, indemnifying ourselves with the mirth the adventure had created.

We found the party waiting for us accordingly; and immediately on our arrival, two savages brought an immense oil-cloth, on which a chess board was painted in red and blue into the great saloon, and spread their carpet. The orchestra then struck up the tune of our march and we entered in procession two and two. The magicians mounted their platform, the pawns and pieces took their respective places, all to the sound of a martial air, the blue magician touched his pawn on the head with his wand, and the ballet began. I believe this whimsical piece proved more amusing to the spectators, than it had been to the parties concerned in its production.

CHAPTER XXII.

The patrimony of St. Peter withdrawn from the Pope—Negociations superintended by Lucien Bonaparte—The Pope carried off from Rome—General Radet enters the Quirinal by a window—The Pope's benediction—Pius VII at Grenoble—General Miollis—Lucien the Mæcenas of the artists—Tusculum—Expatriation—A storm—The Port of Cagliari—Lucien and his family prisoners to the English—Malta—The palace of the Grand-Master—Captain Warren—Arrival at Plymouth—English politics—Castle of Ludlow—Domestic scenes—Bankruptcy—Bags of diamonds—M. Boyer and the Queen of Naples—*Bathilde, Queen of the Francs,* a poem by Madame Lucien—Madame Simon Candeille's romance.

WHILE Napoleon was procuring at Paris the dissolution of his marriage, his affairs went on badly at the court of Rome. He found there a powerful antagonist in Lucien, who, grateful for the asylum which the Pope had nobly granted him, was indignant at seeing him despoiled of his possessions by the Emperor. He endeavoured to infuse a new vigour in the councils of the Vatican. For several months the correspondence between the cabinet of the Tuileries and that of Rome was active and important; its object was to refuse all farther concession to Napoleon, and to dispute the possession of

such of the Papal dominions as he had already seized: and when at length an imperial decree was launched from Vienna, commanding the Pope to descend from St. Peter's chair,—for to command him to surrender the Roman territory was much the same thing,—Cardinal Gonzalvi, stimulated by Lucien, wrote under his dictation a letter calculated to astonish the Emperor. Without speaking of the supremacy of the court of Rome, which Lucien no more wished than Napoleon to re-establish in France, it asserted with justice that the Pope should not be despoiled of his own dominions. But all this resistance had no effect, the states of the church were united to the French empire, and the situation of the Pope became alarming.

Murat, then at Naples, transmitted to General Radet at Rome, Napoleon's orders for the removal of the Pope to France; and on the 5th of July 1809, the General called upon his Holiness, to obey the Emperor's commands. The Pope replied, that his double dignity of Sovereign and Chief of the Church, placed him beyond the jurisdiction of the French Emperor. "His predecessors," said he, to the envoy, "have saved mine, but this gives him no claim, except on my gratitude."

He shut himself up in the Quirinal, and clothed in all the pontifical ornaments, seated himself in a chair of state, peaceably to await the coming of General Radet. The French functionary presented himself in the middle of the night, at the principal door of the palace, and finding it closed,

forced his way into the apartments of the Sovereign Pontiff, by a window on the ground floor, took possession of his person, compelled him to enter a carriage, and instantly drove off on the road to Grenoble,—according to his orders.

Passing, the next morning, through Viterbo, Radet perceived an alarming degree of fermentation in the popular mind; he hurried the postillions through the necessary operation of changing horses, and hearing on all sides, cries which threatened an interruption to his important mission, he called out, "On your knees! the holy father is about to give you his blessing."

The people prostrated themselves in an instant, and when all their faces were in the dust, Radet himself violently applying the whip to the horses, drove off with the rapidity of an arrow, and without the assistance of the postillions, leaving the inhabitants of Viterbo to vent, in harmless maledictions, that rage against us, which in another minute would have probably exhibited itself in a more dangerous manner.

Pius VII remained but a short time at Grenoble; he was soon transferred by the Emperor's orders to Savona, where kept a close prisoner, almost in the sight of his gaolers, he was only allowed the liberty of performing mass.

General Miollis arrived at Rome to take the command of the queen city. Lucien then found himself in a strange position. From the commencement of his exile the fine arts, literature, and the education of his children, had formed his

sole occupations and amusements. The Mæcenas of every man of talent in Rome, he was adored by the artists, whom he employed and understood, for Lucien was never moderately beloved; he is a being of superior worth! immediately on the departure of the Holy Father he retired to Tusculum, where he superintended his excavations, and where General Miollis superintended him, with an inquisitory instrusiveness, which Lucien soon found intolerable. With no other title than that of the proscribed brother of the Emperor, for his exclusion from the order of succession threw him, as it were, out of the family circle, seeing the imperial domination crossing the Alps and Appenines, to seek him in his studious retreat in the bosom of his numerous family, he determined to quit Europe, and wrote to the Duke of Rovigo, then minister of police, to ask passports for the United States of America.

The Emperor was aware of the demand, without doubt; but he did not appear in the affair, and the answer of the Duke of Rovigo, was the transmission of the passports, sanctioning Lucien's expatriation, but exile in fact. He then wrote to Naples, requesting Murat to send him an American vessel, released from all embargo. Murat sent the vessel with the most gracious promptitude: Lucien it seems frightened them all!

The American ship soon arrived at Civita Vecchia. The entire gallery of Lucien, all the treasures he had found in his researches at Tusculum, were carefully packed up under the in-

spection of M. de Chatillon, who superintended the department of the arts in Lucien's household. But the cases were not all put on board, the greater part was left with Torlogna, the chief banker of Rome. Lucien carried with him, all his numerous family portraits, together with that of Pius VII: "He has been a hospitable friend to me," said he, "I must not forget him."

At length in the month of August 1810, the exiled family quitted Civita Vecchia. It was truly a singular spectacle, to see the brother of Napoleon, abandoning Europe to seek an asylum in the new world, carrying thither a heart devotedly French and a purely patriotic spirit.

The captain set sail in spite of contrary winds, but had not long cleared the coast before a tremendous storm arose which threatened the ship with utter destruction. Lucien, always possessing the calmness of true courage, required of the captain to put into the port of Cagliari, which they were approaching. The Princess and children were ill, assistance and repose were therefore necessary, and Lucien had letters from the Pope recommending him to the protection of the sovereigns on whose territories he might chance to touch in his exile.

On reaching Cagliari, M. de Chatillon landed, and carried to the Sardinian minister a certificate of the illness of Lucien's family requesting permission for him to land, for the purpose of recovery. This affair, which if it had concerned a French family of unknown name, would have been

settled without difficulty, became strangely complicated by the name of Lucien Bonaparte. The Sardinian minister humbly replied that such questions concerned Mr. Hill the British envoy, and that to him alone its decision belonged. In vain M. de Chatillon declined the authority of England; Mr. Hill decreed that M. Lucien Bonaparte, the American vessel, and all that it contained should be captured in the port of Cagliari. Lucien turned pale on hearing this decision and exclaimed, with truly French feeling: "I will not submit to it!"

That heart of iron and fire, susceptible also of all the tender emotions, swelled with unutterable grief and indignation as he cast his eyes on his proscribed family and felt that he ought to sway a sceptre for their protection. Notwithstanding the illness of his wife and children, he would not permit them to land, and thus passed fourteen days,—the most distressing perhaps of his life. "We must go," he said at length, "and let us see if they will dare to execute their threat."

The American ship sailed out of the port; the two English frigates seeing its preparations, had stood out the preceding evening; and scarcely had the American advanced a mile, before one of the frigates, the Pomona, Captain Barry, fired a shot, and commanded the captain to lay to. The American was only a merchant ship, but the captain's spirit revolted from thus surrendering a passenger who had entrusted his person and family to his

care, " I will not bring to ;" said he to his lieutenant.

Captain Barry, receiving no answer, launched his boat and came himself with two officers, alongside the American ship, which he knew to be incapable of defence. The captain however, intended to defend himself; on perceiving the English captain in his boat, he waited till he was within pistol shot, and then would have fired, if Lucien had not suddenly given him a smart blow on the arm, which compelled him to drop the pistol.

With much difficulty he was persuaded to surrender, and the English captain announced to his prisoners, that he should convey them to Malta. Captain Barry was then, what he probably still is, if the cannon, sword and tempest, have spared his life so long, that perfectly agreeable character, which is natural to an English gentleman: for I may truly affirm, that in all my intercourse with the various nations of Europe, I have nowhere found individuals so perfectly pleasing and polite in language, manners, and habits as the really well-bred Englishman. In the interval between their capture and their arrival at Malta, he paid them every attention that kindness and respect could suggest, and a voyage in the Mediterranean permit. On reaching Malta, the family were conducted to the Lazaretto ; Lucien solicited permission to remove his wife and children, but was refused by the governor, General Oakes with an

obstinacy worthy of St. Helena. It would seem that the British government prides itself in being represented by men capable of every act of cruelty! The object of this policy I cannot understand.

Lucien was condemned to three days' quarantine; and this useless vexation over, was permitted to take up his residence in the fort Riccazoli, where he found only damp walls, without an article of furniture, and was obliged at his own expence, to procure even chairs and bedding from the town of Valetta. Even the naval officers were indignant at such unworthy treatment; and Lucien, however unwilling to complain, felt it due to the name of a Frenchman, to submit his wrongs to the British government. Its answer arrived at length; ordering that the prisoner should be removed to the castle of St. Anthony, the residence of the grand-master in the proud days of the order, and treated him with the utmost consideration, until it was determined in what manner he should be finally disposed of.

In this gothic castle, which his elevated mind led him to teach his children rather to consider as a retreat than a prison, he and Madame Lucien employed themselves in protecting their young family from *ennui*, and in so doing, defended themselves also from its attacks. Surrounded by a locality full of romance, where every tower had its tale, and every stone seemed the memento of some illustrious name, Lucien compelled new traditions to take their place beside the old, and consoled his wounded spirit by a closer acquaint-

ance with the muses; here he proceeded with his poem of Charlemagne—venting the grief of exile in words of harmony.

Towards the close of the year Captain Warren arrived in the frigate, the President, to convey Lucien and his family to England. He now requested as a favor to sail himself for England, accompanied by M. de Chatillon,, and to leave his wife and children till the spring, hoping that a personal application to the Prince Regent would have the effect of restoring the liberty of which he had been illegally deprived. But again he met with a refusal; in vain he urged the natural fears of a husband and a father, in committing the safety of his tender charges, to the mercy of the elements at so inclement a season, " I have my orders," was still the reply of Captain Warren.

Every thing on board the frigate was arranged with attention to their comfort, and the conduct of the officers was respectful and accommodating; but the cold and haughty character of Captain Warren increased the disagreeableness of a six weeks' voyage in the midst of winter, and dreadful weather. Its tediousness was caused by the great round they were compelled to make, to avoid the coast of France; Captain Warren's orders being peremptory to keep out to sea, perfectly armed, and on no account to surrender his prisoner. They reached at length the harbour of Plymouth in frightful weather; here again he encountered inhospitality; the ship was not permitted to anchor, and rode out through the night, in so tremendous

a storm, that the hazard was every moment imminent of being wrecked on the rocks of that dangerous coast.

How grateful was Lucien for the protection of heaven, when, after that tremendous night, he landed in safety with his children at Plymouth. He here found Mr. Mackenzie, a state messenger, authorized to offer him an asylum, and the rights of hospitality in their most extended sense. Lucien with his usual nobleness, returned his thanks with dignity and coldness, and continued:

"I have been made prisoner illegally, and I protest against every thing which myself and family have undergone since we quitted the port of Cagliari: I demand to be allowed to pursue my journey, and beyond, that Sir, I refuse all the offers of your government; for I can accept nothing from a nation which is the enemy of mine, nor from a government that makes war upon my brother."

"Then," replied Mr. Mackenzie, coldly but politely, "I am obliged to fulfil my commission."

The following day Lucien was conducted to the castle of Ludlow, and placed under the charge of Lord Powis, Lord Lieutenant to the county of Salop, and father-in-law of the Duke of Northumberland. He was recommended by all means to induce his prisoner to put himself in direct opposition to the Emperor. His constant refusal produced a more rigorous captivity, and he was confined to a circuit of two miles round Ludlow, a

rotten borough entirely ministerial, the antique and gloomy castle of which was of sinister omen, having been the habitation of the unfortunate children of King Edward. He obtained, however, at length permission to quit Ludlow and to take up his residence at Thorngrove on the road to Worcester, a charming mansion, which he had himself purchased of M. Lamotte, a Frenchman established in England, for eighteen thousand guineas; it is surrounded by a park, enclosing a garden and hot-house, and possesses all those exterior and interior comforts so peculiar to the home of an English family.

Having tastefully completed the arrangements of his new habitation, and hung the drawing-room with his family portraits, he laid down rules for the domestic life he intended to lead here. His love for the arts and sciences gained strength in this friendly retreat; he had always been fond of astronomy, and now pursued it with ardour. He visited Herschel and purchased his famous telescope for fifty thousand francs; he then built an observatory, calculated ephemerides, and announced a new planet in the milky way; he was not mistaken, but—has the prior right to the merit of this discovery.

Thorngrove became a Lyceum. Lucien composed several comedies which were acted in his domestic theatre; also the tragedy of Clotaire, a work of real merit, which was performed before an audience of more than two hundred persons; nearly all chosen from the middling classes of the

neighbourhood,—for considering the ministry as his enemies, he would hold no intercourse with tories. As the author, he chose to judge of the effect of the piece, and would therefore take no part in it; M. de Chatillon performed Clotaire; Madame Lucien played well in the becoming costume of Clotilde; the two children were represented by her young sons Charles and Paul; the wife of Clotaire by Lucien's eldest daughter Charlotte, now Princess Gabrielli; and Sigerie, the confidant of Clotaire, by Christina, also his daughter, by his first wife and now married to Lord Dudley Stuart, who in the scarcity of actors in the family, was obliged to take a male part, It seems to me, that Ludlow, the first prison of Edward's children, must have suggested to Lucien the plot of this tragedy.

The drama, however, was not the only subject of his muse during his residence at Thorngrove; here he completed his poem of Charlemagne, and produced that of Cirneide. The Princess of Canino also, stimulated by example, composed a poem on the subject of Bathilde, Queen of the Francs; it is well sustained, in six cantos, with verses of ten syllables in varied rhymes I shall have occasion to speak of it again with relation to an extraordinary fact, of which I do not believe the Emperor capable; but which proves, at least, the extent to which a base inclination to flatter his imputed wishes was carried by those around him. M. Chatillon was

employed, at the same time, upon a small poem called the Odyssey of Lucien, or the Exile: he also sketched forty-eight designs for the illustration of Charlemagne and Bathilde; these sketches, which must necessarily embody the intentions of the authors, as they were drawn under their superintendance, were engraving in London, by the celebrated Heath, when the restoration interrupted the series.

Every member of the family of Thorngrove was actively engaged. Every Sunday the works of the week were brought forward; an examination took place, also a competition for prizes; the day was closed with a concert, in which the young ladies sang, M. Chatillon played the violin, and Father Maurice the piano.

This father Maurice is a very intelligent man, with talents that would touch upon every thing, and an extensive fund of general knowledge; he is also an excellent musician, geometrician, and rhetorician, and was every way capable of giving a good education to his pupils—the sons of Lucien.

Thus did Lucien embellish his retreat with every thing that could tend to make time pass pleasurably; living like a really wise man without any false pretensions to philosophy. His style of life excited much curiosity in England, but he studiously retired from observation in a calm and natural dignity which inspired general respect. The Duke of Norfolk, desirous of becoming acquainted with him, visited Thorngrove; where,

cheerful, agreeable, and witty, he attracted the affections of the whole family during the three days he passed with them. Sometime afterwards, Lucien, having learnt that he was at Worcester, sent the Count de Chatillon with his compliments, and I shall never forget the account I received from him of the scene he there witnessed.

His Grace was seated when M. de Chatillon was ushered into his room, a position by no means favorable to a figure of the Duke's prodigious rotundity; but his extraordinary table companions, assorting most strangely with the ducal dignity, attracted the special attention of their visitor.

These were two enormous dogs, seated upright, each upon his chair, with his plate upon the table and eating with as much gravity and cleanliness as any two footed animals, giving their paws to shake hands, and altogether as well-bred as two mastifs might be. The Duke observing M. de Chatillon's surprise, apologized for his dogs,—assuring him that they were his best friends.

During his captivity in England Lucien experienced a new misfortune, in the loss of three hundred thousand francs, by the failure of his banker, a Monsieur Lemesurier. Lucien never had a large fortune; and even at the time of the famous treaty of Badajoz his bags of diamonds then so much talked of, had much the same existence, as had more recently, those which were too heavy for me to wear;—that is to say, they existed in the imaginations of the talkers. Consequently, to this loss of three hundred thousand francs, he

had no other resource to oppose than the sale of Madame Lucien's jewels. They had been left for security in the hands of Torlogna, the Roman banker, and Lucien dispatched M. Boyer, a man every way worthy of his confidence to bring them to England. M. Boyer quitted England on his important mission and landed at Naples, where he was enchanted to find the Queen alone, concluding that it would be a high gratification to her to be enabled, without the intervention of strangers, to receive the emissary of an unfortunate brother. But the Queen soon taught him to change his opinion. At first he was detained in quarantine; perhaps she feared he might have become infected with whiggism in England, and to purge off this taint kept him several days in the Lazaretto; after his release he was sent accompanied by two agents of the police, to an inn!

At the moment of giving this hospitable reception to her brother's envoy, the Queen was surprised by the return home of a personage who had long been dissatisfied with her arbitrary manner of government. On hearing of M. Boyer's arrival and the treatment he had received, Murat went himself to the inn where he was in a manner detained prisoner, hastened to liberate him, and by every means in his power facilitated his journey to Rome. M. Boyer arrived there, fulfilled his mission, returned to Naples, re-embarked, and at length landed in England with the jewels, after having encountered those perils by land and

sea, which put a man's true courage and fortitude to the test.

In the summer of this year 1811, M. D—— who had formerly been in the habit of meeting Madame Lucien at the house of several mutual friends, presented himself at Thorngrove to claim her acquaintance. Lucien and his wife were gratified by the attention, and received him with the noblest hospitality, admitting him to the confidence and intimacy of a numerous family. He spent ten days at Thorngrove attending all the lectures, and intrusted with all the literary projects of his owners. Let us see how worthy he proved himself of such confidence.

Madame Lucien's poem was nearly completed; in a few months time she might look forward to the gratification of her noble ambition, in seeing her name take its rank in literature beside that of her husband. But this was an ambition by no means agreeable to Napoleon, as his courtiers were not slow in perceiving: and what follows will shew the servility which surrounded him, attempting to oblige him even without a warrant, and imputing to him sentiments of rancour, which his great mind should have indignantly repelled.

Scarcely had M. D—— been thirty-six hours in Paris, after his return from England, when Madame Simon Candeille was invited to the hotel of the police, and there received orders to compose a romance in the epic style, the subject to be *Bathilde Queen of the Francs:* the police undertook to ensure the utmost splendour of paper, typogra-

phy, and illustration to the work; requiring celerity above all things from her. She was tractable; for scarcely had three months elapsed before Madame Simon Candeille's romance appeared: it was entitled Bathilde Queen of the Francs, and in all points, even to its episodes, perfectly resembled the poem of Madame Lucien, and for a good reason, that the plan and the notes of that work had been furnished to Madame Candeille as guides to her composition. The romance however was a very poor composition, for the authoress does not shine in that department: but in all extraneous matters it was served to the utmost; the impression was superb, the designs were by Girodet, and the journals loud in its praise.

It was clear that, after such an adventure, Madame Lucien's poem must remain in her portfolio. What credit could she have expected in the literary world? she could only have appeared there as a plagiarist of the most unscrupulous class, whereas she herself was the victim of plagiarism. She was silent; but her poem appeared in 1815 with great success.

Yet was it at this very time that Lucien resisted all the seductions that were put in practice to induce him to countenance a party opposed to his brother and his country! Oh human justice what dependance is to be placed upon thee!

CHAPTER XXIII.

I set out from Paris to Spain—Bordeaux—Madame de Caseaux—Foreign and French Newspapers—Marshal Soult—Marshal J——.—Arrival at Bayonne—Entry into Spain—The four dead bodies—M. de Lavalette—Madame Durosnel—The husband restored to life—The Embassy of M. de Lavalette—General Solignac—General Thiébault—Burgos—Banditti and Guerillas—The young Spanish woman—A battalion poisoned.

EARLY in the year 1810, Junot received orders to proceed to Spain and to take the command of the 8th division. This new proof of the Emperor's confidence gave him no pleasure, for in this profitless Spanish war all the sentiments of humanity had been outraged, the glory of our arms had vanished, and victory itself was unavailing. But it was necessary to obey. I followed him, and here declare that my own will alone determined me to take this step, to which the Emperor reluctantly consented.

Junot's orders were to reach Bayonne with as little delay as possible; and we set out on the 2nd of February, when the cold was excessive. "You cannot accompany me," said he. "Let us set out," I replied, "you will find my strength greater than you expect."

I equipped myself in a grey casimere riding habit, a well furred Polonese cap, having first had my hair cropped, fur boots, and a large travelling cloak; and thus defended, I stept at midnight into a close caleche with Junot, and set out for Bayonne.

We travelled without stopping from Paris to Bordeaux, and there halted for a few hours to enable me to visit my aged and venerable friend Madame de Caseaux, who with her daughter had but a few years before enjoyed one of the largest fortunes in France; but it was rapidly vanishing through the trickery of relations; and finding it nearly dissipated, Laura resolving to preserve her mother's grey hairs from the privations of poverty, had recently come up to Paris to solicit justice. Junot and I received her as a sister, and promoted her suit by every means at our command; but as its object was not yet accomplished, we left her in possession of our hotel.

In those moments of inexpressible agony which must always attend even a voluntary exile, a friendly glance, a consoling word, is balm to the heart; and never since I quitted Paris for Spain has mine experienced such sweet, such soothing calm as during that nearly silent half hour, when leaning on Madame de Caseaux's bosom, her embrace of tenderness recalled the happy days of my childhood: those days of peace and paradise when my heart was a stranger alike to the golden visions of courts and to their attendant miseries.

Twenty hours more conducted us to Bayonne, and these were partly employed in reading the foreign newspapers given to us by our banker at Bordeaux, and which we examined with avidity, well aware that our own had long published only what suited the government. The English papers were the most interesting, and already dilated on the approaching marriage of Napoleon, though the Diocesan Court had only annulled his union with Josephine on the 18th of January,—which sentence was afterwards confirmed by the metropolitan Court.

During the same journey Junot corrected my opinion of Marshal Soult, assuring me that so superior were his talents, that it was a matter of astonishment to him that the Emperor had not intrusted to him the chief command in all Spain.

"But he could not command Marshal ——," said I, with the prejudice of my childhood concerning precedency.

Junot laughed heartily, "Marshal J—— ?" said he at length; "my dear little Laura do not you know why he is a Marshal?"

I stared in amazement, "Why because"—

"You know nothing about it, is not that the truth? Well neither do I, for the whole army has equal pretensions to the distinction.—But Soult! the deuce! he is quite another person! He is, after the Emperor, the most intelligent and capable of all the French generals."

Yet how perversely are men's sentiments and actions sometimes at variance. When Soult was

appointed Major General in Spain in the place of Jourdan, Junot like the others refused obedience; and I shall presently have occasion to show the deplorable inconvenience resulting from such insubordination amongst the French chiefs.

Overcome with fatigue at our arrival at Bayonne, I merely disencumbered myself of my riding habit, and throwing myself on a bed was presently in a sound sleep; from which Junot awoke me with an embrace and *adieu*.

Starting up I rubbed my eyes.

"What do you mean?—*Adieu!*"

"Yes, I here find new orders to enter Spain immediately and to reach Burgos on the 15th, I have not therefore a minute to lose. You will rejoin me by the first convoy, and I shall leave you an escort of five hundred men of the battalion of Neufchâtel—men that you may depend on—so be satisfied."

"Not I, indeed. I did not leave home to travel with convoy, or to attend to my personal conveniences.—I shall go with you."

Junot looked at me with mingled astonishment and emotion.

"You will go with me? and without rest?"

"This instant."

"I will defer my departure then—lie down again, and sleep for a few hours."

"Not a single minute."

"Laura, you are unwell."

"No, I am quite well."

"Your hand is burning. I will not allow you

to resume your journey yet—the van-guard of the first division commenced its march yesterday: a few hours' delay therefore will be no breach of duty. We will set out at noon."

"I assure you opposition only annoys me: let us set off this instant; desire M. Prevot to have my horse saddled, and remember that I never intend to cause you a moment's delay: let that be understood between us once for all—will you?"

I extended my hand to him as to a brother in arms; and indeed the adventurous life on which I had entered placed me on a level with that sex, whose courage I was compelled to assume. I had maturely weighed the enterprize and prepared myself for all emergencies. Junot was therefore obliged to conform and we departed, travelling alternately in the calèche, on horseback, or on foot through the Spanish looking streets of Bayonne, with its smiling environs, inhabited by the happiest peasantry and most beautiful girls in France; the sandy solitudes of St. Jean de Luz, where we first inhaled the soft and aromatic breezes of the south; Alegria the home of the Mendizabals; Villa Franca; Villa Real with its pretty churches; the pittoresque valley of Bergara with its gothic chapel; Mondragon, its sunny vale and its mines and mills of bloodstone; and the Salvator Rosa scenery of Salinas.

But how deplorably were all these landscapes disfigured by the horrors of war, a portion of which presented itself to me, one evening, the fourth of my travels in Spain, under a form that I can

never forget. Quite worn out with walking, I proposed entering the caleche which always followed us; Junot consented, and fell asleep the moment we were comfortably seated. Too much fatigued to follow his example, I sought refreshment at the carriage window, gazing on the steep and winding road by which we were climbing the side of a mountain composed chiefly of brownish granite, almost covered with moss, but here and there diversified by groups of stunted oaks; my thoughts, which wandered far from these surrounding objects, were recalled by my eyes resting, through the increasing gloom of twilight, upon the strange appearance of an isolated oak at a short distance before us, the branches of which seemed to be broken, and swinging heavily in the wind. While I was seeking my eye-glass to see it more distinctly, we reached the spot; and at the moment I stretched my head out of the window, my forehead encountered the touch of a human foot!—the foot of a bloody and horribly mangled corpse, suspended from the tree: a specimen of French justice! nor was it alone: beside it hung three of its former comrades!

The shriek that escaped me in the first moment of horror awakened Junot and startled the sleepy postillion; the latter instantly stopped his mules, leaving us stationary, close to this spectacle more terrific than imagination can conceive, and on which, in spite of myself, my eyes would instinctively rest! Oh! how long afterwards did that fearful scene haunt my dreams!—how often did the

ghastly countenances, still expressive of demoniac rage, the torn and clotted limbs, return to my almost diseased vision, on which even the mules, pinching their ears, dilating their nostrils, and recoiling with an audible attestation of terror, made a painful and lasting impression.

"Will you proceed," cried Junot to the postillion in a voice of thunder; at the same time smartly striking the nearest mule with his cane. The caleche started with the celerity of lightning.

"What is the matter with you? it is a necessary evil," said Junot to me, quietly re-seating himself in the corner of the carriage, and resuming his nap.

But oh! I could not sleep! for many a night the balmy soother of our fears and griefs was scared from my pillow!

"Child," said Junot, when I afterwards reproached him with his indifference, "you should not have faced war if you cannot endure such sights. What is it you have seen? four rascals who had probably massacred some sleeping Frenchmen, or some woman, old man, or even child! Take my advice, and reserve your sensibility for other misfortunes."

A few days afterwards amidst the tufts of thyme and lavender, and the box and juniper bushes growing amongst the rocks of Pancorvo, our soldiers discovered the fragments of a body which the assassins had cut to pieces, and on one of the mutilated arms recognized the vestige of a French uniform! Ah! Junot was right, the misfortunes of this war were terrible indeed!

Vittoria would be any were remarked as a pretty little town, but its architecture appears to particular advantage in Spain, differing, as it does, from the prevalent style of the country. The square is large and airy, and the whole aspect of the place indicative of industry and activity. Here I received, with a mother's transport, news from my children; the first which our uninterrupted progress had permitted to reach me. Ever anxious about that absent portion of myself, which occupied my thoughts every hour in the day, I had written from Bordeaux to my good friend La Valette, director general of the post, requesting him to forward my letters by estafette; he, the best of fathers and of men, understood my maternal feelings, and fetched himself from my hotel, before my daughters left it with their aunt for Burgundy, the little packet which I now received by an estafette for Madrid. It contained two charming little letters from my girls, and at the foot of Josephine's my little Napoleon had scribbled his name;—his hand being of course guided, for he was but two years old. The delicious joy of that moment can be conceived only by those who have been far separated from home, country, friends, and darling children!

La Valette is another dear friend to whose name the tomb alone responds.

His character was such as Sterne would have delighted to depict:—a curious combination of archness with ingenuousness, waggery with veracity and sincerity; at actual dissimulation he was very inexpert, of which I have heard a whimsical instance.

At the battle of Wagram Napoleon sent an order to one of the Marshals by his favorite equerry and aide-de-camp, General Durosnel, and suddenly uttered a cry as he watched him with his telescope through the field. He had seen Durosnel struck by a bullet and rolling in the dust.

His death was a cause of mourning; he was yet young, and by his intelligent gallantry had acquired the love and esteem of his comrades, as well as of the Emperor, who eulogized him in the bulletin.

But there was one being whose heart was struck by this fatal bullet; the young and loving widow, whose visions of paradise were changed, in a moment, to grief and despair.

Durosnel, as upright as brave, had nothing to leave her; her expectations of provision rested on the Emperor; but, at all events, she could no longer reside in Paris. Her father, therefore, came from the country to fetch her, and preparations were making for their departure, when about ten days after the news had reached Paris, the Empress Josephine received a letter from the Emperor, in which he said:

"Durosnel is not killed,—he is not even wound-
"ed, the bullet struck only his horse; *let his wife*
"*know this.*"

The commission was not easy of execution. So inured is the poor human heart to every variety of suffering, that grief in any form cannot surprise it; but joy, a joy that snatches us at once from des-

pair to bliss; oh! that must not be too rudely administered.

The Empress, knowing the effect her news must have on Madame Durosnel, was in great perplexity, and meditated going herself to her, when Lavalette and his wife arrived to breakfast with her Majesty.

"Ah! Heaven has sent you to my aid," she exclaimed.

Then explaining the whole affair, she imposed the task on Lavalette, and adding the caution of:

"Take care what you are about, for you may *kill her*;" she pushed him by the shoulders, and sent him to Madame Durosnel. The goodnatured Lavalette gladly undertook to carry peace to an afflicted bosom; but just as he reached the door he began to be staggered by the amount of happiness his tidings imported, and to comprehend the delicacy of his mission.

"Diable!" thought the *ambassador*, as he ascended the stairs, "I almost repent my hasty compliance."

It was barely eleven o'clock; an ill assorted hour for a visit, as the father would problably have hinted, but the Empress's name silenced all objections, and he was immediately introduced into Madame Durosnel's boudoir; where she was seated on a sofa, silent and sorrowful, dressed in weeds, weepers, and all the mournful paraphanalia of early widowhood. As he gazed on her pale and altered countenance, and on the languid eye, raised to meet his, he thought:

"The Empress is right,—I shall certainly kill her."

He sat down beside her, but after the first salutation had not a word to offer; while Madame Durosnel supposing he came to announce some favour from the Emperor, properly waited till he should open the conference. Finding him, however, obstinately silent, she at length began with a trembling voice:

"Her Majesty is doubly gracious in condescending—"

Lavalette started as if suddenly aroused from a dream.

"Madame," said he, "are you beginning to feel consolation?"

"Ah, Sir!" was all the wretched mourner could reply, and her face was instantly bathed in tears.

"Deuce take it!" he inwardly ejaculated, "if she reverts to her despair, what can I do?"

And he began turning over every expedient that put her upon the scent; none appeared more likely than enquiring whether she believed in ghosts?

"Alas! no, Sir; would that I could both believe and see them," and her tears flowed afresh.

In proportion as her grief interested him, did the perplexity of her comforter increase; but as something must be done, he at last devised a tale of a woman buried in a trance, and recalled from the tomb by the grave-digger opening it with a design of plunder. This story he related with all the accompaniments of romance, and dwelling with especial emphasis on the ineffable joy of his heroine's family on recovering their beloved from the jaws of death....

"Alas!" ejaculated Madame Durosnel in a voice interrupted by sobs, "they were very happy!"

And she buried her head in the cushions, both to weep at liberty, and to avoid the sight of a man who seemed to be making a jest of her affliction.

Lavalette began to think his task hopeless, but resolving on a new attempt, he assumed an air of cheerfulness, that contrasted strangely with his anxiety. Putting on his best smiles, he asked Madame Durosnel whether she had breakfasted.

"Ah! *Mon Dieu!*" she exclaimed, beginning to suspect the Empress Josephine's nephew was somewhat crazed.

Lavalette grew impatient, and repeated the enquiry.

"I do not know, Sir," she answered, "whether you are aware that your discourse is very extraordinary.—I beg permission to retire."

"And how is it, Madame," retorted Lavalette "that you cannot discover the real object of my mission?"

His expressive countenance conveyed all the rapture his news imported, and Madame Durosnel as she surveyed it, fell back on the sofa, exclaiming:—

"Ah! what can have happened?"

"Why, nothing at all! nothing has happened! Do you now understand me, Madame? will you divest yourself of those villainous weeds?—Your husband is not dead!—

And having uttered the decisive words, he sunk down exhausted with the effort. Meanwhile, an alarming shriek from the overjoyed wife brought her father to her aid, and Lavalette hastened to escape. The blunt manner in which, after all his reflections, he had communicated such joyful tidings had nearly overset Madame Durosnel's reason.

Two years afterwards at Prince Schwartzenburg's ball, this lady was thrown down and trampled on in the confusion occasioned by the fire; her husband found her in a state of insensibility, and a man standing over her occupied in abstracting her ear-rings from her ears. Her arms and legs were dreadfully burnt, while strange to say, her silk stockings were scarcely singed.

To return to Spain. At the miserable little village of Bribiesca, we met General Regnier, whom I had not seen since the Egyptian campaign. The animated expression of his astonishment at the rencontre, formed an agreeable contrast with his habitual reserve. I, however, always admired his calm dignity, and his comrades acknowledged his military talents.

Alas! our next meeting was in a desert yet more wild than Bribiesca.

I rejoiced on arriving at Burgos, where the Duke's head-quarters were fixed, for I was seriously ill, and much in want of repose. Here I enjoyed all its charms, and the consciousness that I was not compelled to raise my head

from its pillow, at the sound of the drum, imparted real luxury to the sound of the morning *reveille*.

General Solignac was under great obligations to Junot for procuring him employment at the recommendation of the Grand-Duchess of Berg, in spite of Napoleon's invincible repugnance to him ; and we found him stationed *ad interim* at Burgos, in lieu of General Thiébault, whose generous conduct, talents, and enlightened humanity had controverted the anathemas which the Castillians so liberally vented against us into blessings.

He had been invested with the government of old Castille, on taking possession of which he found that Burgos, although one of the most important posts in Spain, had been for two months unrestrained by the presence of any authority. It is impossible to give an idea of the amount of devastion, pillage, and assassination, to which its vicinity was exposed. On one side, the most revolting injustice was daily committed, and atrocities frequently perpetrated upon us in reprisal ; these were again avenged, and a chain of horrors thus established, which afforded no hope of termination. But General Thiébault had the courage to break through it.

Justice, with her tribunals, and her judges, had fled as before the sword of the exterminating angel ; the few remaining inhabitants were indifferent to life, and wandered like spectres through the ill-paved streets of Burgos, without wounding

their feet against pointed stones, for the ground was covered with a thick bed of filth, the infected receptacle of more than a hundred human and two hundred animal carcases. Is it not astonishing, that its mephitic exhalations had not added the plague to the catalogue of woes, which afflicted the unhappy Peninsula! Another month's delay, and that scourge must have followed.

Thiébault, on his arrival, saw nothing within a circuit of four or five leagues round the city but ruin, despair, and death. The condition of the barracks, the detached depots, and above all, of the prisons and hospitals were deplorable.

Don Blanco de Salcedo, the prefect, was a worthy man, but incompetent to remedy this mass of evil. When called upon, he seconded General Thiébault with laudable zeal, but with little hope of success; and when the General proposed to begin by cleansing the city, he shook his head, saying, "Your Excellency might as well attempt to cleanse the Ægean stable."

But Thiébault had not forgotten Junot's recent achievement of clearing the streets of Lisbon in 1807, of the mines caused by the earthquake of 1755, and of all other obstructions, which was not one of the least considerable benefits conferred by his government.

The present undertaking was equally successful, and in a few months Burgos put on a new face. The shops were re-opened, the markets frequented,

justice resumed its course; prisons and barracks were erected, and a promenade planted along the bank of the Arlanzon, to which spot the General, willing to flatter at once the fanaticism and chivalry of the Castillians removed, the St. Peter of Cardena, and the bones of the Cid and Donna Ximena, whose tomb had been violated by our dragoons. The tomb itself he rebuilt, and it still remains preserved with religious care, in a garden, bordered by the same river, which the Dowager Marchioness de Villuena has since purchased from the city of Burgos. The prefect, corregidor, intendant, all the authorities, in short, of Burgos, were unanimous in their tribute of praise and gratitude to Thiébault.

His predecessor I will not name; it is unnecessary to add to the pangs of remorse, the martyrdom of public censure; but his name was pronounced with abhorrence, and the following is an instance of the terror he inspired:

A regiment was sent from Burgos against a Guerilla party, under the Marquis of Villa Campo, and ordered to treat the Spaniards with the most rigorous severity, especially the inhabitants of Arguano, a little village near the famous forest of Covelleda, whose deep shades, intersected only by narrow footpaths, were the resort of banditti and Guerillas. A principal feature of the whole Spanish war was the celerity with which all our movements were notified to the insurgent chiefs, and the difficulty we experienced in procuring a

spy or a guide, while these, when found, proved almost uniformly treacherous. The battalion had to march through a frightful country, climbing rugged rocks, and crossing frozen torrents, always in dread of unforeseen and sudden dangers. They reached the village, but perceived no movement—heard no noise.—Some soldiers advanced but saw nothing—absolute solitude reigned. The officer in command, suspecting an ambush, ordered the utmost circumspection. The troops entered the street, and arrived at a small opening, where some sheaves of wheat and Indian corn, and a quantity of loaves were still smoking on the ground, but consumed to a cinder, and swimming in floods of wine, which had streamed from leathern skins that had evidently been purposely broached, as the provisions had been burnt, to prevent their falling into the hands of the French.

No sooner had the soldiers satisfied themselves, that after all their toils and dangers no refreshment was to be obtained, than they roared with rage....but no vengeance was within reach!—All the inhabitants had fled!—fled into that forest, where they might defy pursuit.

Suddenly cries were heard issuing from one of the deserted cottages amongst which the soldiers had dispersed themselves, in hopes of discovering some food or booty; they proceeded from a young woman holding a child, a year old in her arms, whom the soldiers were dragging before their Lieutenant.

" Stay Lieutenant," said one of them, " here is a woman we have found sitting beside an old one, who is past speaking: question her a little."

She was dressed in the peasant costume of the Soria and Rioja mountains, and was pale but not trembling.

" Why are you alone here?" asked the Lieutenant.

" I staid with my grandmother, who is paralytic and could not follow the rest to the forest," replied she haughtily, and as if vexed at being obliged to drop a word in presence of a Frenchman: " I staid to take care of her."

" Why have your neighbours left the village?"

The Spaniard's eyes flashed fire, she fixed on the Lieutenant a look of strange import, and answered:

" You know very well; were they not all to be massacred?"

The Lieutenant shrugged his shoulders.

" But why did you burn the bread and wheat, and empty the wine skins?"

" That you might find nothing; as they could not carry them off, there was no alternative but burning them."

At this moment shouts of joy arose, and the soldiers appeared carrying a number of hams, some loaves, and more welcome than all, several skins of wine, all discovered in a vault, the entrance to which was concealed by the straw, the old woman was lying on. The young peasant darted on them, a glance of infernal vengeance, while the Lieute-

nant, who had pondered with anxiety, on the destitute condition of his troops, and the sinking sun, rejoiced for a moment in the unexpected supply. But the recent poisoning of several cisterns, and other fearful examples putting him on his guard, he again interrogated the woman:

"Whence come these provisions?"

"They are the same as those we burnt; we concealed them for our friends."

"Is your husband with yonder brigands?"

"My husband is in heaven!" said she, lifting up her eyes, "he died for the good cause,—that of God and King Ferdinand!"

"Have you any brothers amongst them?"

"I have no longer a tie.....except my poor child"—and she pressed the infant to her heart.... the poor little creature was thin and sallow, but its large black eyes glistened as they turned to its mother.

"Commander," exclaimed one of the soldiers, "pray order divisions of the booty, for we are very hungry, and develish thirsty."

"One moment, my children; listen," said he, eyeing the young woman, with suspicious inquisition "these provisions are good I hope?"

"How should they be otherwise?" replied the Spaniard contemptuously—"they were not for you."

"Well! here's to thy health then demonia," said a young sub-lieutenant, opening one of the skins and preparing for a draught, but his more prudent commander still restrained him.

"One moment. Since this wine is good, you will not object to a glass."

"Oh, dear no! as much as you please."

And accepting the mess glass offered by the Lieutenant, she emptied it without hesitation.

"Huzza! huzza!" shouted the soldiers, delighted at the prospect of intoxication, without danger.

"And your child will drink some also," said the Lieutenant; "he is so pale, that it will do him good."

The Spaniard had herself drunk without hesitation, but in holding the cup to her infant's lips, her hand trembled; the motion, however, was unperceived, and the child also emptied his glass. Thereupon the provisions speedily disappeared, and all partook both of the food and wine. Suddenly, however, the infant was observed to turn livid, its features contracted, and its mouth convulsed with agony, gave vent to piteous shrieks. The mother too, though her fortitude suppressed all complaint, could scarcely stand, and her distorted features betrayed her sufferings.

"Wretch!" exclaimed the commandant, "thou hast poisoned us!"

"Yes," said she with a ghastly smile, falling to the ground, beside her child, already struggling with the death-rattle.—"Yes, I have poisoned you,—I knew you would fetch the skins from their hiding-place—was it likely you would leave a dying creature undisturbed on her litter! Yes—

yes—you will die, and die in perdition—while I shall go to heaven—"

Her last words were scarcely audible, and the soldiers did not at first comprehend the full horror of their situation; but as the poison operated, the Spaniard's declaration was legibly translated in her convulsed features. No power could longer restrain them; in vain their commander interposed, they repulsed him, and dragging their expiring victim by the hair, to the brink of the torrent, they threw her into it, after lacerating her with more than a hundred sabre strokes. She uttered not a groan. As for the child, it was the first victim.

Twenty-two men were destroyed by this exploit, —which I cannot call otherwise than great and heroic. The commander himself told me he escaped by miracle.

The persuasion that the bed of death would be disturbed in search of booty was indeed holding us as savages; and such was the impression produced by the man who could command: "Let no sanctuary deter your search." By such means were the populace from the beginning exasperated against us, and especially by the oppressions of General D..... If the inhabitants of Argueno had not received information that they were to be massacred, they would not have taken the lead in massacre.

Such were the people amongst whom I dwelt. When this tale was related to me, on the eve of

my departure from Burgos, I shuddered in contemplating on the murderous war of people against people! I trembled for the first time since my entrance into Spain. I was become timid. Alas! it was not on my own account—but I was again approaching the great crisis of maternity—and amidst what perils, good God! was my child destined to see the light.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

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